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A CHAMPION AND HIS LABORS.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

THE standpoint of modern English literature when judged in the mass is so universally non-Catholic, often so materialistic, that the discovery of a Catholic outlook in a book that is neither controversial nor devotional stirs one with a glad sense of surprise. Such an outlook confers a note of distinction, even of originality, on many a page that without it might be commonplace or conventional, and it arrests the reader with a realization of identity of interest between himself and the author as pleasant as it is rare. The discovery may be made in books on almost any conceivable topic grave or gay. For the distinction I refer to is not in surface matters at all, nor in mere opinions, rather it affects the whole of a man's attitude towards life; it underlies the course of human thought so that whatever subject may be under treatment, be it history or travel, art or politics, the Catholic philosophy pierces through irresistibly, tingeing all the output. The note is unmistakable, all the more where it is allied with imaginative and intellectual gifts of a high order. We should know, even if we had no previous information on the subject, that no one but a Catholic could have written the poetry of Coventry Patmore or Francis Thompson; so, none save a Catholic could have given us the prose of Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Having asserted his distinctive Catholicism, one must go

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a step further and confess that Mr. Belloc is as little distinctively British as may be. One is almost tempted to wonder how he came to write in English at all, so remote is his cast of thought from anything that Oxford is wont to produce. Yet, in point of fact, his clear-cut, penetrating French intellect finds its expression in peculiarly robust and picturesque English, and much of the charm and originality of his writing lies in the contrasts thus brought into juxtaposition. English vagueness and love of compromise and our pleasant, if illogical, capacity for sympathizing with both sides are wholly alien to Mr. Belloc's mentality. His mind is impregnated with the Roman ideals that have been perpetuated on Gallic soil. Thus he stands always for centralized authority as against a powerful aristocracy, a conviction that finds vivid expression in his word-pictures of Runnymede and of the flight of James II. in that fascinating volume *The Eye-Witness*. So, too, he believes passionately in peasant-proprietorship as the fundamental basis of a Catholic state. He is anti-Semitic, as are nearly all French Catholics, and he is apt to discern malignant Jewish influences on every side in our modern life, much as a certain school of Protestants discover Jesuits. He has an instinctive hatred of Prussia and of all that Prussia stands for in modern Europe. He is anti-feminist, although his mother was one of the earliest workers in the cause of women's enfranchisement. He is anti-Puritan and believes in the honest enjoyment of all the good things of this life, including the pleasures of eating and drinking. Indeed, he can barely speak of the temperance movement with patience, so allied is it in his mind with nonconformity and with a false conception of human liberty. He cares nothing for games or sport, but he is an enthusiastic walker of remarkable endurance, and endowed with a talent for topography, perfected by much use. Finally he is a militarist devoid of jingoism or vainglory; it is the same militarism of the professional soldier, who loves for its own sake the art of war, and all that appertains to it.

It is only natural to seek the key to characteristics so diverse in Mr. Belloc's parentage and upbringing. English on his mother's side and French on his father's, he also claims, through a grandmother, a strain of Irish blood in his veins. He has, by the way, made his children's descent even more cosmopolitan than his own by marrying a Californian. Mr.

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Belloc's father, a French barrister, died after a few years of marriage leaving two young children to the care of his widow, who, as Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, was well known, previous to her marriage, to a large circle of intellectual men and women in England. Old Madame Belloc, who happily still lives to follow with keen pleasure her son's many triumphs, could count among her personal friends such names as those of Gabriel and Christina Rossetti, William and Mary Howitt, the Brownings, George Eliot, Adelaide Procter, and Mrs. Jameson, and was herself one of the earliest promoters, in mid-Victorian days, of the higher education of women. It is more than half a century since, on a visit to Dublin, she had her attention drawn to the splendid service rendered to the poor by the Irish religious orders of women, and the understanding of the Catholic faith that came to her through intercourse with them proved the first step towards her own conversion to Catholicism in 1864. Several charming and thoughtful volumes of reminiscences and impressions, instinct with Catholic feeling, are due to her pen.

Thus Mr. Belloc and his sister, now Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, grew up, partly in France, partly in England, amid Catholic and literary influences, and both took to their pens with astonishing ease when they were barely out of school. Each possessed the advantage of being perfectly at home in two languages and of being equally conversant with the literature, the politics, and the daily life of nations as diverse as the French and the English. Both elected, however, to make English and not French their written language, and England their permanent home. Mrs. Lowndes, previous to her marriage, did much successful journalistic work on the London press ere she settled down to the writing of novels of contemporary society life, of which *The Heart of Penelope* and *Barbara Rebell* have been perhaps the most successful. Mr. Belloc, after being educated at Edgbaston in days when Cardinal Newman's frail and bent figure still gave a unique distinction to the Birmingham Oratory, had already started on a journalistic career in London before he was called away, through his French paternity and French citizenship, to do a year's service in the French army. Thus it came about that he went to Oxford and to Balliol considerably later than is usual, and certainly with a wider understanding of life and of

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affairs than most English undergraduates can boast. Already history claimed his allegiance, and he left the university a winner of the Brackenbury History scholarship, and with a first class gained in the History Schools. For some years Mr. Belloc divided his time between journalism and the duties of a University Extension lecturer. Happily, literature absorbed him more and more, and the volumes that now follow each other in rapid succession from his pen certainly leave small leisure for other occupations. Even his parliamentary duties, as member since 1906 for one of the divisions of Manchester, seem in no way to have lessened his remarkable literary activity. History and biography, essays, travels, and novels, political tracts, and nursery rhymes, he has tried his hand at them all and failed in none. Unquestionably Mr. Belloc holds today a very foremost place in the world of English men of letters.

The individual event which has exercised the strongest influence on Mr. Belloc's career, was probably the year he spent in the garrison at Toul as driver in a French artillery regiment. To have passed from an English public school to French barracks, and thence, after naturalization, to the House of Commons, must constitute a unique experience in contemporary life. More than once in debate, when military matters have been under discussion, the member for South Salford has intervened with telling effect because he has been in a position to bear personal testimony regarding service in a foreign army. This, however, has been but an accidental result. His books testify in a hundred ways to the permanent mark the experience so gained has left on his life. The influence on character in instilling powers of endurance and the spirit of comradeship and social equality must have been in the highest degree formative. It was his military training that first developed his keen vision for the natural features of a landscape, invaluable alike to the descriptive writer and the ardent pedestrian. It is, however, as a military historian—and fighting plays a prominent part in many of his books—that the advantages of first-hand knowledge makes itself felt beyond dispute. Clearly, a campaign to a soldier represents something very different from what it is to an armchair historian. For obvious reasons I cannot pretend to express any opinion as to Mr. Belloc's qualifications as a military writer in the eyes of

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military experts. But as representing a somewhat numerous type of feminine reader, to whom war is a somewhat repulsive subject and descriptions of campaigns unutterably tedious and incomprehensible, it appears to me no slight praise to testify that Mr. Belloc is arresting and convincing even when he is describing a battle. Manœuvres take on a new meaning under his pen; battles are seen in their most dramatic aspect—read "Roncesvalles" or "The Battle of Lewes" in *The Eye-Witness*, or the pages describing Carnot's relief of Maubeuge in the last tragic chapter of his *Marie Antoinette*—and the importance of apparently small military episodes in leading up to events of European importance is lucidly indicated. Much of all this, I say, may be traced to those arduous months as a conscript at Toul, glimpses of which may be enjoyed in the engaging pages of *A Path to Rome*.

Before the brilliant diversity of Mr. Belloc's literary productions, his novels, his biographies, his travels, his essays on nothing and on everything, and his wholly fascinating picture books, illustrated by himself, for "bad" children, it would seem at first sight difficult to determine any one permanent bent of his mind. In point of fact, that bent is clear and continuous; his constant pre-occupation is history. Even when he is not professedly writing it, he is studying life from the historical point of view. *Esto Perpetua*, a little sketch, vivid and suggestive, of a few weeks' ramble through Algeria, is in its essence an historical essay on the destruction of Roman civilization by the might of the Arab and Mahometan domination, and on the gradual reconquest of the Maghreb by the Latin nations in our own day—a type of the age-enduring conflict between the Crescent and the Cross. Other books of wandering, notably *The Old Road*, are full of historical reconstruction and allusion. Even Mr. Belloc's novels deal—in his most caustic vein—with contemporary politics, and touch with inimitable skill on many matters of contemporary interest. To him the attraction of politics is that it is history in the making, actual manifestations of forces and principles with which he has made himself familiar through study.

It is perhaps rash to assume that it is chiefly as an historian that Mr. Belloc's name will survive, but undoubtedly, in mere point of bulk, his historical writings claim priority of notice. They consist of three biographical volumes dealing

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with the French Revolution, his *Danton* (1899), his *Robespierre* (1901), and finally his *Marie Antoinette* (1909). Though biographical in form, these three books treat of varying aspects of one of the most bewildering periods in modern history, and between them they exemplify very clearly the author's theories of the extremely difficult science of historical reconstruction. His historical scenes are often so picturesque and so dramatic; he conveys, aided by the magic of his style, so intense an impression of the personalities he depicts, that the sober reader is, perhaps, inclined to mistrust the effect and to ask how much is true to actual fact, and how much the outcome of a keen and cultivated imagination. In the preface to his *Robespierre* Mr. Belloc himself supplies the answer. Admitting that his imagination, amid favorable surroundings for reverie, evokes shadows from the past, these shadows "fugitive if grandiose imaginaries," can only be transformed into "certain and well-guarded possessions" by the laborious building up of innumerable details into an historic narrative. Much, he says, has to be sacrificed in the course of the task.

"Nevertheless, the sacrifice repays. It is like the growing of slow timber upon a sheltered hill; you seem to have established an enduring thing. There stand out at last a vigor and a plenitude that are to the unsubstantial origins of such a search what touch, sight, and hearing are to memory."

For two of the features attached to writing history by this method, Mr. Belloc considers that an apology is needed. In the first place you have to make the physical environment of your figure reappear; in other words, you must write, more or less, as an eye-witness, a somewhat perilous proceeding; and, second, you must admit "laborious and dusty discussion, not only of disputed events, but of the inner working of a mind." This two-fold endeavor may result in inartistic incongruity, but it brings you as near as may be to the truth.

For my part, it seems to me that the historian one should distrust is precisely he who supplies a perfectly smooth, straightforward narrative with simple issues, plausible motives, and logical sequence of events. Life, whether national or international, can never be simple; it is rarely logical, at least on the surface, and it is always built up of a bewildering medley of good and evil. One of the impressive qualities of Mr. Belloc as an historian is his capacity for indicating the chaos of pas-

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sions and emotions from which great events spring, while presenting to the reader a consecutive thread of narrative.

Such a feat is well exemplified in his volume on Danton. In style the book is inferior to its successors; here and there it is careless in construction, and it lacks the ease and brilliancy that practice alone can give. But in firm grasp of a highly complex situation and in vivid presentment of the central figure it is a remarkable achievement. The description of the revolution, on the very first page as "a reversion to the normal" makes it plain at the outset that no conventional view of that great cataclysm need be feared. The author's strong prepossessions in favor of the army and of peasant proprietorship, are shown in the remark that the "time had turned the commonplace sons of bourgeois into something as great as peasants or as soldiers." Yet from the nature of the case the book could hardly be a popular one. It necessarily assumes a considerable knowledge of the period, more than the ordinary English reader possesses, and it gives him a hero with whom he can hardly be expected to sympathize. Even Mr. Belloc fails to make Danton attractive, or to make us really understand how it was he could have brought "all who ever knew him closely to respect or to love him." Mr. Belloc's conception of him is of a man who cared passionately for France and for the Revolution, who, left to himself, was naturally on the side of the Moderates and the Diplomatists, but who, by some cruel fate, was always being flung back into the arms of the Extremists. His vote for the King's death was given when his own young wife was on her death-bed and when bitterness and anger had overcome every normal consideration. Even so, all one feels inclined to say in his favor is that he appears to have been less personally responsible for the worst excesses of the period than the popular verdict has assumed. Only on the scaffold was he truly great, "still courageous, still powerful in his words," and judged from the manner of his death his life takes on a nobler aspect.

Mr. Belloc's *Marie Antoinette* suffers from none of the drawbacks of his *Danton*. The subject is one that exercises an unfailing fascination over many minds, and, thanks to his prolonged study of the period, the author has been able to pose his central figure against a background from which none of the salient features of the European situation have been

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omitted. The book is far from being merely a personal biography, detailed and even intimate as portions of the narrative are. Rather it is a scholarly attempt to give Marie Antoinette her rightful place in the development of international alliances and rivalries that culminated in the Napoleonic wars. Did the old society of Europe attack the Revolution to destroy it, or did the Revolution break out into a flame which threatened to consume the old order throughout Europe? Mr. Belloc shows convincingly that the Queen was but a pawn in the great game for supremacy that was being played between the Powers, the victim of that Franco-Austrian alliance that was the most notable achievement of Maria Theresa's patient diplomacy, to which, ignorant of the tragic future, she cheerfully sacrificed her little daughter. Incidently there is an admirable appreciation of the Austrian Empress, "perhaps," writes Mr. Belloc, "the only worthy sovereign of her sex whom modern Europe has known." He feels himself, and makes his readers feel, that from her very cradle the fates were against Marie Antoinette; that, do what she might, a doom hung over her which could only be consummated on the scaffold. Concerning her personal defects, he is brutally frank. He strips her of all sentimental adornment and shows her as she really was, a vivacious, very ignorant girl, a mere child in years on her first arrival at the French court, who grew up into a fascinating woman, extravagant and irresponsible, forever interfering in affairs of state that she was eager to control, though incompetent to understand. One sympathizes with her in her proud young contempt of the du Barry, however unwise, and even in her wilful disregard of the oppressive court etiquette. But in her absolute inability to adapt herself to the French point of view, in that something within her that caused her to remain the hated *Autrichienne* to the bitter end, one must admit a lack which made her temperamentally incapable of filling the great *rôle* of Queen of France. That she was placed in an extraordinarily difficult position Mr. Belloc shows; he shows, too, how lamentably she failed in it. Yet for her, as for many, adversity proved a compelling teacher, and that last power of hers, which to many proved irresistible, was, as he truly says, "a power made of abrupt vivacity tamed at last by misfortune into dignity and strength." He clears her absolutely of all complicity in the squalid intrigue of the

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diamond necklace, so, too, of anything save a romantic friendship for the faithful Fersen, yet on both these counts she was the victim in her lifetime of the grossest accusations that wounded her to the quick. Misunderstandings and blunders were on both sides, but fate ordained that Marie Antoinette should expiate hers by months of slow agony in the Temple and by that last awful drive, bound, on an open cart, amid a howling mob to the scaffold on the Place de la Concorde.

"This is known, that she went up the steps of the scaffold at liberty and stood for a bare moment seen by the great gathering in the square, a figure against the trees of what had been her gardens and the place where her child had played. It was but a moment, she was bound and thrown, and the steel fell."

One is tempted to linger too long over this enthralling book. Readers must go to its pages for Mr. Belloc's dramatic delineation of the closing tragedy, the personal aspect of Marie Antoinette's sufferings skillfully interwoven with the national aspect involved in the invasion of French territory by the allies which she had done her utmost to precipitate. They will find, too, interspersed through the book those vivid personal convictions concerning a variety of themes with which Mr. Belloc is so delightfully prodigal. A casual reference to the partition of Poland at the instance of Prussia tempts him into an emphatic denunciation of the crime as "the first public renunciation of the international morality which had hitherto ruled in Christendom," and as "the germ of all that international distrust which has ended in the intolerable armed strain of our time." In connection with the flight to London of Madame la Motte, the infamous schemer against the Queen's honor, we find the sarcastic remark that she was "not welcomed in London with those transports of affection or homage which she would receive to-day." All that Mr. Belloc has to say on the subject of the Catholic faith is full of interest in connection with contemporary events in France. There can be no shadow of a doubt that the prospects of religion were incomparably worse then than now. "It is difficult," writes our author, "for a modern man to conceive how tiny was the little flickering flame of Catholicism in the generation before the Revolution." Then the whole clergy were national in their sympathies. To-day their loyalty to the

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Holy See is unimpeachable. Unhappily now, as then, the ruling powers are committing the blunder of slighting religion.

I have left myself but scant space in which to do justice to Mr. Belloc's lighter literary efforts. Undoubtedly a first place must be given to his books of travel. These are records of true pilgrim wanderings. Mr. Belloc tramps on foot with no luggage and very little money, often sleeping in the open air or in some barn, and philosophizing wisely and wittily on the way. The personal, rather intimate, note that such a journal warrants lends itself admirably to the author's most engaging characteristics: to his vivid perceptiveness, his humor, his diversified knowledge, the literary flavor of his style, even when most colloquial. In *The Path to Rome* he describes how he tramped, in fulfillment of a vow, from Toul, in the Vosges, to the gates of Rome. He meets with few definite adventures on the way, but instead charms us with a good deal about eating and drinking as behooves a sturdy pedestrian, with much philosophizing concerning the differences between the German and the Latin tongues and temperaments, and with a succession of vivid pen pictures of the valleys through which he passes. St. Ursanne tempts him to an outburst on "the high worship of windows." At Meiringen he falls in with a crowd of tourists and characteristically vows "a franc to the Black Virgin of la Délivrande (next time I should be passing there) because I was delivered from being a tourist," and for being instead "a poor and dirty pilgrim." In the latter part of his journey the Italian peasantry win his heart as they win the hearts of all who sojourn among them in the right spirit, and lead him to a theological digression upon how "the Catholic Church makes men," and how "of her effects the most gracious is the character of the Irish and of these Italians." Solitude and the long days under the open sky, and intercourse with simple village folk bring the realities of religion very near to him, and there are pages on "that attitude of difficulty and combat which, for us others, is always associated with the Faith," that will awaken a responsive echo in many. But I venture to think the Catholic reader will thank Mr. Belloc most for his really beautiful passage on the hearing of daily Mass. He arrives at a village to find that Mass is over, and "this justly annoyed me; for what is a pilgrimage in which a man cannot hear Mass every morn-

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ing?" He recalls St. Louis and his custom on the march of daily hearing Mass, by attendance at which "you do all that the race needs to do, and has done for all these ages where religion was concerned," and at which you gain "all that your nature cries out for in the matter of worship"; and he compares the time spent at Mass out of a busy life to "a short repose in a deep and well-built library, into which no sounds come and where you feel yourself secure against the outer world."

The Old Road possesses less charm—perhaps because the pilgrim is no longer in a Catholic country—but it will appeal to all lovers of historic reconstruction. The theme is the following of the road that in Roman and even pre-Roman days served as the main link between England and the Continent, a road whose devious course Mr. Belloc traces from Winchester to Canterbury. He brings to his task a shrewdness and a zest that mark at once the expert and the enthusiast and mingles fact and theory into a fascinating record of winter wandering. To him an old road is "one of the primal things that move us," and "the humblest and most subtle, but, as I have said, the greatest and most original of the spells which we inherit from the earliest pioneer of our race. It was the most imperative and first of our necessities." More than rivers and mountain-chains, he says, roads have molded the political groups of men. His keen eye for topography is an indispensable adjunct for the by no means easy task he has set himself, and it is characteristic of him that having led his reader on so novel a pilgrimage he should end it abruptly at the desecrated shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. As he approaches the Cathedral at dusk he confesses never to have known "such a magic of great height and darkness," but within, instead of a realization of the sacredness of the spot, there was only a blank, so chilling that, "to an emptiness so utter not even ghosts can return." Yet he cannot refrain from setting down a vivid word-picture, too long for quoting here, of how Becket met his death.

The volume on the Pyrenees, published only last year, is more of a guide book than either of its predecessors. The whole mountain range is made wonderfully vivid by the delightful illustrations drawn by the author, while the maps and accompanying descriptions are models of lucidity. The book contains detailed information concerning inns and mountain

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paths, and would be invaluable to any one prepared to wander as Mr. Belloc wanders, on foot with provisions slung in a sack, and as often as not, sleeping out by a camp-fire. The rich tourist, however, who merely wishes to stay at fashionable resorts, such as Cauterets or Eaux-Bonnes, will find little to his taste in the book, for as the author asserts with vehement frankness:

"The rule holds here, as everywhere, that where rich people, especially cosmopolitans, colonials, nomads, and the rest, come into a little place, they destroy most things, except the things that they themselves desire. And the things that they themselves desire are execrable to the rest of mankind."

In political matters Mr. Belloc always strikes one, in spite of the fact that he is a member of the British House of Commons, as an outside critic of English affairs rather than a participator in her political life. He never looks at things with English eyes, and he is keenly alive to all the national weaknesses and conventions and inconsistencies. Judging not only from his writings but from his platform utterances he entertains a somewhat poor opinion of the political morality even of the House of Commons, and he has the worst opinion of Jewish finance and newspaper combines, which fill so dominant a part in the public life of the modern State. *Caliban's Guide to Letters* is a brilliantly written dissertation on modern journalism and its methods, with caustic comments on the interview, the personal par, the topographical article, etc. It affords most entertaining reading. His latest novel, *A Change in the Cabinet*, published only last year, is an amusing skit on parliamentary life written with the intimate inside knowledge of a member.

Other and far graver revelations Mr. Belloc is in process of making in the pages of the *Dublin Review*. In an admirable presentment of the notorious Ferrer incident (in the January, 1910, number) the first authoritative version of the event to appear in the English press, Mr. Belloc establishes beyond question the Freemason influence.

"What power is it," he asks, "which made this man so suddenly important, which raised an international and criminal mob in Paris and in various towns of Italy? What is it which, when the truth about Ferrer began to be known, suddenly put an extinguisher upon the discusson of his life? . . . Above

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all, why and how was this strange, highly organized, and abrupt international movement—abrupt and evidently acting at a word of command in its rise as in its sharp cessation—connected with an equally abrupt and equally organized attack upon the Catholic Church?"

In a series of articles to be entitled "The International" Mr. Belloc intends to give the solution to the riddle.

Quite recently he has come forward as an opponent of Socialism. He has published more than one pamphlet expounding his views. If Mr. Belloc opposes Socialism it is not in the least because he is content to let our existing industrial and economic conditions continue. On the contrary: the results of capitalism are, in his opinion, abominable, and English society to-day he holds to be in as sad a condition as it is possible for a Christian society to be. The remedy, for him, lies not in collectivism but in peasant proprietorship and co-operation. He believes the whole spirit of the Catholic Church to be opposed to Collectivism, and he denies that a Catholic society can remain Collectivist or a Collectivist society Catholic. The Church prizes human dignity and human freedom, and both would be imperilled by Socialism. In his opinion the struggle of the future lies between Socialism and Catholicism, for the Catholic Church is the only institution strong enough to oppose the advance of a movement that appears to promise so much for human happiness. The weakness of Mr. Belloc's argument where England is concerned is that though in countries such as France, Ireland, and Denmark, love of the soil may and doubtless will oppose a bulwark against the inroads of Socialistic theories, the English have shown for centuries no sort of capacity or desire for peasant proprietorship. Nor are there any symptoms, in Europe at least, of a Catholic revival on a sufficiently wide scale to warrant any blind confidence in the ultimate issue of the struggle to come.

Yet I would not end this article on a note of depression. Mr. Belloc is an exhilarating writer with a keen imagination, strong sympathies, and a mind instinct with Catholic faith. He deserves to be as widely read in the New World as in the Old.

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COVENTRY PATMORE.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

II.

THE first person to be apprised of Coventry Patmore's submission to the Church was an English lady then resident in Rome, Miss Marianne Caroline Byles, a convert and close friend of Cardinal Manning's. "I had never before beheld so beautiful a personality," Coventry declared with his usual ardor, "and this beauty seemed to be the pure effulgence of Catholic sanctity." The world was soon to know her as Mary Patmore, our poet's second wife! "Tired Memory," an ode of great beauty, interprets that delicate and difficult experience by which the new love was reconciled to that other, infinitely mourned, infinitely cherished, scarcely yet resigned to the "stony rock of death's insensibility." In the pathos and intimacy of its self-revelation, the poem is not unworthy of comparison with the *Vita Nuova*. Emily Patmore, when death seemed quite near, had begged her husband to wed again: so now, in a passionate revery, he brings her his confession of the strange new joy which will not be denied.

> O my most dear,
> Was't treason, as I fear?

the poet muses. And with brief strokes of surpassing delicacy he traces love's "chilly dawn," the coming of this fair stranger with her starlike, half-remembered graces, the tired heart's reluctant stirring,

> And Nature's long suspended breath of flame
> Persuading soft and whispering Duty's name,
> Awhile to smile and speak
> With this thy Sister sweet, and therefore mine;

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Thy Sister sweet,
Who bade the wheels to stir
Of sensitive delight in the poor brain,
Dead of devotion and tired memory,
So that I lived again,
And, strange to aver,
With no relapse into the void inane
For thee;
But (treason was't?) for thee and also her.

There were more than subjective difficulties in the way of a marriage, however. Miss Byles would seem to have taken a more or less formal vow of chastity, from which later on she was duly dispensed; while the poet, on his side, impetuously and quite unreasonably left Rome upon the discovery that his fiancée was possessed of a large personal fortune. By the good agency of friends all was eventually reconciled. Patmore returned to England to prepare his little family for the new mother, and on the 18th of July, 1864, the couple were married by Cardinal Manning at the church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater.

Of course, neither the second marriage nor the religious change was welcome news to our poet's English friends. Yet, in the home circle at least, Mary Patmore's victory was complete. The few letters of hers which have been preserved evince the most gentle, even scrupulous tenderness toward Patmore's children, a fastidious interest in his literary work, and a certain sweet austerity which must have been distinctly *piquante* to her outspoken and imperious husband. There is something deliciously daring in her shy comments upon the "Angel": "It is a shame for you to have been initiated into a thing or two quite solely feminine," she writes to Coventry; and yet again she refers to the "Wedding Sermon" as "not so high in some parts as St. Thomas à Kempis, than whom nobody ought to be lower, to my thinking." It sounds just a little bit formidable! Yet that uncompromising elevation of soul, and the vestal reserve of manner which few friends were able to pierce, were in reality the best possible foil for Patmore's passionately sensuous yet mystical nature. All of his most searching work—"The Odes," perhaps the lost *Sponsa*

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Dei, and the complete finding of his own soul—were accomplished during his life with her.

Shortly after this marriage, our poet's lungs were found to be so seriously affected that it became necessary to leave London and the Museum permanently. And so during the main part of Mary Patmore's life they resided first at "Heron's Ghyl" (an extensive Sussex estate which Coventry spent several healthful years in supervising and improving) and later at old Hastings by the sea. The circumstances of the family were, of course, vastly more felicitous than during the early days; and now, for the first time in his life, Patmore found leisure for continuous, concentrated study, as well as for that quiet meditation which is the seed-time of creative thought. His preoccupation with theology proved more absorbing than ever; so that he often spent four hours a day upon the works of the more mystical saints—Bernard and John of the Cross, St. Theresa's *Road to Perfection*, and always the monumental *Summa*. In the symbolic teaching of Emanuel Swedenborg, also, he found many points of agreement, being wont to declare that the latter's "Catholic doctrine without Catholic authority" would deceive, if possible, the very elect.

A slender volume of nine odes, printed for private distribution in 1868, inaugurated Coventry Patmore's second and greatest poetic period. Superficially, there may seem but slight continuity between these searching and paradoxical poems and the domestic "Angel"—yet in essence they are close akin. For the master-passion of Patmore's life and the abiding inspiration of his poetry were identical: his work was one long Praise of Love. And so it was to an artistic and mystical development rather than to any temperamental breach that these odes bore witness. Our poet spoke, indeed, a language little intelligible to his countrymen; and the white heat of his passion, his seemingly esoteric psychology and his uneven but arresting metres, inspired dismay rather than any other emotion. Few of those men (poets, for the most part!) to whom the precious volumes had been sent, showed the slightest comprehension of this "gray secret of the east," and only the most perfunctory acknowledgments reached the author. So, with characteristic disdain, Patmore consigned all of the edition remaining to his own log fire! "Tired Memory" was one of the collection; so also was the brief and beautiful

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"Beata"; "Faint Yet Pursuing," an exquisite piece with what we now know as the true Patmorean flavor; and the resurgent loveliness of "Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore." With these were two or three ironic Jeremiads of political and philosophic nature, and "Pain"—which no other modern English poet, except perhaps Francis Thompson, could have written. Our poet's brooding and scornful reflections, as he watched the flames consume these first fruits of his richest thought, scarcely tended to commute the pessimistic opinion he had already formed upon latter-day taste and institutions.

The genuine significance of these odes, both metrically and philosophically, can scarcely be overstated. To discerning readers, even the extracts already quoted must reveal a divine intensity, a subtlety of poetic feeling, beside which all of Patmore's early work seems tentative and imperfect. Their verse form (which the poet somewhat vaguely described as based upon catalexis) has successfully defied all but the broadest critical analysis, and its effect would seem to depend almost wholly upon some intuition, alike musical and emotional, of pause and rhythm.* Yet it provides an almost perfect vehicle for the intermittent stress and reticence, the amazing passional surge, the mystic and often scholastic reasoning of the poems themselves. Always fascinating and usually dangerous has it proved as a model to younger poets; but at its best and in the master's hand, there is an impetuous freshness about this ode form which is the next thing to a new-blown wind flower. And this spontaneity was no mere illusion. Patmore spent months, even years, in maturing the matter of his greatest odes, but their actual form was often the work of two or three hours.

"I have hit upon *the* finest metre that ever was invented, and on *the* finest mine of wholly unworked material that ever fell to the lot of an English poet," Coventry Patmore wrote exultantly when the "Unknown Eros" was in preparation. This mine was mystic Catholic theology, in particular the nuptial relations of the soul to its God, and in general that essential and *passionate humanity*, which is at the core of

* "It is in the management of the pauses—in the recognition of the value of time-beats—that Coventry Patmore's supremacy in the ode form lies. In his 'domestic verses,' he uses rhyme in places where Tennyson would not have dreamed of it—recklessly, audaciously, but in his highest moods . . . he treats rhyme as an echo." Maurice Francis Egan: "Ode Structure of Coventry Patmore." *Studies in Literature.*

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nearly every doctrine of the Church. But here was a task to stagger Orpheus himself, had Orpheus turned Christian! For how translate the secrets of the saints to a gaping multitude? How teach men what love meant, and what the Word made Flesh implied? How draw back the veil of mystery and symbol and allegory without breaking in upon the "Divine Silence"? In an agony of concentration, in prayer and fasting, the poet toiled on, still falling short of that infinite "beauty and freedom" which the work demanded, were it to be done at all. Patmore reached at length his own explanation of this failure: not until these things should become controlling realities in his own spiritual life could he sing of them worthily. No shade of religious doubt had crossed his understanding or his conscience from the moment of his reception into the Catholic Church. Yet with his rare and resolute candor, he has confessed that the quiet and absolute regnancy of faith before which his soul longed to bow was denied for many a weary year. More particularly was he conscious of something perfunctory in his service of the Most Blessed Virgin—of an imperfect harmony with the mind of the Church in this immemorial devotion. So he resolved upon a curious and conspicuous act, half-votive, half-penitential, very humble and popular and un-Patmorean—namely, a pilgrimage to Lourdes! The poet set out toward the grotto of Bernadette's vision with a beautiful crushing of personal repugnance, asking much of the good God, giving what in him lay. The result is best told in his own words:

> On the fourteenth of October, 1877, I knelt at the Shrine by the River Gave, and rose without any emotion or enthusiasm or unusual sense of devotion, but with a tranquil sense that the prayers of thirty-five years had been granted. I paid two visits of thanksgiving to Lourdes in the two succeeding Octobers, for the gift which was then received, and which has never since for a single hour been withdrawn."*

One more dogma was thus revealed to Coventry Patmore, not merely as a convenient "form of sound words," but as a *fact* with vital bearing upon the rest of life. Mary of Nazareth became to him thenceforth the essential womanhood—the sym-

* Autobiography: *cf.* "*Memoirs and Correspondence*," *ut supra*.

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bol and prototype of humanity, nature, the body. In her littleness and sweetness was found the perfect complement to God's infinitude: she was *Regina Mundi* as well as *Regina Cœli*, foreshadowing the triumph of every faithful soul. A great epic upon the Marriage of the Virgin was to have celebrated this theme, but it never saw completion. However, in that extraordinary surge of creative energy which peace brought to our poet, the nucleus of it all stole into one exquisite ode, "The Child's Purchase." This poem, written late in 1877, stands in a true sense as the crown and flower of the "Unknown Eros," the consummation of Patmore's poetic career.

Opening with the parable of a little child who receives from his mother a golden coin—which at first he plans to spend "or on a horse, a bride-cake, or a crown," but brings back wearily at the last as guerden for her own sweet kiss—the poet dedicates his gift of precious speech to this most gracious Lady. Then follows the glorious invocation:

Ah, Lady elect,
Whom the Time's scorn has saved from its respect,
Would I had art
For uttering that which sings within my heart!
But, lo,
Thee to admire is all the art I know.
My Mother and God's; Fountain of miracle!
Give me thereby some praise of thee to tell
In such a song
As may my Guide severe and glad not wrong,
Who never spoke till thou 'dst on him conferr'd
The right, convincing word!
Grant me the steady heat
Of thought wise, splendid, sweet,
Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings
With draught of unseen wings,
Making each phrase, for love and for delight,
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night!
Aid thou thine own dear fame, thou only Fair,
At whose petition meek
The Heavens themselves decree that, as it were,
They will be weak!
Thou Speaker of all wisdom in a Word,

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Thy Lord!
Speaker who thus could'st well afford
Thence to be silent:—ah, what silence that
Which had for prologue thy "Magnificat"?—
. . . . . .
Ora pro me!
Sweet Girlhood without guile,
The extreme of God's creative energy;
Sunshiny Peak of human personality;
The world's sad aspirations' one Success;
Bright Blush, that sav'st our shame from shamelessness;
Chief Stone of stumbling; Sign built in the way
To set the foolish everywhere a-bray;
Hem of God's robe which all who touch are heal'd;
. . . . . .
Peace-beaming Star, by which shall come enticed,
Though nought thereof as yet they weet,
Unto thy Babe's small feet,
The mighty, wand'ring disemparadised,
Like Lucifer, because to thee
They will not bend the knee;
Ora pro me!
Desire of Him whom all things else desire
Bush aye with Him as He with thee on fire!
Neither in His great Deed nor on His throne—
O, folly of Love, the intense
Last culmination of Intelligence—
Him seem'd it good that God should be alone!
Basking in unborn laughter of thy lips,
Ere the world was, with absolute delight
His Infinite reposed in thy Finite;
Well-match'd: He, universal being's Spring,
And thou, in whom art gather'd up the ends of everything!
Ora pro me!
. . . . . .

Throughout that supreme series to the "Unknown Eros," Patmore leads his reader into realms of palpitating beauty, truth, and love. The sensuous nature, by no means annihilated in this new life of the spirit, is glorified and inconceiv-

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ably satisfied. The capacity of the soul for good (which our poet always contended was "in proportion to the strength of its passions") is infinite, because these passions are marshalled into the orderly service of God. Here, at last, the Body receives its meet salutation—not as "Our Brother the Ass," but as the

> Little sequestered pleasure-house
> For God and for His Spouse;

and human love becomes a ladder leading up to mystic visions of Christ as the Love, the Bridegroom of the soul. Pre-eminently in the old exquisite myth of Eros and Psyche, but scarcely less in the experiences of every loving and suffering life, Patmore found this all but unspeakable truth prefigured, and he played upon the motif in ode after ode of marvelous beauty and tenderness.

The exceeding intimacy with which our poet clothed (or shall one say—unclothed?) his transcendent theme has proved distasteful to many a devout but colder mind: to Aubrey de Vere, who begged the suppression of the Psyche odes; to Cardinal Newman, who never became quite reconciled to thus "mixing up amorousness with religion." The same exception, obviously, might be taken to the Canticle of Canticles, and to much subsequent mystical writing. For love, as Coventry Patmore understood it, was "the highest of virtues as well as the sweetest of emotions, . . . being in the brain confession of good; in the heart, love for, and desire to sacrifice everything for the good of its object; in the senses, peace, purity, and ardor." In this most elemental of human passions he found the one perfect and consistent symbol of the Divine Desire and the Divine Espousals.

And without this rare ability to translate spiritual truth into the terms of a vibrating humanity—this impassioned and mystic sensuousness (which some, doubtless, will label a "divine sensuality"), Patmore could scarcely have escaped the snares which yawn before every poet conscious of a *message*. But, in point of fact, he was never more supremely the poet than when he was most radically the seer. Never, save possibly in one or two political arraignments, does the personal note derogate from the permanence of his poetry; never once, for all his vehemence of belief, does he descend into didacticism.

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Nor does his symbolic analysis of human emotion even for a moment lessen the intense reality of pain and of love throughout his song. Here is one little "Farewell," scarcely surpassed in its quiet heartbreak:

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My Very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposèd paths to persevere.
Go thou to East, I West.
We will not say
There's any hope, it is so far away.
But, O, my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nursling Grief,
Is dead,
And no dews blur our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazed meet;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

In "Amelia" (Patmore's favorite poem, but scarcely his readers'!) we find this ode form combined with the simpler narrative theme of his earlier days. And once again we are forced to feel how dangerous and difficult a thing truth to the *letter* of life may become! Yet there are perfect touches in the poem; suggestions of Patmore's really great sea music, and Nature flashes like that

young apple-tree, in flush'd array
Of white and ruddy flow'r auroral, gay,
With chilly blue the maiden branch between.

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"St. Valentine's Day" and many another lyric bear witness to our poet's searching observation of natural beauty, yet this was less an object in itself to him than a sensitive *mise en scène* for the human drama. To the core he was a symbolist; and of natural phenomena he seems to have felt what he somewhere declared of natural science—that its only *real* use was "to supply similes and parables" to the spiritually elect.

The year 1880 brought sorrow back into Patmore's life in the sudden death of his wife Mary. Her loss proved the first of a bitter trilogy. Scarcely two years later, his well loved daughter Emily (Sister Mary Christina as she had become, of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus) died in her nearby convent. The passing of this rare spirit, from childhood so deeply in sympathy with his own (a poet herself, and one of the best critics of her father's work), can scarcely have been less than a sundering of our poet's very life. And then there was Henry, Patmore's third son, whose brief novitiate of pain and promise came to a close in 1883. His little bark had never been very sea-worthy, yet in spite of serious illness he left poetic fragments of decided beauty and originality. "At twenty years of age his spiritual and imaginative insight were far beyond those of any man I ever met," Coventry declared, and it was his belief that had the boy lived to maturity, his poetic achievement might have surpassed his own.

The decade commencing in 1884 Patmore devoted to a series of varied and stimulating prose essays, contributed mainly to the *St. James Gazette*. Politics, economics, philosophy, art, literature, architecture, were in turn touched upon with powerful and trenchant originality. The most significant of these critiques were subsequently collected, partially in *Principles in Art*, 1889, partially in that precious volume, *Religio Poetæ*, 1893. A little book of pregnant aphorisms and brief, unequal essays, *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower*, closed this prose sequence in 1895.

Meanwhile the Twilight of the Gods was drawing apace upon this inspired and imperious spirit. Flashes of comfort there were, indeed; the devoted companionship of Harriet Robson, who became our poet's third wife, and that little late-born son, Epiphanius. In the friendship of Mrs. Meynell, too, Patmore found throughout these latter years one of God's best gifts, an exquisite community of ideals. One of his latest essays

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was an appreciation of her own work both in prose and verse; and through her he came into close touch with the young Francis Thompson, helping on the critical world to a recognition of his genius.

During all this time the poet's heart was growing intermittently weaker, and his lungs, long underminded, caused increasing anxiety. At Lymington, whither he had removed, there were repeated attacks and convalescences; and at last, in the November of 1906, a congestion set in. "What about going to heaven this time?" Patmore asked his physician, with weary but irrepressible irony. The next day, after receiving the last Sacraments, his agony commenced. His words were broken prayers and thoughts for those about him. "I love you, dear," he whispered to his wife when the end was very near, "but the Lord is my Life and my Light." Into this larger life he passed painlessly on the 26th of November. And in the humble habit of St. Francis' tertiary his body was borne to its long rest in the little seacoast cemetery.

Coventry Patmore's career as poet had closed full twenty years earlier, with the "collected" edition of 1886; consequently his place in our literature has passed the first tentative stage. The waxings and wanings of contemporary taste—the flood tide of the "Angel," the ebb-tide of the earlier odes, the ominous calm of the final years—no longer any whit affect his reputation. He has attained a certain degree of permanence. He has, quite indisputably, survived: as a *name*, indeed, to the "general reader," but as a *fact* in the great confraternity of song. Francis Thompson was eager in acknowledging his debt to "this strong, sad soul of sovereign song," and others not so eager have gathered the riches of his vineyard. It is even possible to say that the chances of any just appreciation of his work are greater to-day than they were yesterday, and that probably they will be greater to-morrow than they are to-day. For in the literary world, as in the philosophic, mysticism—the symbolic interpretation of life—is once again becoming a potent factor. At the same time, a certain analytical brutality has accustomed latter-day readers to face reality, even to crave reality. Each of these tendencies is favorable to Patmore, creating an audience (larger, though never large!) which his poetry may in time both delight and dominate.

"I have written little, but it is all my best," our poet wrote

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in one of his prefaces; "I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labor to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me." He did, in fact, write little, and not one of the great works he planned was ever completed. Neither can all of this little be rightly termed his best. His style was nervous and unequal: capable of the most breathless perfection both of passion and of music, but capable also of perversity and a curious commonplaceness. Yet the most fastidious posterity shall respect him. He was in his great moments one of our supreme lyric artists. He sounded the heart-beats with poignant and unforgettable truthfulness. He may be said to have *created* a verse form of powerful originality. And then, his was that fusing imagination (the crowning gift of genius!) which transmutes reason and emotion with equal facility into one "agile bead of boiling gold."

But it is not merely with Patmore's poetry—nor, for that matter, with his prose—that the critical world must one day reckon. It is pre-eminently with his poetic philosophy. Teaching in his verse only by suggestions of rare beauty, but throughout the essays with increasing definition and completeness, he formulated a very consistent *rationale* of life, love, and God. It was a mystical superstructure reared upon the foundation of Christian dogma, an interpretation of the "corollaries of belief." In another sense it may be called the psychology of sex, since in the mysteries of manhood and womanhood Patmore found the heavens above and the earth beneath explained. God he apprehended as the great, positive, masculine magnet of the universe; the soul as the feminine or receptive force; and in this conjunction of highest and lowest lay the source of all life and joy. "This voice of the Bride and the Bridegroom" he detected in literature and art, as intellectual strength or sensible beauty was found to predominate; while in the workings of conscience there was a similar duality, the rational and the sensitive soul. But as the poems have shown, it was the "great sacrament" of nuptial love which most clearly manifested the mystery.

> The whole of life is womanhood to thee,
> Momently wedded with enormous bliss,

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his Psyche cries out to her immortal lover: and even so did Patmore conceive of the life-giving God. Originally, he declared there were *three* sexes (which in the Holy Trinity, Truth, Love, and Life, found their divine prototype) and it was mainly in order to achieve this complete but forgotten *homo* that "nuptial knowledge" became the one thing needful. Woman, he writes in that daring and suggestive essay, *Dieu et ma Dame*,* "is 'homo' as well as the man, though one element, the male, is suppressed and quiescent in her, as the other, the female, is in him; and thus he becomes the Priest and representative to her of the original Fatherhood, while she is made to him the Priestess and representative of that original Beauty which is 'the express image and glory of the Father,' each being equally, though not alike, a manifestation of the Divine to the other." Upon this *symbol*, conjugal love, Patmore indeed based the body of his work: yet he cannot justly be accused (as it would seem that Swedenborg in his much-discussed work must needs be!) of sacrificing to it the eternal *reality*—love divine. Chastity our poet recognized as the final and perfect flowering of this fair bud, and it was the "Bride of Christ" alone who fully attained here below to that double sex which shall distinguish the regenerate in heaven. One of his most perfect odes, "Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore," stands forever as defence and vindication. Boldly it calls to the glad Palace of Virginity those "to whom generous Love, by any name, is dear"—who, all gropingly and unwittingly, have sought and yet seek

Nothing but God
Or mediate or direct.

Father Gerard Hopkins, upon his single visit to Hastings in 1885, was shown the manuscript of a prose work, *Sponsa Dei*, designed by Patmore for posthumous publication, and containing the fullest expansion of these transcendent views. He returned it with one grave remark: "That's telling secrets." It was upon the "*authority of his goodness*" our poet always declared, that this beautiful treatise became fuel for another historic burnt offering; but one can scarcely doubt that he himself had come to recognize the delicate rightness of the priest's judgment, and the fact that his subject demanded the parabo-

*Vide *Religio Poeta*.

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lic vesture of poetry. We have the less cause to mourn over this lost manuscript, since most of its matter appears to have reached us through the pages of *Religio Poetæ*. The Precursor of this latter volume is probably the most illuminating criticism upon natural and divine love which Patmore (or any other modern) has given us—the essence of his poetic philosophy, thrown out with live sparks of mystical insight.

There is about Coventry Patmore's work a supreme, almost an infallible, rightness of spirit; but not infrequently an extravagance and perversity of literal expression. Two explanations are at hand—the fact that much of his writing was "special pleading," and the exalted, autocratic nature of his genius. "My call is that I have seen the truth, and can speak the living words which come of having seen it," he asserted; and his shafts were driven home with the instinct of a born fighter. Yet there can be no question of the constructive value of his teaching, of the overwhelming reality with which it reveals the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Real Presence, and the sacrament of Holy Matrimony. All his life he was, in his own words, trying "To dig again the wells which the Philistines had filled"—building up the supernatural upon the basis of natural good, bowing down before the divine weakness and nearness of God in Christ, rather than before His primal infinity. It is all symbolized in that cryptic tomb at Lymington: the obelisk of Egypt (Nature) and the Lion of Judah, rising upon the three steps of the Trinity; the Cross, the Host, the Virgin's lilies; and for a text that stupendous promise, *My covenant shall be in your flesh.*

(THE END.)

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THE DRUM MAJOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

THE military parade had been passing for hours. Now came still another regimental band playing the Russian National Hymn, and then the Seventh in all the bravery of new uniforms and perfect drilling.

"What regiment is this, I wonder," said Arnold Van Twiller, an on-looker, to his companion, Olmsted, "a good many of them look like foreigners. Best music yet—and what a fine-looking old drum major! Get up, Olmsted, and look at him—it's worth while."

"I don't believe I can see him," answered Olmsted, pulling himself up and peering with half-shut eyes. "Oh, yes, I know; a good many Frenchmen in that regiment. Drum major's name is Deluce, I think. I have seen him at a downtown restaurant where I sometimes go to study men and manners. A handsome, soldierly old fellow."

"Come, then," said Arnold, "this is the last company. Let's be going."

As they waited for a car, debating whether they would go to the restaurant or to Arnold's home for dinner, a tall man in uniform separated himself from a passing group and hailed a car going south. His action seemed to lead Olmsted to a decision. He scrambled in after the uniformed man and was followed by Arnold.

"What did you take this car for?" asked Arnold.

"I don't know exactly," answered his friend. "It was just one of those impulses which sometimes come to us scribblers. We have abundant time to go to that restaurant I told you of, and then go uptown to dinner. Meantime, you may observe the object of your admiration, the drum major, for it was he who got in with us."

True enough, seated nearly opposite them, his bearskin shako laid across his knees, sat the fine-looking old man they had remarked in the parade. His great height and soldierly

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bearing could only be suggested now; but his features were seen to be clearly handsome; his hair and moustache of silvery whiteness, while his dark eyes retained much of the quickness and fire of youth.

"My cherished dream as a small boy," whispered Olmsted, "was to be a drum major—just to wear that gorgeous shako and twirl that baton once—and die!"

"I've a mind to speak to him," said Arnold, "but perhaps it wouldn't do—he might presume—"

Olmsted was about to interrupt, but his words were cut short by the stopping of the car and the exit of the drum major. "Come," he said to Arnold, "this is our street." They followed the erect figure that walked before them down one of the streets going eastward, and then, after a sharp turn to the left, stopped in front of a low building with a dingy sign in front, *Café Jurot*, and went down a few steps and disappeared. The friends found themselves in a low-ceilinged, smoky room, resounding with a babel of tongues. Olmsted showed himself perfectly at home. The proprietor, a stout, rosy-faced Frenchman, spoke to him as to a favored, habitual guest.

"Ah, Monsieur Olmsted," said he, "you will have seen, without doubt, that fine parade to-day? Our friend, Deluce" —glancing towards the drum major, who sat a little distance from them—"he must have been superb."

"He certainly was, Monsieur Jurot," assented Olmsted.

"What a frightful noise," murmured Arnold.

"One gets accustomed to it," answered his friend, "and learns that the speakers are not quarreling, but merely arguing with an animation that is unknown to our calmer race."

A heated discussion going forward at a near-by table seemed to contradict this statement. Two Italians were talking with great bitterness of *feu Napoleon Trois*, calling him false and unreliable, and saying that if Orsini bombs had not failed of their mission, Sedan had not followed. Olmsted saw the drum major's face twitch convulsively. He watched the old soldier, who finally could no longer contain himself, and with a blow of his fist on the table, called out:

"*Tonnerre de Dieu!* only cowards insult the dead! And it takes ungrateful Italian cowards to forget Magenta and Solferino!"

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Instantly one of the others was on his feet, upsetting his chair, but the host immediately interposed with a firm: "No, no, messieurs; I will have no disputing here nor politics. You know the rule of our house: Peace and quiet—or out you go."

The hot words were presently apparently forgotten and the clamor of voices went on as before. The old soldier arose in a little while, paid his bill, and went out. A moment later, with a glance at each other, the Italians went too.

"That may mean nothing," observed Arnold, "still we might see"; and, Olmsted agreeing, they followed. In the early dusk a few street-lamps twinkled, but the lights were poor in this out-of-the-way quarter, and it was not easy to distinguish the drum major's figure, already some distance ahead. Walking rapidly, they managed to get nearer, and also to distinguish two prowling forms which kept in shadow on the other side. The old man turned into a side street, dark, narrow, and deserted; and in a moment his pursuers crossed over, approached, and jostled him. A few sharp words were interchanged, a blow struck, and while he warded another his foot slipped on the mud of the pavement and he went down. With a shout Olmsted and Arnold ran forward; and the assailants, seeing them coming, disappeared.

"I hope you are not hurt, monsieur," Arnold inquired, helping him up.

"Not at all, monsieur, thanks to you. Though, my word of honor! I would have been a match for both of the accursed cowards if I had not slipped. All the same, I owe you many thanks; and to whom am I indebted?" he asked, with a courteous inclination of the head.

"My name is Van Twiller," said Arnold, "and this is my friend, Mr. Olmsted."

"My name, messieurs, is Deluce, formerly Sergeant in the Imperial Army of France; now, drum major in a regimental band of this city. Perhaps"—with sudden thought—"you have not supped. My dwelling, a very modest apartment, is near here, and my supper waits, if you will give me the pleasure—"

"Certainly," said Arnold, seeing dissent on Olmsted's lips. Monsieur Deluce led the way, and they threaded a labyrinth of narrow, dirty, and noisy streets. Arnold had almost begun to share his companion's reluctance, when their guide turned

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into a much quieter side-street. It was a mere lane in length, and poor enough in general appearance, but the door-steps of most of the houses were fairly clean and faded blinds hung before the windows. One of these was the Major's dwelling. He had conducted his rescuers upstairs and then left them for a few moments. On his return he said:

"I will beg you to say nothing to my daughter of that affair. It would frighten her. I have explained a bruise she observed on my forehead by telling of the fall and your kind assistance after."

Through a dimly-lighted hallway they passed into a tiny room, which opened into still another, and from the inner one a young girl came out to meet them. "These are the Messieurs Olmsted and Van Twiller, Madeleine, my child," he said; and the girl stretched a slim hand to one and then to the other.

"I greet you in the American style," she said in English, but with the prettiest accent, "so to thank you for the great kindness my father tells me of."

"You may talk French, my Madeleine, if you will," observed the drum major, "these gentlemen speak like Parisians."

They had conversed but a very few moments when, with feminine quickness, she discovered that while Olmsted, the careless, indifferent-looking elder, was entirely at his ease talking in a foreign tongue, it was something of a restraint on the younger.

"I will beg of you a favor," said she, bending a little towards Arnold, "I may speak my own language at all times with Papa; but I should be so glad to practise my English. May I not with you?"

Presently, rising and laughing, she said: "Papa, you must be thinking about your supper, for I know well that hungry look. But I must first finish the salad; and will we have tea or coffee?"

"Anything, *ma mignonne*," said her father, "for I am truly exhausted."

The joyous look left the girl's face, and she sighed unconsciously as she moved about in the inner room. The one the others were in, though small and bare, was scrupulously neat, and had a very homelike look. The waxed floor was covered with one or two home-made rugs; on a polished table stood a shaded lamp; the curtains and chair covers were delicately tinted;

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some books and music were scattered about; and a few flowers stood in a slender glass upon the mantel-piece. But what most surprised Olmsted was an open piano of the best make, which was comparatively new.

"Madeleine will give us some music by and by," said her father, noticing his glance; "and will you smoke now?" Olmsted accepted; but Arnold declared that he seldom smoked; which amazing misrepresentation only meant that at present he had other views. He was watching through the open doorway the unconsciously graceful movements of a gray-clad, girlish figure, performing deftly various household services. Madeleine suddenly entered again and took the lamp from the table.

"You have another light here; can you spare me this?" she inquired.

As she was lifting it, he took it from her hands: "Where shall I place it?" he asked.

"Just there," she said, indicating a small supper-table, neatly laid for four. Then, with gracious permission from her, he brought the flowers to decorate, and hastened to say, pleadingly:

"Mademoiselle, if there is one talent I possess—my only one, in fact—it is to make mayonnaise. Let me assist you, I beg."

"I do not know," she answered, pretending to regard him searchingly, "they say two persons should be very—how do you say it?—in sympathy, to make mayonnaise together. And" —with a smile in her eyes—"it is not so many minutes since Monsieur and I are acquainted. The salad might be spoiled."

"We will prove our sympathy, then," insisted Arnold; and he had his way. In a few moments there was great activity in the inner room. Coffee simmered and hissed on the little brass stand; eggs were broken into a dish and madly beaten by Arnold, while Madeleine, standing over him, poured a thin, steady stream of oil from a wicker flask.

"More, more, Miss Deluce," he cried reproachfully; "you wish to spoil it, so that you may declare that we are not sympathetic."

"No, no, indeed"; she protested laughingly. She was made girlishly light-hearted by this unwonted charm of youthful companionship; and Arnold's boyishness of manner had set her quite at ease with him.

In the dimmer light of the outer room the father and Olm-

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sted sat and smoked, but the picture framed by the doorway distracted the latter's attention from the drum major's remarks. He regarded steadily the brightness of the lamp, the shining brass, and the youth's handsome head bending over a dainty figure whose grace idealized the commonplace household duties. He felt very old all of a sudden, sitting in outer dimness. He lent only an inattentive ear to the former sergeant's reminiscences, and he absently lifted his hand to feel for some gray hairs which he had perceived in the mirror that morning.

A fresh, soft ripple of laughter crossed their talk again, and the father said contentedly: "My Madeleine seems to enjoy your friend's chat; and I am glad, she has so little pleasure. Figure to yourself, Monsieur, that I am father, mother, brother, everything to my little girl. Her mother she lost when an infant; her brother"—his moustached lip quivered—"later, at Sedan, a mere boy. There is no one else; and it is hard for a girl of nineteen to have only an old father who feels very tired and useless sometimes. But she is a brave child"—drawing himself up—"a true daughter of a soldier. She is manager, housekeeper, everything in our small *ménage*. Then she teaches French of mornings in young ladies' schools and music in the afternoons. She has bought herself the piano you see there."

"You may well be proud of her," said Olmsted, touched by these simple confidences. The object of their eulogy stood now in the doorway.

"Supper," she smiled, "with the kind assistance of Monsieur, is now served."

It was easy, Olmsted admitted to himself, for Arnold to drift here into some "confounded folly." Easy even for himself to forget that they were supping in a shabby apartment over a shop in a quarter where Arnold at least had never before found himself, and that their host was a simple drum major. The little table was so pretty, with its flowers and lights, its fragrant coffee and perfect salad. And this fair young hostess pressing hospitable attentions on hungry men—this was Arcadian. Meanwhile young Arnold was affiliating with their host and giving adhesion to Utopian views of politics quite foreign to a practical nature. He renounced all interest in the French Republic in favor of the Empire, and finally professed a loathing for all things German, which was singular enough considering that his last few years had been spent by

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choice in that country. But it was easy to see that he had won the heart of Monsieur Deluce.

Afterwards, when Madeleine cleared the table, she quite naturally permitted Arnold to help her; but to Olmsted she said: "I will not trouble Monsieur."

"Will you sing for us?" her father asked her afterwards.

"I will play," she said, seating herself at the piano. Olmsted, nothing if not critical, prepared for endurance; but he was altogether disappointed. Simply, unpretentiously, she glided into melodies clear, tender, lovely—some of them he knew, others he had never heard.

The guests had risen to go and Olmsted was thanking her father with grave courtesy for his hospitality. Once more she offered her hand in saying good-night; and while her father cautioned as to the steps and the nearest way to their car, she answered Arnold graciously:

"It will be a pleasure to Papa to hear you sing, and I shall be very glad."

The two men went their way silently for a while; then Arnold began: "She is quite unusual—and unexpected."

"A very pretty girl," said Olmsted.

"Pretty!" indignantly answered Arnold, "she is much more than that, and her manner is perfect."

"I wonder then where she acquired it," continued Olmsted, "for her father told me that his people had always been small farmers near Nancy, when they were not fighting. He is a bit prejudiced himself and irascible now and then; but, on the whole, a fine old fellow."

"I know all about them, for we talked while making the salad."

"No doubt."

"Her great-grandfather was devoted to the first Napoleon, and her grandfather fought at Magenta. When the Empire went out at Sedan and this one lost his only son before Paris, he would stay in France no longer, but came here to begin again. Some friend obtained for him his present position, and she procured music pupils and French classes, and hopes, she says, to make much money, and then the 'dear father, so old and kind, shall march no more!' He moved with her to Paris, it seems, when she was a little child and managed to have her well-educated at a convent—especially in music. But think how lonely for that young girl."

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"What was the Christian name of her great-grandmother?" asked Olmsted in a very serious tone; "and did you discover how many heads of poultry and cabbage they raised on the farm at Nancy, before they moved to Paris?"

"How altogether hateful you are this evening!" cried Arnold impatiently. "One thing I can tell you, you might have been with her for hours and she would never have grown friendly; for she said that your eyes, or glasses, or manner, or perhaps all together, were '*un peu sévère*'; and when I said that you were a *littérateur*, she supposed you must be a critic."

Up in Richard Olmsted's rooms, on a warm afternoon some weeks later, a pleasant breeze was swaying the lace curtains to and fro. It blew some papers off the table where he sat writing, but he did not raise his eyes from the page down which his pen was rapidly traveling. A knock at the door was repeated twice—thrice—before he heard it. "Come in," he shouted, without looking up.

"The divine afflatus never inspires you to tear visitors to pieces, I hope," said Arnold Van Twiller.

"Oh, it is you!" said Olmsted in some surprise, "where have you been for the last three weeks? At Newport, I suppose."

"No"; answered Arnold slowly. "I escorted my mother and party there; but came back immediately, and have been in town most of the time."

"In town—so long—at this season! And never came near me!" exclaimed Olmsted.

"Well, I knew how hard you were working at those papers for the *Athenian*, and that I would only interrupt you. The sooner you get through, you know, the sooner we can start Westward," was the calm answer.

"I have heard," said Olmsted quietly, "of something school-boys call 'a face of frozen brass.'"

"Well, then," answered Arnold boldly, "I have been quite busy myself and scarcely had a moment's leisure."

"You have not, then," Olmsted asked, drawing careless lines on the nearest sheet of paper, "you have not seen, by chance, our friend the drum major since we were last together?"

"Once or twice," answered his visitor, reddening.

"Once or twice, perhaps three or six times, or even a dozen," added Olmsted. "Well, he is quite interesting."

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"I assure you," cried Arnold eagerly, "he is the most interesting old fellow possible. He has seen so much of life and men in stirring times; and you are the very one who could appreciate him, Olmsted; and—and—why do you smile in that exasperating way?"

Olmsted did not answer.

"I do wish," continued Arnold, "that you would keep your smile for some other subject. I am free to confess that I find Mademoiselle Deluce very attractive, and"—defiantly—"I have been there a great many times. We sing duets together. I am a friend of the household."

"And the neighbors"—Olmsted resumed his pencil tracing as he spoke—"what do they think of a young man of your general appearance coming so often?"

"I don't care a rap what the neighbors—" Arnold began.

"That's not the point," Olmsted interrupted. "See here, Arnold," he continued, laying aside his ironical manner with his pencil, "what little I saw of this girl induces me to believe that, under a pretty, coquettish manner, she is a true woman and has earnest aims in life. Her old father is bound up in her; but she has her own way to make. Now, is it manly to cross her path just to amuse yourself and, possibly, unsettle her mind?"

"It's not so easy to unsettle," he began; then, breaking off: "Suppose that you go this afternoon. If you will, I promise always to remain under your wise and prudent guardianship during these visits. Come now, Mentor!"

Olmsted seemed at first irresolute, but an hour afterward they stood together before Madeleine's house. The hall door was open and likewise an inner door this sultry afternoon, and they could distinguish the accents of a low, clear voice. Madeleine, in some light-tinted muslin, was seated in a low chair, little Hans, the child of the watchmaker below stairs, was in her lap. The child's rosy cheek was pressed to hers and his yellow locks touched the dark ones where a rose was fastened like some others glowing in a vase at hand, which Olmsted noted and guessed the sender.

"All at once," she was saying, "the tin soldier fell, head over heels, from the window into the street. It was frightful! He stuck one leg into the air and stood on his military cap, his bayonet between the stones. The maid and the little boy ran down but could not find him, for he did not think it

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proper to cry out, because he was in uniform. Ah, Monsieur Van Tweeleer, it is you. I am glad, but I will not rise, I am so tired." Seeing then an unexpected figure following his, she did arise, coloring a little and letting the child slip to his feet. "My father will be so pleased to see Monsieur again," she declared politely.

"Why are you so tired, Mademoiselle Madeleine?" inquired Arnold.

"The weather, perhaps," she answered, leaning back a little languidly, "and I have to go far to my classes. But I do not mind, for imagine to yourself"—with ready confidence in his sympathy—"that I have *five* new pupils; and in a few years I will make money enough, who knows, for Papa to stop work and we may live together—in Paris, perhaps, and then he could visit his old home in the country. But I forget"—turning to Olmsted—"this cannot interest Monsieur. I am sorry Papa is late. He has so much to tell always that is pleasant; though I believe"—hesitatingly—"that you do not always agree with him. Monsieur Arnaut, now"—with a gleam of mischief in the dark eyes—"he thinks in everything like my father."

"That is very remarkable, indeed," observed Olmsted drily.

"Yes"; she continued, with more reserve, "considering the ages. He must like you very much, Monsieur Arnaut, or he would not speak to you of my dead brother. I was a very little child then; but I remember we were all crouching in a cellar in Paris—the women and the children—and trembled when we heard a shell bursting, or the far-off artillery. It was a terrible time. We had often nothing to eat all day, and were hungry—oh, very hungry."

"Pray do not tell us"—interrupted Olmsted, almost roughly "I can bear to hear or read of horrors; but not of them happening to delicate women and children—those we—we know."

She looked at him in evident surprise, having given him credit for but little sympathy.

"Would you care to sing a little, Monsieur Arnaut?" asked the young girl.

"Yes"; consented Arnold, "but without the lamp. This twilight is so pleasant."

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Olmsted turned to look at the accompanist, and, looking, forgot the song. Her gracious young head was outlined against the window, a slight smile parting the lips, the red rose shining in its dusky setting. He gazed until the end, then rose abruptly, pushing Arnold aside. "Come," he said, "make room, my dear fellow, it is my turn! I shall fright the ravens, but I am moved to raise my voice in song." She left the piano, and seating himself, he struck a chord or two; then in a voice, harsh, it is true, in comparison with his friend's, but with something in its timbre which impressed and thrilled, began: "Du bist wie eine Blume."

When this was over, he went off into another song of Heine's—a wild thing and reckless in tone, but passing into soft tenderness at the last. Rising with a laugh of apology, he found Arnold his only listener, and Madeleine just returning with the shaded lamp. Perhaps it was because he had taken off his glasses while at the piano that she gave him now a quick, intent look, as though she saw him strangely and for the first time.

He also noted her pallor, saying: "You are, indeed, tired, Mademoiselle."

"Yes"; she admitted, lightly adding that she was suffering for her usual season at some fashion resort.

"You like the country?"

"Oh, yes"; she answered with unconscious wistfulness. "It is so close here sometimes. Near Paris there were many pretty places where one could go on Sundays and holidays for the fresh air."

"There are such here, too," said Olmsted, "We could arrange a day. But we can speak to your father about it; and now we must go away and let you rest."

"Yes"; Madeleine answered with simple dignity, "as my father is late, I will wish you good-night."

"What in the world," began Arnold when they were once more in the street, "made you sing German songs? It was a monstrous want of tact. The father cannot endure anything German, and of course she feels the same. You saw that she could not bear to stay in the room."

"I had forgotten," said Olmsted, "but, as you say, it must have annoyed her."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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THE MEXICO OF TO-DAY.

BY J. B. FRISBIE.

T is a lamentable fact that a major part of the articles published in the United States, and other countries, regarding Mexico, are inexact and misleading. The writers of these articles have, in the majority of cases, made but hurried trips to the country, and have gone back to their homes imbued with a superabundance of fantastic fiction with which to deceive, so far as a general impression is concerned, millions of readers, and create erroneous estimates hard to eradicate. The result is that Mexico suffers great injury and injustice.

We do not claim that these articles are, in all cases, deliberately untruthful, but the careless, haphazard way in which alleged data are gathered, the implicit credence given to professional dispensers of sensational trash, is to blame, in most cases, for the circulation of so much that is false concerning Mexico.

To select a few defects, real or alleged, and then to enlarge upon them, to magnify them into gigantic inventions of the imagination, is, at best, a cruel and cowardly way to treat a neighboring and a neighborly people, especially when that people is doing all in its power for the advancement of the country—an advancement which has made such stupendous strides during the last thirty years, a progress which surpasses, relatively, even the wonderful development of the United States.

To call a country "*barbarous*" whose enormous Indian population, excepting a few wild tribes, is absolutely docile, law-abiding, and Christian; whose upper classes compare favorably with the aristocracy of any nation in the world, in birth, education, character, and gentility; whose government is striving its utmost for the uplift of its people; where the education of the masses is being enhanced day by day; where strikes and labor unions are unknown; where cranks and anarchists are not permitted to enter; where divorce is not tolerated;

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where the people of all classes are devoted to their religion; and where one of the very greatest men of his time rules with wisdom and justice, is, certainly, employing the phrase to signify what its very antithesis would better express.

If drastic measures have, at times, been adopted in dealing with the marauding Yaqui and Maya Indians, with bandits and criminals and disturbers of the country's peace, such measures have been put into force only when circumstances justified their being used; and as to the evils of the peonage system, and other exaggerated and imaginary calamitous practices, in the sense intended by Turner in the *American Magazine*, these exist only to a very limited degree, if at all, and will surely be wiped out, just as every evil in the country is being properly regulated where its complete obliteration is impracticable.

Articles such as we refer to only invite retaliation and engender bad feeling; and while common sense, and the knowledge that they are the exaggerated statements of professional "muck-rakers," will prevent any serious or disagreeable consequences—so far, at least, as Mexico is concerned—their publication, in all fairness, and for the general good, should be suppressed. The friendly relations existing between the United States and Mexico, the great volume of constantly increasing commercial and industrial intercourse, the amicable and fraternal feelings of the people for each other, the well-defined understanding between their governments, the inherent spirit of American patriotism which animates both nations, and the recent hand-clasp across the border of Presidents Taft and Diaz, all tend to foster friendship and mutual regard. Such friendship will render futile the pusillanimous efforts of a few misguided writers to disrupt the prevailing harmony and create international discord.

The Mexicans are modest in their claims, and freely admit their defects, which, after all, are no more, no less, than those of any other great civilized nation; they are liberal in recognizing the good in others, and are sure to work out their destiny to their own satisfaction, and to that of the world at large, for they are intelligent, educated, enterprising, competent, and patriotic.

The story of Mexico's progress during the last thirty years reads like a fairy tale, and in no other nation in the world

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can such relative progress be demonstrated. When General Porfirio Diaz assumed power in 1876, the country, just recovering from the effects of the French intervention and its consequent war and desolation, was infested with bandits and outlaws, was subject to constant turmoil by internal dissensions and bloody revolutions; its commerce was at a standstill, its finances bankrupted, its industries dormant; means of communication at home and with the outside world were lamentably lacking, and the relations between Church and State in a most deplorable condition of animosity.

But how changed is all that now! General Diaz adopted a policy of enlightened progress, and from national ruin and veritable chaos, has evolved a mighty nation, universally respected, whose credit is unsurpassed, whose commerce and industries have been developed in a wonderful, almost miraculous degree, whose government is wise, stable, and just, whose people are hard-working and progressive, where Church and State have, in a great measure, adjusted their differences. Of course, there is a so-called political opposition which, at times, occasions some excitement, but it is seldom taken seriously by the thinking people. No one is opposed to General Diaz, or his policies—there might be a few remote and unimportant cases—and it is the universal prayer in Mexico, that her Grand Old Man will be spared for many years. The rare gifts of this great soldier-statesman have done more than aught else in the up-building of this great nation, and while there are many patriotic, able, and scholarly collaborators aiding, very materially, in the colossal development under way, everybody, irrespective of creed or nationality, recognizes and appreciates the splendid worth of "El Gran Presidente," whose name will live as one of the greatest in American continental history.

The government of Mexico, federal and local, is doing all in its power for the uplift and advancement of the people, and the forward march of the nation in recent years is the best demonstration of this fact. A few years ago public schools were few indeed; to-day every city has its quota; so that, with private and Catholic parochial schools and colleges, there is no lack of educational facilities. In the city of Mexico the government preparatory school and its colleges of jurisprudence, medicine, civil and mining engineering, its academy of fine arts, and conservatory of music, compare most favorably with any

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similar institutions in the world, and in the larger cities and towns of Mexico the same advanced conditions prevail. Education is compulsory, just as it is in the United States, and so the rising generation will not be deficient in this regard. A few years ago hardly any of the working classes could read or write; the reverse is now the rule.

Besides these splendid educational institutions mentioned, the Jesuits and Marists have several fine colleges, and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and other Orders conduct well-appointed schools and convents, which are patronized and supported by the best people of the country.

In the trades the masses are constantly improving themselves, and the skilled Mexican artisan can well hold his own with his brothers of other countries. Whenever the government grants a concession to an individual alien, or to a foreign corporation, it exacts that a majority of the employees, as soon as conditions justify it, be Mexicans; thus it is that on the railroads preference is given to a Mexican over a foreigner whenever the former is found competent. It will take some time, however, to nationalize thoroughly the railroad service, for the country is young in railroads, and there exists, unfortunately, a tendency among the better classes to decry subordinate positions; but the railroads and the many great industrial enterprises, most of which have had less than a quarter of a century of existence, are also great educators of the people, and the advancement in this respect has been nothing less than phenomenal.

It is estimated that there is about one billion dollars of American capital invested in Mexico. England, Germany, France, and Spain follow in the order named, and altogether they have invested hundreds of millions. It is a well-known fact that every dollar of this stupendous sum is adequately protected; the safety of life and property, generally, is not excelled anywhere, and no reputable foreigner has aught but encomiums for this splendid phase of governmental efficiency. So marked has been this good will towards the alien, who is treated as well as the native, that he has become just as enthusiastic in his love and respect for the country and its great Chief Magistrate as is the Mexican himself. It speaks volumes for Mexico that when a foreigner takes up his residence within her borders, he almost always makes it permanent, and that the foreign colonies are constantly being added to by the influx of business men

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and their families from all over the world. While speaking of the foreign colonies it might be well to add that the Americans, French, and Germans have their own colonial schools; the Americans and French have fine hospitals; the Americans, English, French, and Spanish have their own cemeteries; and each colony has its club, its benevolent society, to care for indigent countrymen, and its organization to promote good fellowship. They all properly recognize and celebrate their respective national holidays.

The city of Mexico is governed by an "Ayuntamiento," or Board of Aldermen, composed of twenty-four members, who choose their own presiding officer, the Mayor of the city. The members of this body are invariably selected from among the best class of citizens, and so the city is splendidly governed; luxuries are heavily taxed, the city is rich, and public improvements are constantly in progress. It is doubtful if any other city in the world has as clean and as able a municipal government.

The city is situated in the Federal District, which corresponds to our own American District of Columbia, and which has its own governor, appointed by the President. The present incumbent of this office is Señor Guillermo Landa y Escandon. He was educated at the Jesuit college at Stonyhurst, England, and is a gentleman of the highest culture. Governor Landa is the man who "put the lid on" in Mexico. He has done, and is doing, much for the good of the district and city. He takes great interest in the working classes, and is constantly promoting some beneficial work in their behalf, giving liberally from his private means to help the poor and promote their welfare. As it is in the capital city, so it is, more or less, in the other cities of the republic, and the march of progress is plainly manifest throughout the country. In Mexico City a new post-office building was recently finished, at a cost of $6,000,000; a new national theatre is being erected, to cost about $10,000,000; a number of governmental structures are under way, all of them along the same lines of cost and beauty. The city is exceedingly well paved and lighted, has a good water supply, is remarkably well policed, and is, undoubtedly, from an historical viewpoint, the most interesting city on the continent. Its great churches, its magnificent monuments, its beautiful parks, its attractive homes, the culture of its people,

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and its ideal climate, tend to make it intensely alluring, and well worthy of its sobriquet, "The Paris of America."

Mexico is Catholic; absolutely, immutably Catholic. No amount of proselytizing will ever make the slightest inroad upon the established religion of the country. The faith is there, and there to stay. The men are good Catholics, generally, many of them magnificent exponents of Catholic manhood, and the women are strong in their faith. Volumes have been written about the irreligion of Mexico. As a rule they contain an ounce of truth and a ton of fiction, and are begotten of either ignorance or prejudice. Without doubt they are flagrantly unjust to Church, and country, and people. Visitors to the country go there harboring wrong impressions, obtained from such writings. Invariably they depart for their homes with such impressions entirely eradicated, edified by what they have seen, filled with admiration for the religious zeal and patriotism of the Mexican people, and stirred by the ideal democracy exhibited in the churches, where aristocrat and peon worship side by side.

The foregoing, while but a brief synopsis, is, in the writer's opinion, a fair, truthful recital of the existing situation in Mexico. His residence there for thirty-two years should give him a thorough knowledge of the country, its people, resources, customs, and conditions, and enable him to write more intelligently, in so far, at least, as facts are involved, than the sojourner for a fortnight, who gathers his data at random, often from questionable sources, and spreads them, not knowing whether they are fact or fiction.

Mexico City, February, 1910.

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AN OLD WASTREL.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

OLD Dan Connors was sitting in the workhouse yard. There was a starved thorn-tree over his head, and it had just come out in new leaf. Perhaps that was what made him think of Old Bawn. There wasn't another green thing visible in the great stony yard of the workhouse, except it might be a hardy grass-blade that pushed its head up between the stones, imagining that it was growing into a field, only to be crushed flat by the shuffling feet of the workhouse inmates.

They all shuffled more or less. They were a disgraceful lot, to old Dan's thinking, those able-bodied men and women, who shuffled about on their unwilling employment. They were mostly fat with the fatness of idleness and an ignoble content. As a woman came in his view, her hands resting on her enormous hips, her tow-colored hair pulled back from her red, flabby face, her whole person hideous in the workhouse garb of coarse blue woolen stuff, old Dan groaned aloud, making the woman pause to ask a ribald question.

It was not such women old Dan was accustomed to; and in spite of all the ups and downs of his life he had kept a curiously fastidious and innocent mind about women. He had never married, but his experiences had been fortunate ones. He groaned again, this time taking care to look about him first to see that no one was in sight, as he recalled the old days in Ireland, his mother and Kitty and Nora and Brideen, and Eily Driscoll, who was dead long ago, who might have been his wife and kept him straight if only she'd stayed in it and not been so quick to get to heaven. He had a wandering drop somewhere in him, and Eily's death had unsettled him, cut him adrift from his moorings. The old place had become dull and strange with Eily's death. The restlessness had come upon him and he had gone off in the following spring to America, where there was a chance for a man, and a crowd to be forgetting in, not the death-in-life of Old Bawn.

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So he had said thirty years ago. Now, sitting in the workhouse yard, he recalled, as he had done many a time before, Old Bawn, looking at it through the dim eyes of his spirit as though he looked into Paradise. There was the low white house under its thatch, with its background of orchard—one gable opening on a green old garden, the other on the stack-yard and cattle-sheds, full of golden corn, of red and white cattle. He could see as plainly as though he had left it only yesterday the placid, white-washed kitchen, with its red-ochred tiles, the settle against the wall under the little lattice window that opened into the orchard, the dresser full of crockery, the chairs of twisted straw by the fireside in which the father and mother had sat, the flitch of bacon and the drying herbs above the fireplace, the chimney shelf with its row of brass candlesticks all shining bright, the wag-by-the-wall clock.

The kitchen opened on to a green space, bound on one side by the wall of the barns and outbuildings, on the other by the neat privet hedge that outlined the lawn which lay in front of the hall door. A row of sycamores and chestnuts went down by the hedge.

Sitting there in the workhouse yard, his old knotted hands clasped on his stick, he fancied himself sitting on the stone bench outside the kitchen door. He could see the very lights and shadows cast by the trees on the grass. A flock of yellow ducklings came waddling to the kitchen door to be fed. Pincher, the Irish terrier, came out in a leisurely indignation and drove them away. He could hear the swish-swish of the churn handle in the dairy close by.

Something struck him lightly and he came back to the horrible workhouse yard that was like a prison. He had dropped asleep perhaps. One of the able-bodied ones, with humorous intention, had flung a potato at him as he passed and wakened him out of his happy dream.

It was too bad that he should have gone and left them—he, the eldest one too. It was a bad example for the younger ones. There had been a long line of younger ones when he left—down to a baby in the cradle three months old. Herself had been a fine strong woman, but himself had never been very strong. He supposed both of them were gone long ago. Thirty years brought such changes.

Thirty years! Of such a life as his had been! It had

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been a record of dismal failure. He had gone out with a foolish certainty of success. He had even put his going on a high, unselfish plane. There were too many of them dragging out of himself and Old Bawn. It was right that one of them should go out and seek his fortune and be able and willing to share it with the others. There were eleven children in the family when he had taken his departure. He wondered what had become of them all. He had a sudden fond memory of Dick, a little lad of four, who had been a special pet of his. Dick would be thirty-four now if he was alive. Why, he wasn't much more than fifty himself, now he came to think of it, only he had had such hardships and seen so much trouble that he was an old man before his time—liker seventy than fifty-four.

He had gone under from the time he had left them at Old Bawn—gone under, not by any choice of his own, but because things were against him. Once or twice he had been on the up-grade. Once a partner had absconded, leaving him only debts and angry creditors. Another time his savings had been stolen—eight hundred pounds, which he had toiled hard to earn. He had worked incredibly hard. The hardship had aged him as much as anything. But he was an innocent prodigal after all—scarcely a worse sin to his account than a few drinking bouts in which he had quarreled and assaulted the police. There were no shameful memories to come between him and his faith in good women. A poor old wastrel, that was how he thought of himself. But he need not be afraid of his mother's eyes, nor of Eily Driscoll's when they should meet in heaven.

Ah, there were good women in the world, if there were shameful hussies. There was poor Honor Daly, with whom he had lodged these ten years back, whose death had sent him to the workhouse. Honor had been fond of him. When he could work he had brought her his wages. When he was too crippled with the rheumatism to work, she kept him all the same—an heroic soul, with her three children and her helpless lodger to support by standing over the wash-tub all day. She was gone now, and the children were scattered in various institutions. How Dan missed the children, to be sure! He had been worth his keep for amusing the children, Honor Daly had often declared in the days of his rheumatic attacks, or when

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the pain in his back was too bad to permit his working as a quay laborer.

Some one passing by with a brisk step, very unlike the able-bodied inmates', pulled up in front of Dan Connors and spoke. It was the workhouse doctor, a man with a ruddy, wholesome, out-door face and very blue eyes—a countryman of Dan's, too and a man with a quick compassion for the flotsam and jetsam of humanity that came his way: "Heartbroke," Dan would have said, "with trying to mend the workhouse ways."

"Dreaming, Connors?" he said.

Dan looked up at him with eyes in which the dreams were plainly visible.

"Aye, sir"; he said. "I believe I was back in Ireland. The color of your moustache, now—I thought for a minute it was old Pincher's coat; 'twas the little bit of a dog we had at home when I was a boy."

The doctor smiled.

"I can see you've come of decent stock, Connors," he said. "Isn't there some one would take you out of this? It isn't a place for the like of you."

Dan looked down at his corduroyed knees.

"I was just wonderin'," he said, "if there was any of them left in Old Bawn at all. There was little Dick. He was no more than four when I went out of it, and a terrible fond child of me. I don't know that I'd like them to know where I was. 'Twould be a terrible disgrace for them. The Connors were always decent people."

The doctor protruded his lips rapidly and drew them in again in a characteristic gesture which Dan did not see.

"How old are you, Connors?" he asked.

"Fifty-four come Michaelmas, sir."

"You're sure of that?"

The doctor looked startled, as well he might. He looked down at Dan Connors, huddled up on the wooden bench under the hawthorn, and believed him. The age of the man was merely superficial. And there was nothing wrong with him but the overwork and the rheumatism that had resulted from exposure to all kinds of weather.

"I'm surprised," he said kindly. "Why, there's only ten years of difference between us. Plenty of men have done a lot of work after fifty-four. You'd be some use yet, Connors, under happier conditions."

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"I might," said Dan humbly, his eyes looking with admiration at the doctor's stalwart, gray-clad figure. "Sure, you look like my grandson," he added. "'Tis the feeding you've had, sir, and the care. Forty's too old for a quay laborer."

"Let me see—you come from the County Tipperary?"

"Near the foot of the Keeper Mountains. 'Twas a lovely little place we had there. Coolmore was the name of the village. You've maybe heard of it. There's great fishing there in the Coolbeg."

"I was there once. A very different place from this, Connors."

"You're right, doctor. Well, sure, God help us—'tis often easy enough to be steppin' out of a place an' not so easy to be steppin' back. What would I be but a disgraceful old ghost goin' back among them. 'Twas different ideas I had once, when I thought of bringin' them home a bag of gold. Ah, thank you kindly, doctor. 'Tis very good of you."

The doctor had held an open tobacco pouch under Dan's nose. Dan took a fill with trembling fingers and looked up at the doctor, sudden tears in his eyes. It wasn't often you met with any humanity in such a desolate old place.

The doctor passed on to bring a breath of the open air and a touch of human kindness to the old people in the bedridden ward, while Dan sat on under the tree, once again lost in his dreams.

The next day the doctor, passing him by, dropped an open paper across his knees. Dan fumbled for his spectacles, and having found them, spread out the sheet and began to read.

It was a little sheet, not very well printed, but it might have fallen straight from heaven so far as Dan was concerned. Why, every bit of if was set, as though with a clear, shining gem, with a well-beloved name. Coolmore, Coolbeg, Drumeriskey, Emly, Shanagolden, Derrybawn. They leaped out of that wonderful lost past as though they had been so many shining flowers. It was kind of the doctor, so it was—God bless him! The time wouldn't pass slowly for Dan having the *Tipperary People* to read. Why, it was like as though somebody had opened a door into a wonderful lost Paradise and bidden Dan walk in.

For a time he hovered uncertainly over the paper, sipping at the sweets, so to speak. At length he settled himself down

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for a steady read through it. He wasn't going to get tired of it easily. When he had gone straight through it he could begin it all over again. Perhaps the wardmaster would let him keep it by his bed. It would be great company in the lonesome night, with the old people sighing and groaning wearily all about him, to have the *Tipperary People* tucked away under his mattress. And—who knew?—God was good—maybe Dr. Devine might bring him another paper some day.

He read on, and names of people long remembered or long forgotten sprang up out of the printed line and confronted him. Dear, dear! To think old John Cunningham was yet alive and doing well! for there was a record of the sheep he had bought at an auction. Elsie Doyle had taken a high place at the Intermediate Examinations. He wondered would she be Peter Doyle's daughter at all? Peter and he had been at school together. The girsha couldn't be Peter's granddaughter. Surely not! Why, Peter would be a personable man still. He'd be about fifty-three. What was fifty-three to them that had had a chance of minding themselves?

He hovered over the paper like a bee over a flower bed, picking out a name here and there. Suddenly he swooped like the bee and rested. He sat staring at a name:

"Among those present was Mr. Richard Connors, J.P., D.C., P.L.G."

Dick!—could it be Dick? Was it possible it was little Dick, who had followed his big brother about with a dog-like devotion in those days long gone? A J.P. too! A Justice of the Peace! And a Poor Law Guardian! Dan wasn't sure what D.C. meant. That was a new happening since his days. Little Dick! Ah, well, sure it was a great thing there were some to keep up the old name and make it honored and respected when there were others that dragged it in the dust.

He was so elated by Dick's success in the world that he sat in the stray gleam of sun that had found its way over the top of the high buildings, transported out of himself for the time being. It kept him happy for all that day. But the inevitable reaction followed. A chill sense came to him that Dick's advancement had closed in his face the door which had let through the faintest chink of light. He imagined Dick's glories. In his day to be a Justice of the Peace was to be a person of social importance, to keep a carriage, to follow the

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hounds, to be a gentleman in short. Great man Dick! Dan remembered what a cute little codger Dick had been, even at four years old. What would he be doing, a poor old shabby workhouse ghost, if he could return into the midst of such splendors, but frightening the life out of them all by his return?

He supposed it would be the workhouse to the end—the workhouse and the association with people whose ways and whose words repelled his curious natural innocence. He was more aloof from them than ever after his wonderful discovery about Dick, and they hustled and trod on him worse than need be as they went in to meals and on the way up to bed. One of the pauper nurses reported him to an official for insubordination—there never was a more groundless charge—and he was threatened with punishment unless he mended his manners.

His manners!—in that mannerless, moralless abode! Dan had never lost his excellent, old-fashioned manners. They made him a softy to the rough lot about him and furnished a reason for his toes being trodden on and his ribs punched, till he began to see red and came near earning the threatened punishment.

The pauper attendant, coming into the ward where the old men were beginning to brandish their sticks, cooled the hot blood by throwing cold water over some of them. Whether by accident or design Dan got more than his share of the water. His anger died down as though it had been actual fire. Sure, what right had he to be angry, God help him? Hadn't he deserved any ill-treatment he got, he who had flung himself like a fool away out of Old Bawn into a world which had no place for him?

A dreary sense of the futility and hopelessness of it all descended upon Dan. Sure, what were they fighting about?—a lot of poor old wastrels that the grave might swallow tomorrow and welcome! Weren't they all only cumbering the earth? What was the use of their vexing and annoying each other when they were only a vexation and annoyance to them that were doing the world's work and living decently in honor and esteem?

The next day he was racked with the rheumatism and could hardly crawl out of bed. But he was better out of bed

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than in bed, for the day was the day for washing out the ward, which was done with a great swishing of water, to the grievous discomfort of the rheumatic patients who must stay in bed. He crept out through the ophthalmic ward, where the patients were groaning in misery because the walls had been newly white-washed, and into the yard, where he crawled like a sick old fly in the sun.

He was let alone, being plainly too twisted and crippled with the rheumatism to do anything. He sat for hours under the thorn-tree, where the master's dog, who happened to be an Irish terrier, came and rubbed himself by Dan's knees, giving him a sense of companionship. After a time he noticed and was moved to a simple wonderment at the knowledgeableness of the dog, who was reputed proud in his ways, and well able to distinguish between an official and an inmate. He must have known that Dan was a countryman of his own and made an exception in his favor. Dan, with his hand on the dog's little hard head, got some comfort from the companionship. It made him think of Pincher long ago at Old Bawn. Pincher would be dead this many a year. Dan began to wonder if any of Pincher's blood were left in it. They had been a notable breed of Irish terriers and a cause of great pride to the Connorses of Old Bawn.

The days slid over Dan's head in a waking dream. Sometimes he was very ill at ease with rheumatism. He had bad nights. It had been nobody's business to dry his bed where the water had been flung on it. The bad nights made him sleepy in the day. He dozed away a great part of the sunny days, sitting on the seat under the thorn-tree, which was now becoming quite green, his old knotted hands clasped over the stick and his chin leaning on them.

Once or twice Dr. Devine caught sight of him as he passed briskly to and fro, and spared to wake him. It was unusually warm weather for May, and the warm sun on Dan's rheumatic old bones was the best possible treatment for him. The doctor understood why it was that Dan wasn't to be found with the other old men where they shuffled about in their recreation yard. He said to himself that he must remember to ask the master, who was a good fellow, to let old Dan have the run of his garden, and after a time, when the rheumatism troubled him less, to let him do odd jobs about the garden.

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"If I had my will," said Dr. Devine to himself energetically, "the like of him would never be in the workhouse, any more than the children. It's no place for the decent old and the children."

That was after he had become aware that some one had burnt Dan's lips with a match as he slept—a brutal jest which might have had serious consequences in a man of Dan's age. The perpetrator remained undiscovered. If Dan knew he would not speak. Dr. Devine rather suspected that he did know.

"It keeps me from feeling the rheumatics so bad," was Dan's remark to Dr. Devine, who was too well used to the ways of his countrymen to wonder at this good wrung out of evil.

But, awake or asleep, Dan's soul was in Old Bawn. The *Tipperary People* had made it all real and living as of old. He seemed to have forgotten the great stretch of failure and hardship that lay between him and Old Bawn. The sunshine that dazzled his eyes through the closed lids resolved itself into the garden of Old Bawn, with the summer house in the middle of it, overhung by a tree which bore the most luscious yellow apples known this side of Paradise. There was the tree-peony and the box borders and the gravel path, and the stone seat in the privet hedge, and the white walls of the garden. Or he was in the fields, and the mountains were over him, and the little streams singing. Or he was coming home at evening, healthily tired with the work he had despised, to supper in the parlor and a delicious sleep in his room under the thatch. What a fool he had been ever to leave it! What a fool! A fool! And his mother, so fair and comfortable and kind. She had always been there to stand between him and his father's severity. Well, he had repaid her ill. He had been her favorite. He wondered how she had taken his disappearance—how long she had waited and hoped for a letter from him or for his return. In the last letter he had ever had from her she had bid him remember that his place waited for him still.

Footsteps on the gravel-path disturbed the quiet of the noonday heat. He opened tired old eyes. There was the doctor standing looking at him with a peculiar kindness. There was some one else besides the doctor, some one young and strong enough to have been Dan's son. Some fragrance from

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the far-off fields seemed to have come with this new arrival. He was a big, burly, broad-shouldered young man in a suit of gray, with a simple, kindly, capable face. His eyes were very blue. Dan's own had once been as blue before they had faded and grown blurred with fatigue and regrets. Dan's mother had had just such eyes.

"A friend to see you, Mr. Connors," said the doctor, with a new respectfulness of address.

Dan blinked and stared at the handsome young man. There was some memory of the past troubling his tired old heart. Was it?—no, it couldn't be!

"You're kindly welcome, sir," said Dan with old-fashioned politeness. "Who might it be? I disremember somehow. I'm not as young as I was."

"Why, Dan, don't you guess who I am? Little Dick." The speaker's voice shook. "Of course I couldn't remember you. I was only four when you went away. Nor you me. But the mother has talked to me of you so often. 'Keep a place for Dan,' she said, 'whenever he comes home.' Glory be to God—she's with us still. She wanted to come, but I thought it better not. I've come to take you home, Dan."

After all, the Dan who arrived at Old Bawn a week or two later, although he was glad of his younger brother's strong arm to lean upon, was a very different person from the broken old pauper who had sat nodding on the seat under the thorn-tree, quite unaware of the wonderful good fortune that was on its way to him. Dan, in a well-made new suit of clothes, furbished up, well-cared for, even to the flower in his coat, to say nothing of the effect of hope and happiness, had gone back almost to the proper looks for a man of his age. After all, one on the threshold of heaven, new 'scaped from the bitter slough of the world—why, to be sure he is new-made. The workhouse was a page closed forever in Dan's life. No one except Dick and the mother knew where Dan had been delivered from. That shadow was never likely to fall on Old Bawn and the honorable position Dick had won for himself—to say nothing of the comely wife and children, and Dan's brothers and sisters who were married and settled all about the country and were coming for a family reunion as soon as Dan's meeting with the mother was got over.

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Why, if he had made his fortune, as he had meant to do, they couldn't have given him a greater welcome. Was that Pincher, or was it Pincher's great-grandson, whose eyes met Dan's with a grave friendliness as he emerged from the little pink-cheeked mother's embrace? It might have been old Pincher and Dan young and hopeful again

For the matter of that, Dan felt fresh energy stirring in his veins. He wasn't going to be the old man in the chimney-corner—not just yet. He'd throw off the rheumatism, please God, with the great comfort and the great happiness. He'd be some use to them yet. They were not ashamed of him. There was only love in their eyes for him.

"'Tis a great day," said the mother, "when I've my Dan come home to me. I knew in the heart of me he wasn't dead."

"Wasn't it by great good luck entirely we found him?" said Dick, smiling happily, as though the discovery of an old wastrel were a matter for the greatest congratulation.

"'Tis dreamin' I am that I'm in heaven," said Dan to himself. "Maybe I'd be wakin' up and findin' I was back *there*."

But the sights and scents and sweet sounds of Old Bawn were about him. There was the white house and the mountains and the cattle grazing peacefully in the May pastures. Never had a prodigal such a happy home-coming.

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RECENT IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

BY ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.

MADRID AND TOLEDO.

THE railways in Spain are proverbially slow, yet we found that they went at a fair speed, even judged by American ideas of swiftness. After all there was a good reason in part for their slowness. The railways of Spain, with the exception of a comparatively short stretch on the Northern Railway out of Madrid, are single track, and they are rather to be compared with our railroads west of the Mississippi River than with those in the eastern part of our country. But we found the sleeping cars quite comfortable and fitted up with much more privacy than is usual in the American Pullman car. The fast expresses have a letter box or slot on the side of the mail car and it is no infrequent sight at the country stations to see the people come trooping down to meet the train in order to mail their letters at once.

The land through Castile and New Castile looks desolate and deserted to American eyes, so accustomed to farmhouses nestling among the trees. There are no trees in Castile and but few in New Castile. The Spanish countryman has an idea that trees afford merely lodging places for the birds, where they may lie in wait and steal the grain the farmer so carefully plants. In Castile they have a proverb that a lark has to bring his own provisions with him when he visits their province. As one views the rolling country and distant hills from the railway they seem like large brown sea waves hardened and fashioned into earth. Still the Spanish peasant is a painstaking and hard-working farmer. His fields are tilled with all the care and minuteness of a garden. Every bit of land, as far as we could see on either side of the railway track, was under cultivation, and we were told that it produced good crops. The community life, whereby the Spanish peasantry dwell in villages and go abroad to till their fields, gave a curious aspect of desolation to the landscape, for no houses

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or farm dwellings are seen scattered over the landscape. There is a village, then a desolate stretch of farm land, then another village, and so on.

Finally we came into Madrid, at the Atocha Station, at the southern end of the Prado. The long line of hotel omnibuses and cabs bidding for the travelers showed that Madrid was as active in that line as our own land could be. Indeed, in one respect, it was far more advanced than New York has yet dared to become. The Spanish mail wagons (*correos*) were not, as here, drawn by horses in a more or less miserable condition, but were smart, light-running automobiles, which went around the city with marvelous celerity and delivered the mail with great rapidity.

Madrid, in some respects, is a disappointing city. It is old enough not to be new as our cities are; and yet it is not old enough to be ancient as many other Spanish cities are. For instance, its Cathedral, *Nuestra Señora de la Almudena*, has not got above the basement story, and in that it resembles the beginnings of many American churches. Somehow that circumstance made us feel quite at home when we went down to admire it. The basement, which is used just like our churches, is very beautifully constructed and has a fine organ. Some time, when money is more plentiful in Spain, the splendid main structure will be built. Another instance of newness is the Church of San Francisco—the Pantheon or Westminster Abbey of Spain—for it looks almost as if it left the builders' hands only the day before yesterday. It is a circular church with a very lofty dome like the Capitol at Washington or St. Paul's in London. The stained glass is very modern, but it contains examples of the very finest German and French artists in modern glass-design and coloring. The whole effect is one of beauty and harmony. But the church hardly fulfills its purpose of being the resting-place of the great men of Spain, as the inscription on its front "Spain to her distinguished sons" (*España á sus preclaros Hijos*) so proudly proclaims. The commission entrusted with the matter was unable to find the bodies of Guzman, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Herrera, Velasquez, or Murillo, nor does any one know their present resting-places, so that they cannot be removed to this church. Even many of those who were disinterred and buried here had afterwards to be removed and restored to

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their original tombs, because of the vigorous protests and threatened lawsuits by their descendants and their fellow-provincials. New buildings are going up everywhere; a fine new post-office building intended to be very modern and up-to-date, and a still finer hotel—one of the Ritz-Carlton series—which is intended to eclipse anything of the like nature, while a host of apartment houses and minor structures are projected. Even the first hotel we went to was being modernized to such an extent that holes were bored in the walls and the floors to admit a wondrous steam-heating plant. The proprietor begged us, with many courtly bows, to stay, that the installation of the *calefaccion* should not disturb us, for it would be carried on in another part of the house. But notwithstanding his entreaties, and the fine rooms with special balcony overlooking the Carrera de San Jeronimo, we took up our quarters elsewhere, giving a weak-kneed promise of coming back when the *calefaccion* was installed.

Madrid cabmen are very independent. They seem to be self-possessed, are chary of speech, and will seldom abate much of their price for a drive. Indeed, they may be said to be the opposite of the Italian cabman in these respects. Once I asked a cabman how much he would charge to drive me across Madrid to the *Museo de Arte Moderno*, and he answered: "*Dos pesetas y medio*" (Two and a half pesetas). I said that I would give him two pesetas, and all that he did was to look at me reproachfully, take out a cigarette, slowly light it, and set to smoking. He had named his price and that was all there was to it. Nor did any of the other cabmen in the line make a move to secure me as a fare.

The focus of life in Madrid is at the *Puerta del Sol*—the Gate of the Sun. Once upon a time, when Madrid had its beginning and there were walls, which had not then gone out of fashion, there was a Gate of the Sun. It has disappeared long ago, and now one looks directly upon the rising sun, if one strolls out early enough. The place is now a large oblong plaza, the starting-point for all the electric street cars in Madrid and the location of some of the most fashionable hotels. The population of Madrid surges through it at all times of the day, and in that respect it may be compared to Fifth Avenue in New York or to Trafalgar Square in London. From it radiate a number of important streets, and of them the Calle de

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Alcalá is the largest and best known. It is far wider than the widest street we have in New York, and it leads directly to the *Buen Retiro*, or Central Park of Madrid, passing by the *Prado*, or great avenues of trees, which is known all over the world. The very word Prado brings up the memory of the magnificent *Museo Nacional de Pintura y Escultura*, which contains such fine collections of the great masters. There are two rooms there, each devoted to Murillo and Velasquez, which are the mecca of the admirers of the Spanish painters, to say nothing of the treasures of the Italian, Flemish, German, and French schools. It is especially rich in examples of Rubens and Vandyke, while the works of the Spanish painters of the various schools can here be studied to greatest advantage. Raphael and Titian are well represented, and the portrait of Cardinal de Paira, by the former, seems almost as though the subject himself was before the beholder. Art critics have done ample justice to this noble gallery, and it would be but repetition to add my words of appreciation.

Behind the Museo del Prado is the quiet little white Church of San Jeronimo el Real (St. Jerome the Royal), the church in which the sovereigns of Spain are wedded. In fact all this part of Madrid, back in the times of Lope de Vega was the "meadows of St. Jerome," where the fashion of the Court used to go for recreation. The Church of San Jeronimo and the great promenade of the Prado are all that now recall it. In this church also (up to the year 1833) the members of the Cortes used to come to hear the Mass of the Holy Ghost and to take their oaths at the opening session of Parliament; but all that is now done away with. Here, too, the Prince of Asturias (as the heir apparent of Spain is called, something like the Prince of Wales in England) used to come to take his oath to observe the laws of the kingdom. Now, however, the church plays no greater historic part than receiving the marriage vows of the sovereign. It was here that King Alfonso and Queen Victoria were married on May 31, 1906, in all the pomp and circumstance of the Spanish Court, only to narrowly escape death a half hour later on the Calle Mayor on their way back to the palace. The cruel bomb, concealed in the midst of a huge bouquet of roses, was hurled from the third story of a house by Morral, an anarchist teacher in the Ferrer schools in Madrid, and it struck directly in front of the royal carriage

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killing the horses and killing and maiming a score of persons. As we entered the quiet, prim-looking church, escorted by a small boy of the neighboring school, we tried to imagine the splendor of that event which so nearly had a tragic ending for the royal bride and groom. Almost across from the church is the severe-looking building of the Spanish Academy, while to the south lies the great Botanical Garden.

The legislative chambers in Madrid are situated widely apart. The lower house of the Cortes meets in the *Palacio de Congreso* on the Carrera de San Jeronimo, an unimposing building, while the Senate meets two miles away to the north of the Royal Palace, in an old building which was originally an Augustinian college. Further north is the Central University, made up of the union of the University of Alcalá and the University of Madrid in 1836, which is now attended by 6,600 students. The main building of the University is known as the *Noviciado*, because it originally was a novitiate when the Jesuits formerly owned that property before their suppression in the eighteenth century. A little further on is the great Hospital de la Princesa, which, together with the great Hospital General, make two fine extensive institutions, probably the equals of any in the world. In fact, I think Madrid is almost too well supplied with hospitals for a city of 600,000 inhabitants. It has altogether eleven, and a special one for small children, besides having fourteen ambulance stations *(Casas de Socorro)* scattered over different parts of the city, affording first aid to the injured.

I noticed the number of news stands and the great sale of illustrated papers, newspapers, and light novels, and concluded that the Spanish illiteracy could not be as great as represented, or they and the numerous book stores would rapidly go out of business. On coming home I looked the matter up. I found that the statistics on the subject were much at variance with the popular ideas and loose percentage given. For instance, I had heard it repeated that there was 68 per cent of illiterates among the population in Spain. That would mean that more than half the people could not read or write. Yet I never met a person who could not read or write during my whole trip through Spain; but, on the other hand, I saw everybody reading newspapers, novels, letters, and the like. I found that the 68 per cent was true enough when it was

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written, but unfortunately the figures were taken from the Encyclopedia Britannica and referred to the census of 1880, and could hardly be controlling to-day. When we reflect that Spain is essentially an agricultural country, with only a small urban population (even now only two cities have a population of over 500,000), it will be seen that the diffusion of education must necessarily be of slower growth. I have not the figures of any late census by me, but the census of 1900 puts quite a different phase upon the situation. The total population of Spain then was 9,087,821 males and 9,530,265 females, making a total of 18,618,086. The elementary schools were, 25,340 public schools with 1,617,314 pupils, and 6,181 private schools with 344,380 pupils, giving a total of 31,521 schools with 1,961,694 pupils. Besides this, there were ten universities, numerous high and normal schools, and trade, technical, and engineering and professional schools of all kinds. The illiterates in 1900 amounted to 5,290,368, or less than 30 per cent of the population. These illiterate persons were, for the most part, persons from maturity to old age—chiefly hard-headed peasants who had old-fashioned notions about the necessity of reading and writing—while the younger generation was growing up bright and alert. The lack of schools is also accounted for. Spain has local government; and the thrifty Spanish countryman will not tax himself to maintain schools, while the stipend derived from the central government at Madrid (which spends about $9,500,000 a year on education) is in itself too small to maintain schools, where no local taxation has been provided. Our analogous situation may be found in North Carolina and Tennessee. In North Carolina in 1900 the illiterates were 28 per cent of the population, and in Tennessee they were a little over 20 per cent. Yet when we compare the sums spent by Spain on the education of her children and the school attendance there with the sums spent in New York State, the comparison is not altogether unfavorable. The various provinces and communes in Spain supply the largest amount of money to support the schools. I have not at hand exact figures for 1900, but I am told that it is between three and four times as much as the central government furnishes. Now in the State of New York local taxation produced $34,721,611 for public education, while the state government supplied $4,616,769 for the same purpose. The total

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population of the State in 1900 was 7,268,012, so that the State supplied a little over fifty cents per capita. The attendance in the New York public schools throughout the State for the year 1900 was 873,157 pupils. Now Spain, with two and one-half times the population of the State of New York in 1900, supplied twice as many pupils to her public schools, and the central government supplied for education about twice as much money as the central government of the State of New York. New York is nearly the foremost (and certainly the richest and most populous) State in the Union, and when we find that Spain is by no means lagging far behind the pace set by the Empire State in the matter of education, we can see that a prejudiced view—based upon antiquated figures and compared with recent development here—has been taken of Spain in educational matters. She is by no means as far ahead as she ought to be; but she is not so far behind as hostile critics would make out.

The same thing holds true of the statement that Spain is "priest-ridden," that there are two many priests, friars, and monks there. Perhaps there may be; and the enjoyment of the endowments of a State Church and ancient privileges may have dulled their energy and rendered them less active and strenuous in their sacred callings. A keen and exhaustive study of the situation could alone determine that. Certainly I saw and conversed with as bright, keen, and eager-faced clergy in Spain as I have here in New York. Yet, when stress is laid upon mere numbers as the root of the evil, a little comparison will do much to clear the mind.

When I was in Madrid a Radical newspaper published a severe article in which it asserted that the vast number of celibates (priests, monks, and friars) in the clergy—and it particularly gave the figures for the city and province of Madrid —was an evil, particularly because it meant the withdrawal from civil life of many individuals who might otherwise be the honored heads of flourishing families. But the illustrated journal "A. B. C." replied by a telling article in which it quoted statistics to show that in the city and province of Madrid there were already far more bachelors above the age of thirty years, who were laymen, than the entire number of religious mentioned, and it sarcastically asked why "they did not become the honored heads of flourishing families" for the welfare of Spain.

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In Spain there were in 1900 (I have no later figures) some 11,000 male religious—priests, monks, friars, and lay religious —and these, in a population of 18,617,000, give about an average of one religious or clergyman to every 1,692 persons. By the United States religious census for 1906 (there are no figures available for 1900) there were 164,830 ministers and clergy of all kinds among a population that year of 84,246,250. This gives our own country one clergyman to every 511 persons, or over three times as many as Spain possesses per capita. Yet we are not prone to think that the United States is "clergy-ridden." A little comparison of the relative situation of things would make the usual criticism of Spain a little more charitable and certainly more judicious.

Some eighteen miles away to the northwest lies the village of Escorial, where Philip II. built the pile which has taken that name to itself in the minds of most sightseers. Escorial (from the Latin *scoriæ*) was the forlorn village surrounding certain iron mines, where the slag and cinders were the chief ornament of the landscape, at the foot of the Guadarrama mountains. This spot was selected by Philip II. to erect the great building which is at once a palace, a temple, a monastery, and a tomb, and which was the abiding-place of that monarch in the declining years of his life. When the traveler arrives by train, a dashing automobile takes him from the station up the hill to the centre of the village, where the famous buildings are. The dull gray stone and severe architecture make it a part almost of the frowning Guadarramas which lie behind it. High up on the mountain side is a little plateau called "Philip's Chair" *(La Silla de Felipe)* where it is said that the king caused a large throne-like chair to be placed in which he sat and watched the workmen build the Escorial.

The gray building is situated in an enormous courtyard, with still an inner court. Toward the east is the *templo* or church, which is built in a severe style of architecture, simple yet resembling St. Peter's Church at Rome. The high altar has a *retablo* or reredos of carved wood, which reaches up to the celling. On the Gospel side in a niche over the sanctuary are the figures of Charles V. and his family kneeling and facing the altar. On the epistle side is a similar bronze group of Philip II. and some of his family (he had four wives) in a similar attitude. High up in the rear of the church is the famous

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coro alto, the choir in which Philip sat in his stall as a monk and which had the little postern door by his side through which he entered and received communications. Here he was kneeling when the news was brought to him that Don John of Austria had won the battle of Lepanto, and rising he commanded the choir to sing the *Te Deum*. This choir loft is supported upon a single flat arch or vaulting which trembles under the footsteps. It is said that the architect was told that it would fall if it remained as he built it, and thereupon he placed an elaborate pillar in the centre of the vaulting underneath, and then requested his critics to examine it. They walked over it again and again and pronounced it entirely safe. He then took them down into the church below and showed them first that the central pillar did not reach the vaulting by nearly an inch and besides that it was made of painted paper. The choir loft also contains a huge reading-desk some fifteen feet high for the great antiphonals to rest upon, and yet the slightest touch of the hand will turn it in any direction as though it were as light as a feather.

Under the high altar, down a long staircase, lie the sarcophagi of the kings of Spain and their wives who have borne kings. Queens who were childless, or whose sons did not succeed to the throne, are not interred in these vaults. There they range from Charles V. (or rather Charles I., as he is known in Spain) down to Alfonso XII., the father of the present king, and there are yet thirteen granite coffins unnamed and to be filled. Beyond here and to the south lie the tombs of the Princes of Spain, some of them quite beautiful and all quite modern. The most beautiful is the tomb to Don John of Austria, who was killed by order of Philip II., because he won too much favor as the Regent of the Netherlands.

The monastery (of St. Lawrence) covers the whole of the southern portion of the building and possesses a fine library with some magnificent early Greek and Latin manuscripts. A peculiarity about the placing of the books on the shelves is that the gilt edges are turned towards the on-looker while the backs are turned towards the wall—the reverse of the ordinary book shelf. In the great courtyard of the Hebrew kings (so-called because of the gigantic statues of David, Solomon, Josiah, Josaphat, Ezechias and Manasseh) the ill-fated soldiers and sailors of the Invincible Armada were blessed before

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it set sail for England. High up on the side of the great central dome over the church is a speck of gold, but it is actually half the size of a man's hand, placed there by the bravado of Philip, as a proof that he had not, as his enemies said, spent all the gold of his kingdom in building the Escorial, but had still some to spare to adorn the roof. The palace he built is on the northern side of the vast pile, but it is too formal and gloomy and has never been occupied except for brief occasions by the Spanish court. Perhaps the royal occupants realize too keenly that they will come one day to the Escorial to stay, and do not care to anticipate that last coming. We parted from the gray buildings with keen regret, for our stay had been too short to explore them thoroughly, for every room is filled with history. The study, bedroom, and antichamber of Philip II., where he spent his last days and where he died, made everything a reality for us. A walk through the park and a visit to the Princes' Palace, a modern French toy-house almost, set at the end of the park by Philip V., completed and rounded out our visit by bringing it down to the times of the Bourbon kings. Just near the station is a little Spanish *posada*, the mistress of which provided us with as nice a cup of tea (and Lipton's tea at that!) as can be furnished anywhere in England or America.

The city of Toledo lies some fifty miles from Madrid and is the ancient capital of Spain. Here it was that the Gothic kings ruled and here King Reccared and King Wamba held court in the days when Spain was converted to Christianity a second time after its invasion by the Goths and Visigoths. Not until towards the end of the Middle Ages was the capital transferred to Madrid. Toledo sits high upon a hill where the River Tagus sweeps round it in a semi-circle. It was for many centuries a stronghold of the Moors when they held more than half of Spain. It defied capture from the river side, but was at last taken by the Castilians from the landward side. Even yet, outside the church of San Juan de los Reyes, there hang on the walls countless numbers of iron chains and shackles which were stricken from the limbs of Christian captives at the taking of the city. The city bears a distinctly Moorish character in its narrow, winding, and confused streets. It is said to be one of the hardest Spanish cities to find one's way around in, and we marveled much at the dexterity of the driver

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who was so successful in piloting the carriage without scraping the doorways on either side or squeezing the passersby flat against the walls of the houses.

There are two bridges which cross the Tagus by which one may enter Toledo. The one further up stream, the Bridge of Alcantara (Arabic, *al-kantara*, the bridge), leads from the railway station directly into the main part of the city by a winding road which goes past the wall and the Alcazar or citadel, which is now a military training school—the West Point of Spain. This bridge, as might be surmised from its Arabic name, goes back to the time of the Moors. The lower Bridge of St. Martin is further down the river at the other end of the city and has a romantic story connected with it. The architect who first planned the bridge had nearly completed it; the wooden scaffolding was still in position and the arches were about to be finished. On going over his calculations he discovered that his bridge would not be strong enough to bear any weight, and that when the king, court, and clergy passed over it the arches would fall. He was wild with despair and confided his discovery and grief to his wife. In the dead of night, while the city was all asleep, the devoted wife crept pown to the water's edge and set fire to the scaffolding which supported the centring. When the whole bridge fell in the people and court attributed the calamity to the fire. The architect remodeled his plans and the bridge was built again, and ever since has stood firm and true. When it was finished the wife publicly confessed her doings to Archbishop Tenorio, but instead of making her husband pay the expenses of rebuilding the bridge, he complimented him on the treasure that he possessed in such a wife.

The Cathedral of Toledo is, of course, the great centre of attraction and its history dates back as far as 587. St. Ildefonso was one of the early Archbishops and a national hero of Spain. The Moors conquered the city in the year 700. In 712 they turned the great church into their *Masjid-al-djami*, or chief mosque, and held it for 300 years. Even when Alfonso VI. captured the city in 1085 he permitted the Moors to retain it for Moslem worship. But in a year or so dissensions broke out between the Moslems and the Christians, and in 1087 the Christians took forcible possession of the building and turned it into a church again. St. Ferdinand (Fer-

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dinand III.) caused the old building to be torn down and in 1227 laid the foundation stone for the present cathedral. It was completed in 1493, the year after the discovery of America. After the taking of the city from the Moors, the Archbishop of Toledo was made the Primate of Spain, and ever since it has been the primatial See. The Court which was established here under Alfonso VI. remained until 1561, when Philip II. transferred the capital to Madrid. The great Archbishops of Toledo are known all over the world. The names of Cardinal Gonzaliz de Mendoza, the friend of Columbus, and of Cardinal Ximenes de Cisnéros, the great patron of learning, are among the brightest in history. The cathedral itself is one of the most imposing Gothic monuments of Europe; it is 400 feet long and 195 feet wide, covering about the same area as the Cathedral of Cologne, and its stained glass windows are the finest of their time. There is only one note which jars upon the exquisite harmony of perfectly executed Gothic architecture—the aperture pierced through to the roof over the ambulatory behind the high altar by Narciso Tomé in 1732—a "*fricassée de marbre*" as a disgusted Frenchman called it. It is called the *trasparente* or skylight by the Spaniards, and amid the chaos of angels and clouds which adorn it in a most rococo fashion, is the Archangel Raphael kicking his feet in the air and holding a large golden fish in his hand.

The *Capilla Mayor* or high altar, as in all Spanish cathedrals, is separated from the choir and is enclosed by a beautiful *reja* or iron screen, a monument of the art of the blacksmith, with all the beauty and tracery of delicate sculpture. Behind the altar is the *retablo* or wooden reredos, made of larchwood gilded and painted in the richest Gothic style, erected under Cardinal Ximenez. Its five stories or stages represent scenes from the New Testament, the figures being life size and larger. The choir, which is in the centre of the cathedral, and its choir stalls are magnificent specimens of carved walnut. The 54 medallions represent scenes in the conquest of Granada and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. The marble outside of the choir is studded with bas-reliefs of the Old Testament.

The most peculiar thing about the cathedral—that which differentiates it from other cathedrals in and out of Spain—is the Mozarabic Chapel in the southwest angle, below the great

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tower. The rite of Spain originally seems to have been the Gothic rite, not the Roman, or as it is also known, the rite of St. James. The Goths and Visigoths of Spain, when converted to Christianity, seem to have used this rite altogether. However, on the rise of Arianism, the Gothic races of Spain seem to have readily embraced the error, and for a long time Arianism flourished upon Spanish soil, teaching its doctrine that the Son was not equal to the Father. When King Reccared in 586 renounced the errors of Arius and became a true Catholic, the Gothic rite, which had been practiced and used alike by Catholic and Arian, became in some way seemingly identified with Arianism. The Advent of the Moors and their domination in Spain left the question of rites undetermined. The Catholic Christians of Toledo and other Spanish cities were allowed by the Arabs to practice their religion under certain restrictions, but they adopted the Arabic language and many Moorish customs, and in consequence became known as *Mozárabes* or "half-Arabs." The Mass which they celebrated and the rites which they followed were the old Gothic Mass and ritual. In the north of Spain, in Aragon and Castile, the Roman rite was followed, and the Gothic rite became practically unknown, or at least disused. After the conquest of the southern part of Spain by Christian arms and the expulsion of the Moors, the Christians of Toledo came again into their own.

But those were troublous times and the Gothic rite gradually waned and there came grave question as to whether it should be used by the Church or not. There is a legend that a huge fire was built to try the question by fire, and two Missals, one of each rite, were cast into the flames. The Roman Missal leaped out of the flames unscathed; the Gothic Missal remained there unconsumed. It was decided that both rites were proper for the worship of the Church. Then Cardinal Ximenes came to the rescue for perpetuity. He had beautiful editions of the Gothic Missal printed—some of these editions may be seen here in New York at the Hispanic Museum—and he established the Mozarabic Chapel in the Cathedral of Toledo, where the Gothic rite was to be used as long as the cathedral should stand.

I had long been acquainted with the rite and had been in correspondence with Don Jorje Abad y Perez, the Capellan

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Capitular of the Mozarabic Chapel at Toledo. Through his courtesy several years ago I became possessed of a fine Gothic Missal, and the Hispanic Museum is indebted likewise to his courtesy and advocacy for the fine specimens of the Gothic Missals which it possesses. So when we had inspected the cathedral as much as we cared to for the first time, we made our call upon Don Jorje. He begged us to excuse him for reciting the vesper office in choir, but when that was finished—and we saw the Mozarabic canons file into their stalls and recite the office—he put himself entirely at our service, and not only accompanied us over the cathedral again, but went with us around the city and for a long excursion outside the walls and across the Tagus. Altogether he was a charming man to talk to, his chief regret, as he expressed it, being that he did not speak English. One could tell by looking at him that he was of Gothic origin, for I was asked to translate to him the remark that he was one of the few Spaniards we had seen with brown hair and the bluest of blue eyes. He accompanied us to the Hotel Castilla and took coffee with us, and on parting hoped that he might some day visit New York, which we had described to him, I am afraid, somewhat grandiloquently.

Up to 1860 there were six Mozarabic churches in Toledo, besides the chapel in the cathedral, but now there are only two. The Mozarabic Mass is said in the others at certain intervals during the year, notably on St. James' day. There are also some five other places in Spain where the Mozarabic rite is celebrated on certain days in the year, so that the rite historically may never die out there. The rite is a personal and family privilege and belongs to those whose families have always been Mozarab. Others who follow the Roman rite are not permitted to pass over to the Mozarabic rite, nor are Mozarab families or individuals permitted to take up the Roman rite except in case of marriage, where the division of the family may result from separate rites. The decay of the Mozarabic rite represents, therefore, the dwindling numbers of the representatives of the old Mozarab families.

The Mozarabic Mass is peculiar in many points, and quite Oriental in many of its characteristics. In some respects its Latin is quite archaic, and the names for the various parts of the Mass are quite different from the familiar names to which

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we are accustomed. The Psalms are from the old Italic and not from the Vulgate, and the expression "Oremus" is only used twice in the Mass; once before the "Agios," a prayer not found in the Roman Mass, and again before the "Pater Noster." The Gradual is called the Psalleudo, the Offertory the Sacrificium, the Preface the Inlatio; while the Sanctus begins in Latin and ends in Greek. The Creed, which is usually called the *Bini* (couplets), is said immediately after the consecration, in couplets, each one divided off from the other, and immediately after that the Our Father is sung by the priest, who pauses at each petition while the choir responds "Amen." For those who are learned in liturgics, I may add that the Mozarabic rite is the only western rite which has an epiclesis, which is said as the *post pridie* on the feast of Corpus Christi. In the Mozarabic Mass they read the Prophecy, the Epistle, and the Gospel, and have besides a Preface or Inlatio for nearly every feast day and Sunday in the year. Father Abad y Perez has compiled an excellent little Mozarabic Mass-book, containing the whole Mass in Latin and Spanish, called *Devocionario Muzárabe*, which is sold for a very modest sum at all the Toledo book shops.

In addition to the cathedral and its old-fashioned cloisters with quaint decaying frescoes, the church of Santo Tomé is well worth a visit, if it be only to see the pictures of El Greco. Besides there are two old Jewish Synagogues, afterwads turned into churches: Santa Maria la Blanca and La Sinagoga del Transito, afterwards called San Benito. Both are now merely architectural monuments, no longer used for worship. The cloisters adjoining the church of San Juan de los Reyes have been skillfully restored and show all the delicate tracery of column and arch designed by the Gothic architect, and hard by is the *Escuela de Industrias Artisticas*, where young Toledans are taught in both day and night schools to revive and continue the ancient arts of Spain.

Toledo is remarkable for its manufacture of swords and for its inlaid gold upon steel and iron. It has also a modern arms factory just outside the walls, but the traveler's attention is chiefly directed to the beautiful swords and daggers twisted into curves and knots in the armorer's show-windows. You are asked to buy the "armas blancas" or "armas negras"—either

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of glistening steel or dull iron containing the marvelous traceries of bright, flashing gold imbedded in Moorish patterns. You may see in Toledo also the *posada* or inn where Cervantes lodged and where he is said to have written, or at least conceived, a portion of *Don Quixote*. We were told that if one brought his own food, he could lodge and dine there even now at a peseta (20 cents) a day. However we did not care to make the experiment.

IS IT I, RABBI?

BY RICHARD L. MANGAN, S.J.

Out of the darkness, yearning for the light,
I saw Thy sign and followed from afar,
Until above Thy presence, shining bright,
Hovered the mystic star:
With the poor shepherds, poor to Thee I came,
And the strange pity of Thy new life saw—
Eternity bound in our human frame,
God in a little straw!

Later Thy hand clasped mine and gently led
My faltering steps to knowledge fairer still;
I knew Thee in the breaking of the Bread,
Knew Thee and loved Thy will.
Yea, I have talked with Thee, seen Thine eyes melt
In pity o'er the sorrows of mankind,
Dipped my hand with Thee in the dish and felt
Love kindle heart and mind.

Can he that dippeth with Thee, then, betray,
Deny Thee? Ah, what bitter pain were mine,
Should those sad eyes at last be turned away
In agony Divine!
I see Thee hanging on the awful Rood,
I hear Thy mournful, broken-hearted cry:
"One is a traitor." Oh, ingratitude!
Master, it *is* not I?

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CATHOLICS AND BOOKS.

BY LOUIS O'DONOVAN, D.D.

I.

"Some love horses, some birds, some wild beasts; but from my childhood a remarkable desire has invested me to acquire and possess books." *

I.—A FEW GENERAL IDEAS ON BOOKS.

FOR most of us few things are more useful than good books. As truth is the object and food of our intellects, and as books are great storehouses of truth, it follows clearly that scarcely anything is more needed than our books, and nothing deserves more careful choosing. And, like friends, books should be few and well chosen.

Not only do almost all the truths about the past, but a very great number of those concerning the present and the future, reach our minds through the medium of books. Especially is this true with regard to Catholics; for those holiest, most precious traditions concerning the past, practices for the present, and hopes for the future, are recorded and prophesied in books, particularly in *The Book* par excellence—the Bible—wherein "What things soever were written, were written for our learning." †

And while Ruskin observes that: "All books are divided into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time"; the Bible must, if put in any class, be pre-eminent in its unique position, because it is the inspired record of the revealed word of God.

These pages treat only of books that may be included in the latter half of Ruskin's division. A very few words of advice are given with regard to those of the first division.

For herein only such books as have made men and history are of interest. They may be books of long, long ago, yet "down the dim, distant valley" their echoes still reverberate—yes, in some cases, thrill and impel hearts to action. For,

* An inscription in Greek over the entrance to the public library at Constantinople, attributed to Julian the Apostate: *Lomeier, De Bebliothecis: Ultrajecti*, 1680, p. 132.

† Rom. xv. 4.

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wrote Channing, "God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true revellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the 'best society in the place where I live.'"

If the best books be known only to a few, so much greater is the loss to those who know them not. Possibly these poor pages may move many souls to become brothers of the few.

At least it cannot be rash to hope great things of Catholics, those guardians of the word of God, whose names were at least once, in Baptism, written in the book of life. It cannot be rash to expect that Catholics, of even a moderate education, refinement, and income, should know something of the treasures of their *own* books—books whose intrinsic beauty and worth have appealed even to those without the true fold. Of Catholics surely let it not be said—at least truthfully—that they are devourers of daily newsprints and gaudy magazines.

In this paper, which does not pretend to be an erudite or exhaustive treatise, but only a sketch of some of the odds and ends gathered by the writer in his readings, it is hoped that by way of a by-product, some evidence may be produced to show that the slurs about the ignorance and grossness of the Ages of Faith, misnamed the "*Dark* Ages," may receive something of an answer, at least in regard to the cultivation of books. To stimulate good reading is, of course, the writer's chief purpose, for, as Mrs. Browning says in *Aurora Leigh*, "The world of books is still the world."

Nor can apathy exculpate itself by alleging that the study was made in youth. For every one's memory grows blurred, even if his intellectual view was once so broad and piercing as not to require further use of book-lore. Did we act otherwise would

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not our daily bath, and thrice daily meals, and other attentions shown to our bodies, give the lie to our catechism profession, that "We should take more care of our soul than of our body"? For if it be true that "The camelion changes its color as it is affected by sadness, anger, or joy, or by the color upon which it sits, and we see an insect borrow its lustre and hue from the plant upon which it feeds,"* it is equally true that not only our bodies but also our souls cannot but be strong and true, or weak and false, according as they are fed upon good food or bad. This surely is truth and wisdom, as Boethius—that charming, though too-little-read philosopher of the sixth century (Christian or not it is difficult to decide)—describes the vision of his mistress' philosophy, saying: "In her *right* hand she carried *books*, and in her left a sceptre."† St. John Chrysostom, says: "It is impossible that a man should be saved who neglects assiduous pious *readings*, or consideration."‡

II.—BOOKMAKERS OF OLD.

Having made our introduction, what is to follow may be divided into two parts: the first might be called the *material* side of books, and the second, for want of a better expression, the *spiritual* aspect of books; or, again, one the body, and the other the soul-life of books.

Under the former heading there will be a few words with regard to the material form, or *evolution* of books, and some facts and figures as to the *writing* of books by hand, the cost and *labor* of the same, and the *sizes* of some of the early *libraries* gathered or made and used by Catholics.

Under the head or caption of the spiritual side of books are grouped some stories of how most of the *Saints loved books;* how *others*, though fewer, *professed not to need them;* how *we should use* books; what are the greatest and *most helpful books* for Catholics; and then an *appeal to Catholics to write books.*

And first, as to the history of material, form, or evolution of books, we are told that "The most ancient manner of writing was a kind of engraving, whereby the letters were formed in tablets of lead, wax, or wood, or like material. This was

* Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, Preface. (To this inestimable storehouse of learning and edification the writer hopes others may turn with as much profit as he has done.)

† *Consolation of Philosophy.* Bk. I. ‡ *Conc. 3 de Lazaro.*

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done by styles made of iron, brass, or bone. Instead of such tablets leaves of papyrus, which grew on the banks of the Nile (also of the Ganges), were used first in Egypt; afterwards parchment, made of fine skins of beasts, was invented at Pergamum. Lastly paper was invented, which was made of linen cloth (and wood). Books, anciently writ only on one side, were done up in rolls, and when opened or unfolded filled a whole room, as Martial complains; but when writ on both sides on square leaves, were reduced to narrow bounds, as the same poet observes." * "Antiquaries, by carefully examining the old manuscripts, have come to the conclusion that cotton paper was used in Italy as early as the tenth century or even the ninth; while no specimen of linen paper is supposed to be older than the fourteenth." † For details and examples the standard book of reference on this subject is the monumental work, in Latin, of the Benedictine priest, John Mabillon, *De re Diplomatica*, wherein are described many curious materials used formerly to make books, not only papyrus, the skin of the plant or weed that grows on the River Nile, but also rind and bark of trees, and skins of beasts and even of fish. Also the various colored inks—vermillion, gold, and silver, as well as the many different styles of letters and alphabets. Curious, too, is the system of shorthand therein described and attributed to Tiro, the freeman of Cicero, embracing five thousand word-signs.

This is not the place to describe at length bindings, shapes, sizes, weights, etc., of books, interesting as the study might be. But one example may give an idea as to the extent of the subject. We are told that the largest book yet printed is a colossal atlas, which is in the British Museum, and requires three men to carry it, being seven feet high, and weighing eight hundred pounds. It is bound in leather, magnificently decorated, and fastened with clasps of silver richly gilt

To Catholics it is more interesting and edifying to leave aside the study of the general material make-up of books, and to get some idea of how our forefathers in the faith, and especially the priests and monks in their monasteries, wrote books by hand. The more so, since such a study may help to show us whether or not priests and monks were as lazy and ignorant as it is sometimes charged. This charge might well be answered by a few illustrations of some of their library

* Butler, *opus citatum*, St. Cassian M., August 13. † Spalding, *Miscellanea*, p. 698.

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buildings, or "secretaria," "chartaria," "archivia," "scrinia," "libraria," "scriptoria," where they wrote and preserved books, and which were so beautifully artistic and intelligently built. But architecture is not bibliography, which is our present subject.

Abbot John of Trittenham, in A. D. 1480, said: "There is in my opinion no labor more becoming a monk than the writing of ecclesiastical books." If one were allowed to moralize here, one would like to accentuate or expatiate on the word *ecclesiastical.* Let it be remembered also that Saints Albina and Melania the Younger, who lived in North Africa about the year A. D. 410, are said to have made it their occupation not only to read but also to copy good books. And if women outside the enclosure of convent walls so occupied themselves, one is not surprised to read that in the convent of Marseilles in the early sixth century some of the nuns transcribed holy books with ability and charm.* "In the eighth century, St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, writing to an Abbess, prays her to copy in golden letters the epistles of St. Peter."† Indeed, it may be safely declared that this was a common exercise or art in convents during the Ages of Faith.

Nor were their brothers less assiduous in this labor. For in the life of St. Hilarion, the anchorite of the fourth century, who sailed from Egypt to Sicily to escape notoriety and secure seclusion, we read that "upon landing he offered to pay for his passage and that of his companions with a copy of the Gospels which he had written in his youth with his own hand."‡ In the seventh decade of the next century Anastasius Bibliothecarius tells us in the *Liber Pontificalis* that Pope Hilary founded in Rome two libraries (perhaps more accurately two book-cases): "*Fecit autem et duas bibliothecas.*" § Witness, from the East, St. Stephen the Younger who was born in Constantinople of rich parents and became a monk at the age of fifteen, near Chalcedon. He was made abbot at thirty, and was martyred A. D. 764. In his life we read how he "joined labor with prayer, copying books and making nets."‖ In writing books we are told that the "Greater monasteries generally employed at least twelve copyists." ¶

* Julia Addison, in *Christian Art* magazine for July, 1907.
† Spalding, *Miscellanea*, p. 108. ‡ Butler, *Id opus.*, October 22.
§ *Migne Patrologia Latina*, Tom. CXXVIII. ‖ Butler, *Lives*, November 28.
¶ Spalding, *Miscellanea*, p. 109.

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Nor was this labor peculiar to monks only for the same authority may be quoted to show how even bishops used to make books, for "St. Osmund . . . disdained not when he was bishop (of Salisbury, in England, in the eleventh century) to copy and bind books with his own hands."*

Still later one of the most beautiful characters of all Christian authors, Thomas à Kempis, was an example of the same common work, for "Thomas had ever been an indefatigable writer, and copied books innumerable, both for the use of the monastery and for sale. How truly he revered the work of the copyist we know from his twentieth 'concio,' in which with delicate tenderness he writes as follows: 'Verily it is a good work to transcribe the books which Jesus loves, by which the knowledge of Him is diffused, His precepts taught, and their practice inculcated.'"†

These are a few examples, taken far apart as to time and place, indicating how widely spread among the clergy of the Ages of Faith was the practice of making books. In some cases as the labor was hard the rich might pay others to transcribe for them. An instance of this was St. Ambrose, a convert and a very prominent citizen of Alexandria, well-known for his wealth and ability, and an intimate friend of that giant soul and devoted scholar Origen. Ambrose "maintained for his use amanuenses, or clerks, to copy his books, besides several other transcribers for his service."‡ But often the copyist was a monk, and, either actually or by choice and profession, poor. The monks with whom St. John Chrysostom lived in his twenties "rose at midnight and after the morning hymns and songs, *i. e.*, matins and lauds, all remained in their cells where they read the Holy Scriptures, and some copied books."§ And so, too, we read of St. Dunstan in the ninth century at Glastonbury in England, in his cell five by two and a half feet in size, painting and copying good books.

Where it could be done the work proceeded more rapidly in a large community, for there the work could be systematized. One monk slowly read aloud, while many copied down. However, sounds were at times mistaken or misunderstood, and thus many errors of the copyist occurred.

* Butler, *Lives*, December 4.

† *St. Thomas à Kempis*, by Sir F. R. Cruise, M.D., D.L., "Catholic Truth Society, of Ireland."

‡ Butler, *Opus citatum*, St. Leonidas, April 22. § *Idem opus*, January 27.

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"Many different arts were represented in the making of the medieval book. Of those employed first came the scribe, whose duty it was to form the black, glossy letters with his pen; then came the painter, who must also understand how to prepare mordants, and to lay gold leaf, burnishing it with an agate; . . . after him the binder gathered up the leaves of vellum, and put them together under covers with heavy clasps. . . . In an old manuscript in the monastery of St. Aignon the writer has thus expressed his feelings: 'Look out for your fingers! Do not put them on my writing! You do not know what it is to write! It cramps your back, it obscures your eyes, it breaks your side and stomach!'"* "In a Sarum Missal, at Alnwick, there is a colophon quoted by my lamented friend, Dr. Rock, in his *Textile Fabrics*. It is appropriate both to the labors of the old scribes and also to those of their modern readers: 'Librum Scribendo—Jon Whas Monachus laborabat—Et mane surgendo multum corpus macerabat.'"† Translation: The monk Jon Whas labored in writing a book and by getting up early greatly reduced his flesh.

It may be of interest to know that this art of writing and illuminating and painting on vellum is not quite dead, nor altogether a lost art. An exhibition of a dozen or more of pieces, altar cards, sonnets of Shakespeare, etc., executed by a Catholic woman of Baltimore, recently drew many admirers of a handicraft rarely seen nowadays. But of course this laborious method of book-making could not be used in mercantile competition with printing. Every one nowadays wants books. "It is more than probable that where the ancients reckoned their books by hundreds, we now reckon them by tens of thousands."‡ Even in the early stages of the printing-press books were multiplied with incredible rapidity. "From the year 1455 to 1536, a period of 81 years, . . . 22,932,000 books were printed."§ "More than 18,000 works, it has been calculated, left the press before the end of the fifteenth century."‖ And hence illumination is seldom undertaken now-a-days; yet, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Apropos of earliest printing, it may be of interest to know that there is a striking passage in St. Jerome where he speaks

* Addison in magazine of *Christian Art*, July, 1907.
† Andrew Lang, *The Library*. Chapter III.
‡ Spalding, *Miscellanea*, p. 701. § *Id opus*, p. 707.
‖ Andrew Lang, *The Library*. Chapter III.

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of letters on box or ivory, which he directed to be given to a young girl to be used as playing blocks for her education.* Notwithstanding the fact that these were not used for printing, yet they might have been suggestive in that line.

Again a curious case is that of St. Didymus, who lived through nearly the entire fourth century, even though he had lost his sight when just beginning to learn his letters. Nevertheless he afterwards got the alphabet cut in wood and learned to distinguish the letters by touch. With the assistance of hired readers and copyists he became acquainted with almost all authors sacred and profane, and acquired a thorough knowledge of grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, astronomy, the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, and chiefly a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."†

Having seen something of the manner of making books, the next question that arises is: Were they very plentiful? If so, the labor of the writers was, of course, correspondingly great and their personal, painstaking, praiseworthy efforts are deserving of the eternal gratitude of all book-lovers. "We are not perhaps at this day in possession of one-tenth part of the standard works which were once classical in Greece and Rome. . . . Out of 140 books of history, which we know that Livy wrote, only 35 are now extant. Varro, the most learned of the ancient Romans, is known to have written no less than 500 volumes, of which but two have come down to our day. Of the 40 books of history composed by Polybius, but five now remain; while, of the same number composed by Diodorus Siculus, but 15 are extant. . . . Goth, Vandal, Iconoclast, Saracen, all conspired for the destruction of ancient libraries. St. Athanasius, in his letter to Pope Mark, complains of the destruction of records by the Arians, saying: 'They have burned every one of our books, not leaving one fragment on account of the faith of truth. They burned the Nicene Synod for the shame of us and all Christians.' (The Caliph Omar ordered the 700,000 MSS. tomes of the library of Alexandria to be burned in A. D. 632.) Later, in France, the Huguenots burned the famous library of St. Benedict-sur-Loire, with its 5,000 MSS. volumes. . . . In Germany, the war of the peasants sent 100,000 men to the tomb, and consumed, no doubt, more than twice that number

* Epistle to Laeta. *Fiant ei litterae vel buxeae, vel eburneae.* Pat. Lat. Migne, Tom. XXII. Col. 871.

† Butler's *Lives*, St. Jerome, September 26.

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of MSS. volumes. The great library of the city of Munster, one of the most famous in all Germany, was destroyed by the Anabaptists."* So that the works now extant are but imperfect witnesses to the gigantic labors spent in making and preserving knowledge, science, art, and culture from oblivion by the protecting hand of books. But now let us see some examples of patient toil entailed in the copying out by hand of these priceless treasures of ancient lore.

Of St. Marcellus, monk of Ephesus, and a Basilian of the fifth century, we read: "The greater part of the night he spent in prayer and the day he used in copying good books, by the sale of which he gained not only his own subsistence, but also wherewith to relieve the poor."†

Coming down a century later and crossing from the Orient to Ireland a charmingly humorous, yet also very serious, story is told of St. Columba, which shows how difficult it was to obtain books and how highly they were valued. In the year 562 a synod was held in Ireland at Teilte, now Teltowe, a village near Kells, in County Meath. St. Columba, of a royal house, Abbot of Derry and other Irish monasteries, when he was on a visit to his former teacher, Abbot Finnian, had privately made a copy of his (Finnian's) Psalter. Finnian claimed this as his property (because a copy of his book), and the Irish Over-King, Diarmaid, Columba's cousin, decided for Finnian. By this, and also through the Church's right of asylum by the king, Columba was so embittered that he stirred up an insurrection against him. "It came to a bloody battle and Diarmaid was forced to flee. In consequence of this the Synod of Teilte, without inviting Columba, passed a sentence of excommunication upon him, because he had been guilty of causing bloodshed. Columba himself appeared at the Synod and the excommunication was removed, but it was laid upon Columba that he must convert as many heathens as there were Christians who had perished through his fault. He therefore left his native country and became the Apostle of Scotland. The manuscript on which so much depended was subsequently venerated by the Irish as a sort of national, military, and religious palladium, and still exists in the possession of the O'Donnell family."‡ Two centuries later, A. D. 766, at York,

* Spalding; *Miscellanea*, p. 706. † Butler, *Opus citatum*, December 29.

‡ Hefele, *Councils*, Vol. IV., p. 381., sec. 285.

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England, we read of the *great library* belonging to the Church being committed to the care of Alcuin.*

On the mainland of Europe no brotherhood of monks was less attached to this world than that of the Carthusians of St. Bruno's establishment, founded in the eleventh century. And "It was their chief employ to copy pious books, by which they endeavored to earn their subsistence, that they might not be burdensome to any." To quote from one of their most holy members, Peter the Venerable, "Their constant occupation is praying, reading, and manual labor, which consists *chiefly in transcribing books.*" And while it is recorded that when the Count of Nevers sent them a rich present of plate and they sent it back as useless to them, yet when the Count sent them a large quantity of leather and parchment for their *books* it is not said that they refused this.†

"The library of St. Benedict-sur-Loire had 5,000 volumes; and that of Novaliase, in Peidmont, upwards of 6,000 That of Spanheim, in Germany, had upwards of 2,000 volumes. These numbers will not appear so small when we bear in mind that those books were all written out by hand, and that many of them were quarto and folio volumes of the largest size."‡ In the fifteenth century, "Jacob of Breslau, . . . copied so many books that it was said six horses with difficulty could bear the 'burden of them.'"§ More interesting still, because more detailed, is a notice of one Othlonus of Ratisbon, while in the monastery of Tegernsee. He says of himself: "I wrote many books. . . . After I became a monk of St. Emeran . . . the duties of schoolmaster . . . so fully occupied my time that I was able to transcribe only by night and on holidays. . . . I was, however, able to prepare, besides the books I had myself composed, nineteen Missals, three books of the Gospels and Epistles, besides four service books of Matins. After enumerating hundreds of other copies he concludes the list by saying: 'Afterwards old age's infirmities of many kinds hindered me.'"‖

We should always bear in mind that in general "Each monastery had its scriptorium for those who were employed in

* Butler, *Opus citatum*, St. Elbert, May 7.
† Butler, *Opus citatum*, St. Bruno, October 6.
‡ Spalding, *Miscellanea*, pp. 110 and 704.
§ Addison, in *Christian Art*, July, 1907.
‖ Addison, *loco citato*.

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transcribing books, which was the usual occupation of the greater part of the monks for the hours allotted to manual labor; each monastery had its own library. There were seventeen hundred manuscripts in the library at Petersborough. The library of the Grey Friars in London, built by Sir Richard Whittington, was 129 feet long and 31 feet broad and well filled with books. Ingulf tells us that when the library at Croyland was burned in 1091 they lost 700 books. The great library at Wells had 25 windows in each side of it, as Leland informs us. At St. Augustine's, at Canterbury, prayers were always said for the benefactors to the library both alive and dead." *

We to-day, who buy books for a few dollars, can scarcely realize the cost of books in past times. Yet even to-day, in this world of dollars and cents, the catalogues of manuscript dealers show that old manuscript Missals are listed up to one and two thousand dollars. A recent writer on this subject speaks of "100 books worth £40,000," *i. e.*, $2,000 per volume; and of a sale where £3,400 and £2,600 were bid for two famous psalters respectively: *i. e.*, $30,000 for the two books.†

As a last example, and one nearer to us, the following is taken from Shea's *History of the Catholic Church in the United States* "A remarkable monument of patience and industry exists in two manuscript Missals which, in his (Father Schneider, an early missionary in eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey) few and unconnected hours of leisure, he copied out, so as to have a Missal at different stations, and thus lighten the load he was required to carry. Poverty made it impossible to obtain a supply of Missals, but his patience supplied the want. One of these is in perfect preservation, a volume six inches wide, seven and a half inches long, and an inch thick, the handwriting clear and beautiful."‡

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

*Butler, *Lives*, St. Augustine of Canterbury, May 26.

† Lang, *The Library*, Chaps. II. and III.

‡ Vol. II., pp. 65-67.

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SCHOLASTIC LOGIC AND MODERN THEOLOGY.

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

TO those who are familiar with the merits of our old theological literature, it is easy to understand the impatience of its professors when they are told that men of the present age find its arguments inadequate and unconvincing, and that if religion is to be defended at all it must needs be by some new apologetic, whether it be by Pragmatism, or by appeals to the reasons of the heart, or moral arguments from a cumulus of probabilities, or by the admission of some "illative sense" unknown to Fathers and Schoolmen. In this matter it may be said that this impatience with the advocates of new apologetics and newfangled philosophies of religion is based on something better than the natural instinct of conservatism. And the opponents of the new views may be pardoned for feeling that here, at any rate, they are standing on firmer ground than in certain other controversies. For while elsewhere it might seem that if the conservative side had all the weight of authority and the witness of tradition, the newer critics could at least make some plausible claim to speak in the name of reason; how, on the contrary, the party of progress appears to be rejecting reason and leaving both traditional authority and rational logic on the side of the Conservatives. And even those who are enamored of novelties may admit that it must seem the height of unreason to forsake a system of apologetic which furnishes a formidable array of solid arguments and logical syllogisms that issue in certain conclusions and betake ourselves to a nebulous region of moral senses and probabilities and plausible conjectures. At the same time it must be confessed that the dubious advantages of this change of old lamps for new are hardly made more apparent by the somewhat peremptory fashion in which it is forced upon us. The student who has followed the course of theological history in the past might be prepared to learn that there is still room for some fresh developments and modification of methods. And if some of the old arguments

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are set forth in a new form or are supplemented by others possibly more adapted to the needs of some minds in the present age, this change would bear some analogy to the evolution of theology and Catholic apologetics in the time of St. Thomas. But it is a very different thing to be told that the old method of reasoning in defence of religion is utterly worthless and must now give way to a radically new system. And conservative apologists may be pardoned for suspecting that those who speak in this fashion must be very imperfectly acquainted with the literature thus utterly set aside as obsolete.

On the other hand, it can hardly be denied that some of the critics, at any rate, have been themselves trained in the old schools whose methods they are now disposed to disparage, and must be more or less familiar with their subject. And it may be well to ask how they come to take such a different view of arguments which give so much satisfaction to others. It is certainly a pretty problem, whichever way we take it. For it would seem that either the critics must be blind if they fail to see the force of clear-cut definite arguments, or else the orthodox logicians must be the victims of some singular delusion.

It must be confessed that some writers do not seem to find any difficulty in assuming some such blindness or folly on the part of their opponents. There are others, again, who apparently think that the whole matter may be explained by the spirit of the age or by the different mental characteristics of the various races or nations. Deductive logic, it seems, belongs to the Greeks and Romans and the medieval world which was molded in the old forms. But the Germanic races and the modern mind arrive at a knowledge of truth by experience and intuition. It may well be that certain methods of reasoning may be more in vogue in one place than in another, and each age may have its own characteristic fashions in thought as in other matters. But this theory will hardly furnish a satisfactory solution of the problem, for we find in fact that men of the same time and of the same race take widely divergent views. The minds of classic or medieval philosophers were not all cast in one mold; and in our own age there are still many who find more satisfaction in the formal methods of scholastic logic than in any newer means of knowledge. Is is easy to indulge in hasty generalizations and set the old arguments aside as

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obsolete. And, in like manner, it is easy for others to dismiss modern criticism in the same contemptuous fashion. But in both cases it would surely be better to exercise a little more critical discrimination—to recognize the good work done by the critics, while we reject the errors which arise, for the most part, from a misapplication of true principles, and to allow the validity and the high value of scholastic logic without overlooking its limitations or the danger of illusions.

Opinions may differ as to the comparative importance of formal deductive logic, induction, or other methods of reasoning on arriving to knowledge of the truth. But in any case the candid inquirer must admit the validity of a genuine deductive syllogism; in other words, the truth of the conclusion follows infallibly from the truth of the premises. This doctrine is the keynote of scholastic logic. But it may be doubted whether any schoolman has asserted it more strongly than one of the best of modern philosophers, the late Edward von Hartmann, albeit he, like his master Schopenhauer, has had much more to tell us of immanent logic and the method of intuition.* And what is true of one syllogism holds good also in the case of a series or sequence of syllogisms, wherein the premises of the last are conclusions of preceding syllogisms, the whole series resting, in the last analysis, on primary principles, *i. e.*, propositions which are seen to be true when once their terms are rightly apprehended. The conclusion of the last syllogism in the sequence follows with absolute certainty from the truth of the first principles. This, in a few words, is the ideal deductive method preached and practised by the medieval masters. And though it may have obvious limitations, for it cannot be applied in all fields of knowledge, *e. g.*, in physical science and history, though even in its proper sphere it may leave room for other methods, it can hardly be denied that it has the merit of safety and certainty. The most obvious objection urged against it is that it can bring no accession of new knowledge, since the truth of the conclusion is at least implicitly contained in the premises. But the best answer to this may be found in the rich results obtained in the profound

* "Aber bei gegebenen Prämissen einen einfachen Schloss falsch vollziehen, das liegt nach meiner Auffassung gerade so ausser den Bereich der Möglichkeit, als dass ein von zwei Kräften gestossenes atom anders als in der Diagonale des Parallelogramens der Kräfte gehen sollte." *Philosophie des Unbewussten.* B. VII. *Das Unbewusste im Denken*, pp. 234-5. First Edition.

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and luminous literature of Catholic philosophy and theology. Dr. W. G. Ward was surely right in regarding this as one of the two greatest achievements of the human intellect. "The pure intellect really exhibits to the full its astonishing capabilities, I think, only on two subjects: pure mathematics, which are its creation, and in which it legitimately claims absolute supremacy; and dogmatic theology, in which it submits contentedly to the only position allowed it on the field of morals and religion, the humble and dutiful subserviency to the spiritual nature" (*Ideal of a Christian Church*, Chapter V., s. 8, p. 281).

These considerations may be enough to explain the reverence with which so many of us regard the deductive and logical method of our scholastic masters, and the pained amazement with which we learn that many modern minds fail to find satisfaction in these luminous and convincing syllogisms. For is not this ordered sequence of logical argument the only way of safety and certainty? On other paths we may be misled by fancy or feeling or the tricks of plausible rhetoricians. But here, at any rate, there is no loophole for illusion. So it would surely seem so long as this method of pure deductive logic is considered in theory or in the abstract. So long as the sequence of syllogisms starts with premises which are strictly first principles whose truth is self-evident, it must he confessed that the method leaves no room for error or uncertainty. But, as might be expected, this is very seldom the case in practice. Life is short, and logic, if applied in this full and explicit fashion, would be exceedingly long. A writer, as a rule, has no need to go all the way back to first principles, in the strict sense of the term; for it will be enough for his purpose to argue from propositions which, though not self-evident, are likely to be accepted by his readers. And in this same way two scholastic disputants, so long as they can appeal to principles allowed on both sides, have no occasion to go any further or deeper. This is all very sensible and practical, no doubt. But at the same time it is well to be reminded that it leaves an opening for one of the illusions of logic. In many cases we may be sure the argument has really been carried back to its ultimate source, and, if time and space allowed, the writer could work it all out on paper with the fullness and fidelity of Euclid. But too often the logician who

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carefully proves his conclusions by syllogistic reasoning would have to admit, if closely pressed, that he has not made any rigorous examination of the grounds on which he holds the premises of his arguments, and too often the intelligent reader may have a shrewd suspicion that in the last analysis it will be found that the premises are resting securely—on the conclusions.

This curious form of inverted and illusory syllogism is, naturally enough, very common in political argumentation. It may be safely said that political measures are generally decided by motives that have little to do with logic, by class or party interests, by the pressure of circumstances, by popular clamor. But we can hardly expect to find these real grounds set forth in a king's speech, in the preamble of an Act of Parliament, or in the utterances of the minister who introduces the measure. Here, on the contrary, the case is supported by reasons drawn from some broad principles of political justice—adopted for the occasion. The conclusion is supplied by other causes, and the premises of the argument are taken up for the sake of the conclusion to be drawn from them. The principles, no doubt, furnish a sufficient proof of the conclusion. But it will often appear that they prove a little too much, and lead to other conclusions by no means admitted by the political logician. His argument throughout has an air of unreality. For one feels that he has a firmer hold of the particular conclusion than of the general principles by which it is supported.

It is obvious that the danger of this logical illusion is by no means confined to the field of politics. And it may be said that it is present in some degree whenever a logician is engaged in defending a proposition or a doctrine which he already holds on grounds independent of his arguments. For the fact that he firmly holds the conclusion may predispose him to the hasty acceptance of general principles that seem to support it.

> "Trifles light as air
> Are to the jealous confirmation strong
> As proofs of Holy Writ."

And it is safe to say that a cherished conviction which rests on nobler grounds than jealousy may easily have a like

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effect and lend to light and worthless arguments a force that is not their own. In this way, it may well be that the Catholic theologian and the Christian apologist are specially liable to this danger of logical illusion. The very firmness and depth of their own faith in the doctrines they are defending may lead them to use arguments which really rest upon it, and can, therefore, have no weight for those who are not already believers.

It is hardly necessary to observe that in this method of argument the natural order of the deductive syllogism is inverted. For by the very fact that one proposition is put forth as a premise in proof of another, it purports to be more certain or at any rate better known to the reader than the conclusion that is to follow from it. It is of this very point that Aristotle is speaking when he enunciates the dictum so tersely rendered in Scholastic Latin—"Propter quod unumquodque et illud magis." *Analyt. Post.*, lib. I., c. 2. *Cf.* St. Thomas, lect. VI., *in locum*. Clearly, if the conclusions are proved with certitude from the premises, these must be more known or antecedently certain. Yet for the most part it must be confessed that the theologian or the apologist is assured of the truth of his conclusion before he has ever heard of the arguments or the evidence adducible in its defence. And when he is establishing a point of Catholic doctrine by the customary proofs from Scripture, tradition, and theological reasoning, the conclusion, indeed, has the certitude of faith; but there may be room for some misgiving as to the authenticity of the passages cited in evidence or as to the cogency of the reasoning. The point is not that strong arguments are wanting, but that one who is already assured of his conclusion is in danger of being satisfied with inadequate evidence.

This may be clearly seen in the case of Patristic evidence. The unanimous testimony of the Fathers is a sure criterion of Catholic doctrine. And even apart from the religious and ecclesiastical value of this testimony, which can only be appreciated by Catholics, the mere Rationalist must admit that the agreement of these early writers furnishes historical evidence of the antiquity and continuity of Catholic doctrine. The best and most unmistakable proof of the real tendency of this testimony of antiquity may be seen in the history of the Tractarians who set out to follow the Fathers and found them-

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selves landed in Rome. Clearly the writings of the Fathers do contain valid arguments in defence of the Catholic Faith. But to give these arguments their full force something more is needed than a few isolated passages cited in support of a theological thesis. Before the reader can be assured that he has got the genuine teaching of the ancient Fathers he must have the help of criticism to decide the authenticity of the work quoted, he must consult the context, and possibly other writings also, to ascertain the author's real mind, as well as other Fathers in order to distinguish a concordant testimony from local or personal opinions. Doubtless this has been done by such masters as Petavius and Thomasinus or by later writers on patrology. But it may be feared that few who read a theological text-book or manual of apologetics have made any serious study of the matter. And if they feel, rightly enough, that the passages cited in proof of the Catholic doctrine, and not those explained away in the answers to objections, give the real mind of the ancient Fathers, it may be safely said that this conviction arises from their faith in the teaching of the living Church, with which the belief of the Fathers must needs agree. On this point it may be well to recall some words written by Newman in one of his last and ablest efforts as an Anglican controversialist.

"A Romanist then cannot really argue in defence of his doctrines; he has too firm a confidence in their truth, if he is sincere in his profession, to enable him critically to adjust the due weight to be given to this or that evidence. He assumes his Church's conclusion as true; and the facts or witnesses he adduces are rather brought forward to receive an interpretation than to furnish a proof. His highest aim is to show the mere consistency of his theory, its possible adjustment with the records of antiquity. I am not here inquiring how much of high but misdirected feeling is implied in this state of mind; certainly as we advance in perception of the truth, we all of us become less fitted to be controversialists" (*The Prophetical Office of the Church*, Lect. III.).

This acute criticism of Catholic apologetics cannot be accepted without some reservation. And it may be remarked that the writer himself in later life gave a practical proof that a "Romanist" can offer real argument in defence of his doctrines. Yet, from what has been said above it may be seen

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that there is some real foundation for this account of the Catholic attitude to the testimony of antiquity. It is true that the Catholic receives his faith in the first instance from the teaching of the living Church, that he turns to the ancient records in the confident expectation of finding them in agreement with that teaching. This expectation is abundantly fulfilled. For the past furnishes proofs of the present doctrines and at the same time the present throws back some light on the obscurity of the past. But, as has been suggested here, the apologist sometimes fancies that he is bringing forth proof from the past when he is really interpreting the past by the present.

It may be well to remark that this illusion is comparatively harmless so far as the apologist himself is concerned. For his conclusion really rests on excellent grounds and his interpretation of the past in the light of the present teaching of the Church is a perfectly legitimate operation. But unfortunately when it is presented to others as a proof it has a very different effect and only serves to discredit, however unjustly, the whole system of Scholastic logic.

. . . Et crimine ab uno
Disce omnes.

The large inference is scarcely fair. But there is, at any rate, a rude sort of poetic justice when these lapses from orthodox deductive logic are visited with this illogical severity.

These facts and reflections may help, in some measure, to explain the dissatisfaction with which so many modern critics regard the classic arguments of Catholic apologetics. But, in addition to this, something must be allowed for a natural reaction against the rigidity and narrowness of some orthodox writers. There is no cause to complain of those who attach a high, not to say a paramount, importance to the old logic of the Schoolmen, and stoutly refuse to abandon it for some newfangled form of defence. But, unfortunately, this commendable conservatism is sometimes associated with an unreasonable reluctance to leave room for any other method of finding or establishing the truth. The champion of formal logic will have nothing to say to Newman's "illative sense," his cumulative probabilities, his argument from conscience, or to the methods of intuition and experience that find favor with other philosophers. This attitude has something of the narrowness of primitive Protestantism which finds its rule of faith in Chilling-

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worth's famous formula: "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." For in much the same manner our strait-laced logicians appear to be saying: "The syllogism and the syllogism alone is the logic of Scholastics." And it may not be amiss to suggest that both these extremists may be met in the same manner. The Catholic does not answer Chillingworth by seeking to lower or lessen the authority of the Bible. But he rightly urges that its testimony is supplemented and supported by that of tradition. And he points out that the Protestant is mistaken in supposing that he is really going by the Bible only. For, though the good man may be wholly unconscious of the fact, his belief in the Bible itself rests, in the last analysis, on the authority of the Fathers or the testimony of the Church ,and at every turn his interpretation of its pages is profoundly affected by the influence of tradition.

In much the same way it may be observed that the most strictly logical series of syllogisms must needs depend, in the last resort, on first principles whose truth is self-evident, *i. e.*, is known by intuition, and on the knowledge of facts that comes by experience. Nor is it only at the outset that these forces play their part. For the experience of facts and the intuitive perception of principles lend a continuous support to the train of deductive reasoning, which is, moreover, assisted and supplemented by moral and practical judgments and the estimate of probabilities. All these things have their place, not only in the philosophic writings of the present day, but in the massive works of such medieval masters as St. Thomas, who could no more afford to do without them than we can afford to dispense with the aid of Scholastic logic in modern theology.

St. Mary's, Bayswater, London, England.

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SHEARING TIME.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

" The shearers sat in the firelight, hearty and hale and strong,
After the hard day's shearing, passing the joke along;
The 'ringer' that shore a hundred, as they never were shorn before,
And the novice who, toiling bravely, had tommy-hawked half a score,
The tar-boy, the cook, and the slushy, the sweeper that swept the board,
The picker-up, and the penner, with the rest of the shearing horde.
There were men from the inland stations where the skies like a furnace glow,
And men from the Snowy River, the land of the frozen snow;
There were swarthy Queensland drovers who reckoned all land by miles
And farmers' sons from the Murray, where many a vineyard smiles. . . ."

—*A. B. Paterson.*

OR eleven months in the year nothing happens on an Australian sheep run. The life is uniform to monotony. Save for an occasional muster, or the rare advent of the teamster, there is but little to mark the passing of the days. But throughout this time there is a feeling in the air of pleasurable anticipation—of a gradual and sure unfolding, which, like an undersong of hope, proclaims the ultimate awakening.

It is this which gives a meaning and a definite aim to the daily round, for as the sower goes out to sow his seed with his hope set in the harvest, even so does the station-hand tend the flocks with a view to the gathering in of the wool in due season. To the pastoralist himself everything depends on the yearly "clip"; for having put all his money into the sheep, his profits are necessarily bound up in the success of the wool harvest.

Before the shearing begins either he or his manager must make the necessary arrangments. He must also engage the full complement of shearing hands. Applications are generally made some months in advance. And because of the importance of having the work done well and quickly the local authorities exercise some care in the choice of their shearers.

The wool-king will only have picked hands. Therefore, when the shearer applies for a pen in the shearing shed, he must submit his testimonials and a deposit of twenty shillings.

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Every hand must have a satisfactory record. No man is taken on without good references. That is to say he must know his work; for the references deal solely with his professional skill and not with his personal character.

So the pastoralist or his proxy picks his thirty or forty men, and states the approximate time of shearing.

In the north of Queensland shearing begins early; in the central districts in July, August, and September; in the western districts up till December. By this arrangement it is possible for the same men to travel the country, picking up one job after another.

For a full week before the shearing begins, numberless roustabouts besiege the station. These may be pickers-up (there must be one picker-up to every five shearers in the shed) "broomies," tar-boys, branders, pressers, and classers.

Among the hands engaged for the shearing season, perhaps none is more important than the temporary cook who will have to minister to the wants of the shearers, and it is not uncommon for the competing candidates to give a demonstration of their skill on the day before. There is then a show of hands in the shed, and the cook who has the most votes gets the job. The cook's wages are then arranged for, the price of rations being also set down in his agreement.

On the eve of the shearing the hands are "rung up" and when all are assembled the manager reads out the shearers' contract, which each man must sign.

This contract sets forth the obligations which are binding alike on employer and employed. It stipulates the rates of payment and the standard of work required. It also legislates for the maintenance of law and order; and it expressly forbids the sale or consumption of intoxicants—these and the various other clauses having been drawn up and agreed to by the conference of pastoralists, who conjointly with the labor leaders represent what is known as the Shearers' Union.

The preliminaries being now complete the shearers are free to start in; and in the morning the first "cut" begins. The general superintendence of the work in the shed is in the hands of the manager, whose tact and diplomacy are often put to the test in managing his men. The sub-manager takes charge of the mustering party; the business of the mustering party being to feed the "receiving paddock." To do this, the sheep must be driven

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in from another paddock further out. The wash-pool is generally situated some four or five miles distant from the shed, and as the fleece must be thoroughly dry before being shorn, the sheep are put through the wash-pool some hours beforehand. As they are washed, they are turned into an adjoining paddock which is drawn upon as required, for the supplying of the receiving paddock.

To do this well requires careful management, since no interval of time may elapse between the incoming and the outgoing flock. There must be a constant reserve of sheep waiting their turn to replace those that are already shorn; the latter being simultaneously drafted out into their allotted paddock. The sub-manager must, therefore, employ some judgment in bringing up the sheep, so that the shearers make no protest. For, according to the shearers' contract, the men may not be kept waiting. The sheep must be there, a constant supply ready to their hand, to enable them to earn a maximum wage. Shearers are paid by the piece-work system; consequently the best man wins.

The method of work is always the same. The rams are gathered in first. Five-pence is the standard wage for shearing a ram. In point of time the shearing of one ram is supposed to equal the shearing of two sheep. As a matter of fact, the ram takes longer, for in addition to the ram's wool being harder, the curly horns retard the clipping, with the result that the men make less at ram than at sheep-shearing. Flock rams are always of superior breed. Once shorn, all the rams are put in the shorn-ram paddock, from which they are subsequently transferred to their own appointed paddock further out on the run.

Next come the wethers. It may be a flock of ten thousand or so, which are run into the receiving paddock, there to wait their turn for the feeding of the shed. The wethers, like the rams, are easily managed. They are good battlers too, and when out on the run, can generally pick up feed for themselves. They will also find their way into water, even though it means traversing six, seven, and even eight miles of open scrub. From a psychological point of view it is interesting to see how the wethers have their preferences in the matter of friendship. The wether won't take to every wether, but only to one. And when the flock has been shorn and drafted out, the isolated wether will fidget round until he finds his own mate again.

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After the wethers are all shorn, it is the turn of the ewes, and the hoggarts, and the lambs—the two latter sections being first drawn off and drafted, so as to be shorn in separate groups. The ewes are always a nuisance. They won't come in without coaxing, and frequently a pet sheep must be used as a decoy. It is the same out on the run. The ewes give more work than the wethers and the rams put together. For while these will pick up whatever feed there is, the ewes are continually bothering about the welfare of the lambs. Or if not, they are fretful at having no lamb to fend for. Shearers get for sheep two-pence half-penny a fleece; a good man shearing as many as a hundred a day.

Owing to the spirit of light-heartedness in the shearing shed, as also to the keen competition among the men, the sheep are always in danger of being knocked about. But here again, the shearers' contract comes in, one clause of which provides that if a shearer gashes one or more sheep, he is subject to dismissal, the manager reserving to himself the right of turning him off, or of giving him another chance. This does not mean that a certain amount or minor slashing may not pass, but that wilful carelessness is barred. As a matter of fact, the sheep are continually being cut about, in testimony of which there are constant cries of "Tar! Tar!" from various parts of the shed. And at each summons the tar-boy rushes along with fear in his heart, and the tar brush in his hand, and having hastily stanched the gaping wound, darts off to perform the same office elsewhere. For the tar-boy learns to be nimble in his movements if he would escape being the object of the shearers' attention.

So the hours speed in the shearing shed. Throughout the working hours it is as busy as a bee-hive. Hands, tongues, and limbs appear to be kept going continuously. There is a low, incessant buzz of activity; for, in spite of the occasional cracking of jokes, every man puts forth his best effort—each hopes to come out on top before sundown, since:

"The man that rung the Tubbo shed, is not the ringer here,
That stripling from the Cooma side can teach him how to shear.
They trim away the ragged locks, and rip the cutter goes,
And leaves a track of snowy fleece from brisket to the nose;

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It's lovely how they peel it off with never stop nor stay,
They're racing for the ringer's place this year at Castlereagh.
. . . . . .
The youngsters picking up the fleece enjoy the merry din,
They throw the classer up the fleece, he throws it to the bin;
The pressers standing by the rack are waiting for the wool,
There's room for just a couple more, the press is nearly full;
Now jump upon the lever lads, and heave and heave away,
Another baie of golden fleece is branded 'Castlereagh.'"

The shearers' day begins soon after sunrise and continues until the noon-day break—"Smoko" they call it.

Noon is the dinner hour, and there is nothing like shearing for developing an appetite or encouraging a thirst. Cold tea is the accepted beverage, and in the shearing shed it is absorbed by the gallon.

But now the dinner hour draws to a close; the shearers have gone back to the shed, the roustabouts are in their appointed places—all are ready to start in when the signal is given. From further out comes a confused blur of sounds—the bleating of sheep, the yapping of the sheep dogs, the sharp, short "crack" of the sheep-whips; and, rising above it all, the voices of the mustering party, urging, coaxing, compelling, and then—with a jerk and a rush and a soft patter of feet—the reluctant ewes are finally driven into the receiving paddock. Whereupon:

"The bell is set aringing and the engine gives a toot,
There's five and thirty shearers here are shearing for the loot,
So stir yourselves you penners-up and shove the sheep along,
The musterers are fetching them a hundred thousand strong,
And make your collie dogs speak up—what would the buyers say
In London if the wool was late this year from Castlereagh?"

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New Books.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHINA.

One of the objections brought by shrewd Protestants against contributing to the foreign missions sustained by their churches is that the missionaries overdo the business of advertising their work. The prospectus is always voluminous and alluring, the report of results generally brief and unsatisfactory. With us Catholics the difficulty has been the other way about. It is almost as if our missionaries forget their native language when they learn the language of "the natives." Of course it is not forgetfulness, but an excess of modesty. At any rate most of us Catholics, until lately, knew little about the work that is being done in the foreign mission field, except that this or that order had a number of priests in China, or Ceylon, or Uganda, and that there was a large number, or a sprinkling, of native Catholics. It took the educational work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to make the missionaries talk, and us listen.

Father Wolfustan has discovered a way to combine the demands of modesty and those of proper advertising. He has composed, or compiled, a work of nearly 500 pages,* most of which is made up of quotations from non-Catholic missionaries and travelers on the work of the Catholic missionaries in China. The extent of his researches may be judged from the bibliographical appendix, in which he gives a list of about 300 books which he has consulted. Most of the titles may also be found in the footnotes throughout the book, showing that he has found some matter to his purpose in the majority of them. He does not hesitate to cite criticisms and complaints, some of which he answers, and others of which he admits as well-based. But the whole trend of the testimony of these unprejudiced witnesses (unprejudiced, at least, in favor of Catholicism) goes to establish a magnificent tribute to the devotion and efficiency of the Catholic missionaries in the Celestial Kingdom.

Since the work is essentially a comparison of churches and methods, it is not only a history of the Catholic Church in

* *The Catholic Church in China from 1860 to 1907.* By Bertram Wolfustan, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co.

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China in the last half century; it is the story of the efforts of all Christian denominations there. From this point of view, the work becomes a strong argument for the need of Christian unity. The havoc wrought by heresies is not so keenly perceived at home, for we have grown dulled to it by use during the past three centuries; but the extent of the evil shows itself when a dozen disunited churches present themselves before a non-Christian people as being each the true Church of Christ. Father Wolfustan touches frequently on this difficulty, following in this the non-Catholic writers whom he is quoting. Several chapters are devoted to the question; notably, "From Confucius to Confusion" and "Unum in Christo." The latter, which is an account of an attempt of certain missionary bodies to come to a common agreement, reads in places like "The Comedy of Convocation."

Other questions of general interest are also treated, such as the difficulty of translating the Bible into foreign tongues, the relative efficiency of married and of celibate missionaries, and the relations of foreign powers with China. Throughout the author has an eye for the interesting as well as for the edifying, and has made his book the most readable work on missions we have ever seen.

THE PAPACY.

We venture to congratulate Father Dolan upon the production of this excellent book.* It may be described as a refutation of the contention of some Anglicans that "Papal Claims," *i. e.*, Papal Primacy in matters of faith and discipline, receive no support from the first great Synods of the Church. In the first place, the Catholic position relative to General Councils is stated: namely, that the Bishop of Rome alone possesses the right to summon, to preside at, and to confirm the decrees of such Councils, and that he may exercise these rights personally or through legates. Then, basing his information on the great collections and histories of Manzi, Hardouin, the Ballerini, Constant, Baluze, Hefele, and others, the author studies the origins, circumstances, and decrees not only of the First Six Œcumenical Councils (Nicæa, 325; Constantinople, 381; Ephesus, 431; Chalcedon, 451; Constantinople, 553, 680), but also the Synod of Sardica

* *The Papacy and the First Councils of the Church.* By Rev. Thomas S. Dolan. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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(343 or 344); the famous Latrocinium or Robber Synod of Ephesus in 449; and some minor Synods held between 645-649.

In a most interesting and logical manner the author brings forth from these Councils abundant proofs of the Catholic position of Roman Supremacy in matters of faith and discipline. Nor are the difficulties ignored. The famous objections against Roman Supremacy, derived from canon 3 of the Council of Constantinople (381) and from canon 28 of the Council of Chalcedon (451) are fully explained and successfully refuted. The last chapter is an able summary of the entire thesis which proves that "the Papacy was not only a colossal fact, but a controlling force, in its relations to those old assemblies of the Church's shepherds." The author very cleverly touches upon some of the less dignified scenes enacted in the Councils (pp. 32-4, 55-6, 87), and also points out the dangers that menaced the Church from "an attempted Erastianism, which found expression in the constant meddling of the Byzantine Emperors in ecclesiastical affairs." The book contains a good index, but its value would be increased by the addition of a bibliography.

There is no doubt that the present volume will be of great service to students of theology: those studying *De Romano Pontifice* will find the historical side of the dogma fully treated, while the students of Christology will discover an interesting historical background to the conciliar decrees. Such a study is becoming a more and more necessary addition to the regular scholastic course, as non-Catholics are always more interested in the historical than in the philosophical side of theology. We wish that the clergy of the United States were turning out more of such volumes. They would take away our reproach and would be fulfilling the wish expressed by Pope Pius X. in his Encyclical on Modernism, that more attention should be paid to the positive side of theology than has been done in the past.

CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a new edition of *The Confessions of St. Augustine.** The translation of the immortal classic presented here is that made by Dr. Pusey

* *The Confessions of St. Augustine.* Edited by Temple Scott from the translation of Dr. Pusey. With a Preface by Alice Meynell. London: Chatto & Windus.

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in 1835. The preface is from the pen of Alice Meynell and fittingly does she introduce the heart-appealing confessions of the immortal Augustine: "The great men of the race are they who are chiefly capable of a great sincerity. Other men may be entirely sincere, but the entire sincerity of great natures is of larger importance; of them it may be said that they are not relatively but absolutely and positively more sincere than the rest. And in nothing else, obviously, is a great sincerity so momentous as in religion. . . . St. Augustine stood alone with the end of his search, alone in the great sincerity, one of the greatest sincerities in the history of the human race."

The volume is edited by Temple Scott and includes twelve beautiful illustrations from the brush of Maxwell Armfield. The letter-press, binding, the entire mechanical make-up are of the highest order. The Scriptural quotations are all printed in italic. May this great book of human experience be more and more known and loved by the multitude as well as studied by the learned.

THE SPIRITUAL CANTICLE BY ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Lovers of the holy wisdom of perfection will thank Father Zimmermann, the English discalced Carmelite for his new edition of *The Spiritual Canticle of the Soul.*[*]

He has already given us a new edition of both *The Ascent of Mount Carmel* and *The Dark Night of the Soul*, in all cases reproducing Mr. David Lewis' translation. This translator will hardly be superceded. His fidelity to the original and his terse clearness of style, together with the disciple's unction plainly in evidence, make him the final English medium of St. John of the Cross. Such we believe to be the concurrent view of English-speaking readers of the mystics. Yet Father Zimmermann's revision is of much, and in some aspects of essential, value. For he is himself a Carmelite friar of the strict observance, and lives that daily life whose beatitude is shown in this *Spiritual Canticle.* He has devoted his life to the diffusion of this precious literature, his studies in it being honest in the extreme. And although his style is not always smooth, it is ever clear and emphatic.

[*] *A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul by St. John of the Cross.* Translated by David Lewis. Revised by Benedict Zimmermann, O.C.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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St. John of the Cross wrote this, his last literary effort, while very near suffering a total collapse of all his aims in aiding St. Teresa in her Reform. He was at the time in prison, being shut up in "a narrow, stifling cell, with no window, but only a small loophole through which a ray of light entered for a short time of the day, just long enough to enable him to say his office, and affording little facility for reading or writing."

He managed under such difficulties to put down a sketch of these strange and charming verses, and the notes necessary for the comments his mind was full of. After being set at liberty he adjusted and perfected these and published them under the title of *A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul.*

It is an abridged paraphrase of the scriptural Canticle of Canticles, or the Song of Solomon. This divine song of the celestial espousals has been grossly abused by heritics and sensualists. False mysticism is often associated with impure relationships between the sexes, and it has accordingly misused the oriental imagery of the scriptural Canticle. Rightly understood, the meaning is a spiritual doctrine of the most refined chastity. St. John of the Cross interprets it with the ease of a saint versed in the interior communications between the soul and its divine Spouse. He brings to his task, besides, the gifts of a natural poetical temperament. Therefore this revision of Mr. Lewis' translation will aid in Scripture study, as well as in the explorations of the higher paths of prayer.

We thank Father Zimmermann for his labor and his taste, and we trust that he will go through the entire range of the saint's works in a similar spirit.

His editing of the *Interior Castle* of St. Teresa, as done into English by the Stanbrook Benedictine nuns, entitles him to our gratitude. And we await the same wise co-operation in the new translation by the same competent hands of St. Teresa's *Way of Perfection.* This is a manual of ordinary states of prayer, the only book of that mistress of earnest souls, wholly adapted to the spiritual needs of the entire body of the faithful. Canon Dalton's translation, in spite of its innumerable defects, has done good work. But its shortcomings are always annoying and often misleading.

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LITTLE ESSAYS FOR FRIENDLY READERS.

This is a collection of the shorter papers of a nun* who is a veteran teacher among the Sisters of St. Dominic at their well-known convent in Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Judging by the tone of her work, the years have not been able to rob her of cheeriness and sprightliness of disposition. The *Essays* are on different topics—religion, character-building, education, literature, reminiscences. They are written primarily, it can be seen, to suit the needs and ideals of a convent school, and therefore will receive their warmest welcome from the "friendly readers" to whom they are addressed. But they contain a message, or a number of messages, to teachers and to women in general, which are worth presenting to the larger public. The reminiscences constitute the most interesting part of the book, and are executed with the surest touch. We can assure Sister Charles Borromeo that all of her readers, even her critics if there be any, will be "friendly readers" so far as she herself is concerned.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.

The chief characteristic of these sermons† is their Spartan simplicity. The author, a devoted and well-loved priest of the Peoria diocese, purposely avoids rhetorical display. His aim—one successsfully achieved—is to give the people simple, wholesome, practical suggestions in a plain, clear, direct fashion. The sermons, based as a rule, on the Sunday gospels, have the additional excellence of brevity. While some may think the style too severely simple, too relentlessly unyielding to the popular craving for picturesque phrases and well-rounded periods, there can be no doubt but that, on the whole, it will be well for priests to aim always, as this author does, at simplicity and clearness.

GREEK LANDS AND LETTERS.

This book‡ has been written not for scholars or for those who have been fortunate enough to spend much time in Greece, but for the many travelers, whose time is limited to seeing only the most

* *Little Essays for Friendly Readers.* By Carola Milanis (Sister Charles Borromeo, O.S D.) Dubuque, Iowa: Press of M. S. Hardie.

† *The Great Problem.* By Rev. J. J. Burke. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *Greek Lands and Letters.* By F. G. and A. C. E. Allinson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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attractive places in Hellas. For these the authors have, with taste, selected the sites that would naturally appeal to the imagination of tourists. That the task has been well accomplished is evident from even a cursory glance at the book. One interesting feature is found in the pages devoted, in the Introduction, to proving that the Hellenes were lovers of nature. Extracts from many Greek authors are adduced to illustrate the Greek attitude toward nature. One-quarter of the volume is devoted to Athens, whose beauties and historical associations are quite fully dealt with. And the other chapters are just as attractively written. This is a travel book and tourist guide, as the authors modestly style it. But it is all this and much more, for it would be hard to find a volume intended for popular use, and still so replete with art and history and literature. The authors have introduced much knowledge that will help the traveler; and, best of all, they have wisely elected not to overburden their readers with ancient lore.

BISHOP DE MAZENOD. Charles Joseph Eugene de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles and Founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, passed from this life in the fragrance of holiness about a half century ago. His spiritual children are numerous and active as missionaries in all English-speaking countries (and in many others); but, unlike most religious families, they have not been active in proclaiming the virtues of their holy founder. Even in French, when Father Baffie wrote this work* in 1894, there was but a scanty supply of literature bearing on his work and personality. This is due, we are told, to the fact that the humility of the man deterred his companions from writing in his praise even after his death. It would have been a misfortune, however, if this silence had been sustained, and we may be thankful to Father Baffie and to his anonymous translator for making us acquainted with this model of priestly virtue. Mgr. de Mazenod was one of the great bishops who have been also founders of congregations, and as such he is a link between episcopal government and the life and work of religious. But it is not only bishops and regulars who can gain profit from this study of his life. The young layman, the seminarian, the mission priest, in fact, every aspiring Christian soul,

* *Bishop de Mazenod, His Inner Life and Virtues.* By Rev. Eugene Baffie, O.M.I. With portraits. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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can gain help and inspiration from the study of this singularly attractive type of spiritual character.

The author warns us that his work is not a biography. He has adopted a method which Newman describes as chopping up a holy man into virtues. The drawbacks of this method are evident. But in spite of these, Father Baffie has succeeded in presenting a very interesting and fairly clear portrait of his subject. There is, of course, a great deal of skipping backwards and forwards through his life to get materials to prove his possession of various virtues, but with the help of a well-written little chronological sketch of the Bishop's career, which the translator has thoughtfully supplied, it is not hard to follow. And in other respects the book is easy reading. We are spared the usual prosy disquisitions on the virtues. Instead, we find anecdotes, quotations from letters and diaries, everything in fact which goes to show the presence of the virtues in concrete form.

CLASSICAL MORALISTS. Most University professors issue a list of "required readings" which must be studied as a supplement to the lectures. The idea is an excellent one. Students are generally only too willing to take their views of systems at second-hand. There is a certain fear of looking into original sources, a fear which comes from inexperience, and which is often dissipated by a half-hour's careful reading. The great thinker is in many cases simpler and clearer than his commentators. "The half-gods go, when the gods arrive."

The main drawback to the system is the expense. When the whole class need certain books, the resources of even the best library are overtaxed. To supply the need, Dr. Benjamin Rand, of Harvard, has compiled several works which present the more distinctive views of eminent thinkers. The present volume* treats of ethics. A brief introduction gives a rapid survey of the teachings of the different schools on the fundamental points. In general, the selections are well made. There is, however, a paucity of citations from Catholic authors. The Fathers are passed over, except St. Augustine (who, by the way, can hardly be said to belong to the "medieval" period).

* *The Classical Moralists.* Selections illustrating Ethics from Socrates to Martineau. Compiled by Benjamin Rand, Ph.D. Boston, New York, and Chicago: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Of the Schoolmen we find only Abelard and Aquinas. The only other Catholic quoted is Father Malebranche. The author says that "in the medieval period it is difficult to present ethics apart from the great body of theological doctrines, except by means of a collection of isolated passages." That this is true concerning the work of many of our Catholic moralists, both in the earlier and later periods, may not be denied. But we think that the main difficulty is that Dr. Rand is unfamiliar with the vast field of Catholic ethical thought. If he had consulted a competent guide in this matter, such as Dr. Fox or Father Wing, he could get references to Catholic authors who treat fundamental ethics exactly after the manner of the philosophers whom he cites. We might venture to suggest: Suarez, de Lugo, Lessius, and the Salamancus amongst the post-Tridentine writers; modern systematizers such as Meyer, Bouquillon, and Cathrein; and others, as Taparelli, Rosmini, and Gutberlet. It is a pity that such a well-conceived work is lacking in its statement of the ethical principles of a school which must be conceded to be, at least numerically, the strongest in Christendom.

THE EUCHARISTIC TRIDUUM.

This book, the work of a Belgian Jesuit, has been written as an aid to priests in carrying out the Holy Father's decree concerning the Eucharistic Triduum.* It covers, however, the whole ground of the legislation on frequent Communion which has been issued during this pontificate. Part I. contains translations of the Roman documents which embody this legislation, and also directions and practical hints for a successful triduum. Part II., which comprises most of the book, is called "Subjects for Instruction." These "subjects" are really sermons, or rather sermon-sketches, which suggests ample matter for treatment. The general trend of all of them is to insist on the advantage of daily frequentation of the Eucharistic Banquet. Part III. describes various means of keeping up the good work inaugurated by the triduum, by means of the Eucharistic League, the Apostleship of Prayer, the month of the Sacred Heart,

* *The Eucharistic Triduum, an Aid to Priests in Preaching Frequent and Daily Communion, According to the Decrees of His Holiness, Pius X.* Translated from the French of P. Jules Lintelo, S.J., by F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. London: R. V. T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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daily Mass, preaching, prayers, etc. It also offers further considerations concerning frequent Communion for children, workingmen, and inmates of educational establishments. The bibliography of works on devotion to the Blessed Sacrament will be found helpful by many priests.

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA. The publishers have showered upon Professor Lanciani's latest volume * a wealth of clear and attractive illustrations and exceptional elaborateness of make-up. Yet the volume is well worth all this rich setting, for it is a gift book for which a scholar might well be grateful. Whether in reconstructing the social life of antiquity or in explaining the rise and decay of cities like Ostia, in great and in small things, Professor Lanciani seems equally the master. Confessing that he has omitted matters of interest because of lack of space, he promises—should the present volume prove acceptable to the reader—that the subject will be continued in another. We trust that he may be called upon to fulfill his promise, for into his work the singular fascination of the Campagna itself finds place, with its variety of scenery, its fragrant antiquity, its quiet contentment, its eloquent memorials of prehistoric scenes.

ST. MELANIA. One of the occupations of the learned leisure to which his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla retired at the close of his diplomatic career was the critical study and publication of documentary evidence concerning the life of a noble Roman lady and saint of the fifth century, Santa Melania. It was the Cardinal's hope that these documents might be used by some devout writer in the preparation of a biography of the saint, which should be at the same time edifying and strictly historical. In the present volume † the Cardinal's wish has been fulfilled, as he himself testified, and the Countess da Persico has produced a work which gives the modern Italian lady a notable lesson by its vivid picture of a Christian heroine who lived and triumphed in a time and amid temptations not altogether different from their own.

* *Wanderings in the Roman Campagna.* By Rudolfo Lanciani. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

† *Santa Melania Giuniore.* Di Elena da Persico. Torino: Libreria Sacro Cuore.

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The same distinguished authoress has recently published a lecture * delivered by her at Brescia during a sort of Social Congress, in September, 1908. It outlines the duty of Catholic women in the present age, and was occasioned by the fact that at Rome the Women's Congress had voted the elimination of the Christian catechism from the schools of Italy.

MYTHOLOGY.

Most of us, who have devoted the most fruitful years of our youth to the study of Latin and Greek classics, will admit that the heathen mythology was always a vague and confused world to us. And even now, when reading Milton or Keats or Matthew Arnold, we have to turn to a work of reference to make sure just what some mythological allusion means. Mr. Hutchinson's work † will make the path easier for those who tread in our footsteps. He has thrown into the form of a story (one might say a novel) the account of the gods of antiquity. The central figure in his tale is Orpheus, but his story is made a centre around which cluster the tales of all the elder gods. We have the stories of Cronos and Zeus, of Prometheus and of Deucalion, of Apollo, Persephore, Cadmus, Bacchus, and the whole adventure of Orpheus in the under-world to regain his lost Eurydice. The narrative is written with power and dignity. It is easy to read and easy to remember. And if one feels that he is too far away from all that sort of thing to want to go over it again, he might make a present of the book to some lad in college who feels despairingly that the land of the ancient gods must surely be bounded on all sides by Lethe's stream.

ST. GERARD MAIELLA.

Lives of saints who serve as models for particular classes have always been of very special value; and religious communities in particular have found that there is no better way of forming the spirit of true piety in novices than by holding up for their example the life of some saint who has achieved perfection in their own state of life. St. Gerard

* *La Questione Femminile in Italia e il Dovere Della Donna Cattolica.* Di Elena da Persico. Siena: Topografia Pontificia S. Bernardino.

† *Orpheus With His Lute.* By W. M. L. Hutchinson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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Maiella* has been selected by Rev. Vassall-Philips as a model for lay brothers. The offices of tailor, gardener, cook, sacristan, infirmarian—in fact, all the positions which a lay brother may be called on to hold—have been filled in turn by St. Gerard Maiella; and, as the author says, in his concluding exhortation: "As the lay brothers go about their daily duties, they may remember that what they do now he did once."

The present little work is a concise presentation of the data found in the more exhaustive treatise by Father Tannoia, entitled *The First Companions of St. Alphonsus.* The narrative is designed to illustrate the salient lesson in St. Gerard's career—that sanctity can be obtained by a proper performance of the simple duties of the common life.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

The historian of the future will not lack for data in narrating the events of the present, unless some incendiary Caliph Omar shall have the will and the power to doom the libraries of the nation to the flames. This is the third volume of Hon. Mr. Alexander's *Political History of the State of New York*,† and it contains 561 generous pages. The period of history traversed runs from the outbreak of the Civi War down to Grover Cleveland's election as Governor in 1882. It is the story of events that are in the memory of many, and that still sound like ancient history to the younger generation in this swiftly moving republic. It brings up the names of Seymour, Greeley, Boss Tweed, Roscoe Conkling, Tilden, John Kelly, Arthur, Cornell, Cleveland. It is an interesting story, well told and well documented, and generally fair.

LOURDES.

This latest work on Lourdes,‡ by Canon Rousseil, reviews the later history of the apparitions and the life of Bernadette, outlines the character of the apparition, describes the festivities of the golden jubilee, and speaks at length of the men principally concerned with the history of the shrine: Abbé Peyramale, Mgr. Laurence, Henri Lasserre,

* *Life of St. Gerard Maiella, Lay Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.* By Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips. C.SS.R. London: Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Political History of the State of New York.* By De Alva Stanwood Alexander, A.M., LL.D. Vol. III. (1861-1882). New York: Henry Holt & Co.

‡ *The Glories of Lourdes.* By Canon Rousseil. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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Mgr. Schoepfer and Dr. Boissarie. A letter from Abbé Bertrin and a preface by Dr. Boissarie confirm the scientific accuracy of the facts presented. The volume has been universally admitted by the Catholic press of France to be the last word, whether historical, poetical, or mystical, on the events of the famous grotto. The author shows an abiding love for our Lady of Lourdes and his testimony is a valuable addition to Catholic apologetical literature.

THE CHURCH AND CRITICISM.

Mgr. Mignot includes in this apologetic work on *The Church and Criticism** the fruit of ten years' interest in modern religious controversy. These investigations are a sequel and a supplement to the *Letters on Ecclesiastical Studies*. The first and longest deals with Sabatier's *Sketch of a Philosophy of Religion*. Mgr. Mignot is justly proud of having discerned Sabatier's errors ten years before they were condemned by the Encyclical *Pascendi*, despite the fact that he was the bishop "whom certain publicists have since wished to represent as too indulgent towards these novelties." In this study he deals with the psychological basis of religion, revelation and miracles, prophecy, Christ, and dogmas, and therein he shows how the Modernists, "without denying Christ and His work, lower it to human proportions." "What M. Sabatier's book lacks is not keenness of analysis, or depth of thought, or variety of surveys . . . what it lacks is Christianity." Space forbids quotation from the articles on "Church and Science" and "The Bible and Religions." It is sufficient to note their fairness of view, depth of conviction, and vigor of style.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

Evolution has furnished the enemies of Christianity with plentiful objections; and of this numerous brood probably none are more vital to-day than those begotten by the science of comparative religion. It has been urged by rationalists that doctrines common to Christianity and other religions must have a common origin, and cannot be more divine in one than in another.

* *L'Eglise et la Critique.* Par Mgr. Mignot, Archevêque d'Albi. Paris: Libraire Victor Lecoffre.

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Dr. Tisdall,* after examining the foundation for alleged resemblances, endeavors to show: "(1) that if these doctrines are almost universally held, then they cannot be devoid of significance and of truth; (2) that, this being so, they must be deemed part of the divine education of the human race; (3) that in the ethnic religions they have been so perverted and distorted as to be productive of terrible evils; (4) whereas in the form in which they are taught in Christianity they produce good results" (p. vi.).

The author himself holds firmly to the divine origin of Christianity and accounts for common beliefs by a primitive supernatural revelation, of which these are fragments. He seems willing to make concessions destructive of all real specific difference between Christianity and other religions.

Apart from this fact, however, and that he is occasionally unjust to the Catholic Church (this is one of a series of Anglican Church Handbooks), Dr. Tisdall has successfully accomplished his task, in as far as that is possible within the limits of so small a book.

ANNA VAN SCHURMAN. The biographer of this Dutch woman of the seventeenth century† confesses that the name of Anna van Schurman was quite unknown to her until she ran across it in reading the life of Queen Christina of Sweden. Few persons in our day, it is safe to say, had ever seen the name until it was presented to them in the title of this book. This oblivion is all the more remarkable when we consider that Anna van Schurman's portrait hangs in many European galleries, and that during her life she achieved wide fame as artist, student of Oriental languages, and advocate of woman's rights; and was a friend of the most distinguished persons of the day, including Descartes, Gassendi, Richelieu, and Queen Christina. Her career should possess interest also for the student of religious history, as she finally relinquished art and studies and friends to devote herself to the cause of Jean de Lebadie, ex-Jesuit, ex-Jansenist, ex-Calvinist, and finally founder of a sort of Quaker community. Much of the book is devoted to the religious controversies between the Calvinists and Arminians at

* *Comparative Religion.* By W. St. Clair Tisdall, D.D. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Anna van Schurman, Artist, Scholar, Saint.* By Una Birch. With Portraits. New York, Bombay, and Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co.

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that time, and to the vicissitudes of the freakish sect which Anna van Schurman joined. The character, motives, and teachings of de Labadie were impeached not only by the Jesuits, but by adherents of organized religions in all the countries in which his strange career was passed. But Anna was faithful to him, and her devoted biographer will suffer no word against his memory.

The book is strangely uninteresting. And the difficulty seems to lie with the subject rather than with the biographer. The learned Anna impresses us as a pious, priggish old maid, whose long-suppressed capacities for emotion were finally brought out under the spell of a fanatical preacher.

HEAVENLY HERETICS.
By L. P. Powell.

"Nothing," says Mr. Chesterton, "more strangely indicates an enormous and silent evil of modern society than the extraordinary use which is made nowadays of the word 'orthodox.' In former days the heretic was proud of not being a heretic. . . . All the tortures torn out of forgotten hells could not make him admit that he was heretical. But a few modern phrases have made him boast of it. He says, with a conscious laugh: 'I suppose I am very heretical,' and looks round for applause." No better indication of this dangerous tendency could be found than the collocation made by a Protestant clergyman of the adjective "heavenly" with a noun that has been considered as an opprobrium in the whole history of the Christian Church.

Not that Rev. Mr. Powell himself is tremendously heretical. Of Methodist upbringing, he is now, it would seem, a Broad Church Episcopalian. He considers the separation of the Methodist denomination from the Anglican fold as "the greatest catastrophe in the last three centuries of the Christian Church"; and his line of thought might easily be pursued to the conclusion that the separations which took place in the century preceding the last three were a still greater catastrophe.

The book* consists of five lectures on leaders of religious thought, mainly in America. These are: Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, William Ellery Channing, Horace Bushnell, and Phillips Brooks. The treatment is in the platform manner, easy,

* *Heavenly Heretics.* By Lyman P. Powell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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current, descriptive. There is no very deep analysis of the theological questions involved. At times these questions are skimmed over with the offhand assuredness of a man who has not bothered his mind with deep study of the tomes of theological controversy. Popular lecturers should not know too much.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. The author, or rather compiler, of this volume* warns us that she has not attempted anything original in thought, and that she lays little claim even to originality of arrangement. It may be added that her work is not a harmony of the Gospels, such as that by Dr. Bruneau, S.S., but rather a sort of diatessaron, a reconstruction of the life of Christ from the words of all four Evangelists. Sometimes whole sections, such as the genealogies, are omitted. The result of her labors is the production of a very simple and easy narrative of our Lord's life. Questions might be raised here and there about the chronological order, etc., but scholarship can easily become meticulous in criticising a work intended for edification. The book is well printed, and there are a number of fine illustrations, reproductions of famous paintings of scenes in the life of Christ. Bishop Morris, of Little Rock, in a preface which he contributes, rightly looks upon these illustrations as incentives to Catholic children to read the text, and thus overcome a rather general defect in their religious knowledge.

A Life of Christ for Children (no author given) has been sent to us by Longmans, Green & Co. The children of to-day need not want for a life of Christ suited to their understanding, nor teachers for helps and directions that will make their path easier. If the number of these works, the ability and the zeal manifested in their production, be a sign of growing interest on the part of children and of teachers, we surely have a coming generation of vigorous Catholics. The present work tells in simple, chaste language the Gospel story of our Lord's life. The simplicity of its presentation and the smoothness of its telling will win the reader's attention and interest at once.

* *A Life of Christ Told in Words of the Gospel.* Arranged by Mary Lape Fogg. Boston: The Angel Guardian Press.

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THREE MODERN COMEDIES.

By giving us these plays in their present form, Professor Morrison has conferred a favor on the student of Spanish. They will be especially useful to those seeking a colloquial knowledge of the language, with its wealth of idiom and proverb. These are bright and breezy comedies,* which after some expurgation by the editor, are unexceptionable in tone, and well adapted for reading and acting by the advanced pupils in Spanish classes, and they offer to the general reader a pleasant change from the rhetorical and stilted style of so many contemporary Spanish authors. The humor of these farcical comedies is sometimes exaggerated, but it is never wearisome. The plays are accompanied by a good vocabulary, which saves reference to a dictionary, and profuse notes.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.
By Laura E. Richards.

This is a readable story† of the life of this great heroine of the battlefield. It is an account written for the young; feminine in its style and point of view, but none the worse for that. One point in the career of Florence Nightingale makes pleasant reading for Catholics. She was mainly indebted for her chance to carry out her benevolent plans in the Crimea to Lord Hubert of Lea, and no less to his wife, Lady Hubert of Lea, afterwards a convert to the Faith and the writer of many volumes, and still actively interested in every good work for faith and humanity.

THE REDEMPTION OF KENNETH GALT.

This novel‡ deals with the struggle between Kenneth Galt's ambition and his duty to repair the wrong he has done the woman he loves. Duty finally prevails. The characters are clear-cut and as human as one would wish to find them. Among the many good scenes may be mentioned Galt's first meeting with his own child, whom he does not know, and the gradual growth of affection of each for the other, until finally the father crushes his ambition in favor of his love for his own offspring.

* *Tres Comedias Modernas.* Edited by F. W. Morrison, M.A., U. S. Naval Academy. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

† *Florence Nightingale: a Story for Young People.* By Laura E. Richards. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ *The Redemption of Kenneth Galt.* A Novel. By Will N. Harben. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

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PASSERS-BY.

Like all well-written mystery stories Mr. Partridge's latest novel, *Passers-By*,* has the power to hold the reader's attention to the end. It is a readable story, which is more than one can say of the majority of gaily dressed novels that issue day after day from the press. The plot is a succession of startling incidents, and Mr. Partridge has provided lots of excitement for his readers.

Madame Cecilia continues to merit the gratitude of Catholics for presenting to them many helpful translations. However, the title of her latest translation, *Practical Devotion to the Sacred Heart*, is somewhat misleading. The book really deals with the way of meditation according to the Ignatian method. It is of real, practical value, and the author's name is the best recommendation for the thorough and scholarly treatment of the matter. The book is issued by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Father Eaton, who has given us a book of beautiful meditations on the Psalms, publishes, through B. Herder, *Night Thoughts for the Sick*. Father Eaton is always sympathetic, always encouraging and consoling. His words will lighten the burden of many hearts and will do much to ease the pain of those who suffer, either mentally or physically. It is a very small volume, but it is a precious one.

Songs from the Operas for Alto, edited by H. E. Krehbiel, is published by Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. The selections, twenty-nine in number, cover practically the whole period of operatic composition from Lully to Gounod and Verdi. The songs are translated into English.

Piano Compositions, 2 vols., Beethoven, edited by d'Albert, come from the same pubiishers. The contents of the two volumes comprise the masterpieces of Beethoven's piano music annotated and fingered by one of the foremost Beethoven players. The sonatas include the famous "Pathetique," "Moonlight," "Waldstein," and "Appassionata."

* *Passers-By*. By Anthony Partridge. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

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A very handy and most useful book for priests is the *Clericus Devotus*,* just published by B. Herder, of St. Louis. The volume contains prayers for private devotion; selections from the Roman ritual most commonly used, and short meditations from the medieval writers on the matter of the ritual. The book is so small that it will conveniently fit the vest pocket. Clerics will find it a blessed companion. The exhortation of Pius X. to the clerics of the world is reprinted at the end of the volume.

This *Book of Easter* is a companion to *The Book of Christmas*, both published by The Macmillan Company. The present volume is divided into three parts: "Before the Dawn"; "Easter Day"; and "Easter Hymns." The preface is written by the Episcopal Bishop of Albany. The book contains numerous illustrations, most of which are reprints from famous paintings; and all of which, save one, are appropriate. It is a pleasure to see that the preface emphatically states, against the scoffing critics of the day, the real resurrection of our Lord.

The selections are, as a rule, made with excellent literary taste; but if one were to seek from them the waters of truth he would, at times, be confounded as to what is refreshing and what is poisonous. He might ask "What is truth?" and perhaps die of thirst, as he debated the various statements made here as to what Christianity is. But, taking the book in a less serious way, we may say that it has many pleasing and edifying selections. Yet even from the purely literary point of view we think it will be somewhat of a disappointment to many to see selections omitted which surely should have been included; and to notice that spring and not Easter has at times determined the choice of the compiler.

Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, have published, under the editorship of Henry Cabot Lodge, a series in ten small volumes of *The Best of the World's Classics*. Selections from the works of two hundred and twenty authors are here presented in very handy form. Senator Lodge has endeavored to cover the whole world of literature—ancient and modern, domestic and foreign. The work is arranged by countries, and as a rule good judgment is shown.

* *Clericus Devotus. Ad Usum Sacerdotum ac Clericorum.* St. Louis: B. Herder.

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*With Christ in Palestine** is a small volume of four addresses from the pen of A. T. Schofield, M.D. The book is tastefully presented and includes attractive illustrations of places in Palestine. But Dr. Schofield makes the Holy Land a stage on which he preaches. His preaching we cannot praise, but must with regret condemn; for while laudable in its aims it is most pernicious in its methods and its results, since it makes religion a futile thing of the emotions and strips revealed, objective truth of all value.

THE DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY.

M. Albert Dufourcq, the author of the present work,† is a professor at the University of Bordeaux, and one of the most distinguished of French Catholic *savants* of our day in the field of early Church history, patrology, and archæology. His previous works on the *Gesta Martyrum*, in six volumes, some of which were "crowned" by the French Academy; his two volumes on St. Irenaeus, one in the collection *La Pensée Chrétienne*, the other in the collection *Les Saints;* his *Passionaire Occidentale au VII. Siécle*, have already placed him in the front rank among Catholic Church historians.

The volume before us is the fourth of the first part of a large work, to be completed in eight volumes, having for general title *L'Avenir du Christianisme*. It is the third edition, entirely rewritten and much enlarged, of a work which was originally published some five years ago, and which immediately attracted the attention of scholars and apologists. In the previous volumes in this series the author has given a comparative history of the pagan religions and Judaism down to the age of Alexander the Great, and also the history of the foundation of the Church and its progress down to the third century. The fourth and fifth volumes bring the history down to the eleventh century.

The volume at hand, the fourth of the series, deals especially with the relations between Christianity and the Empire. It is divided into three long chapters of about equal length.

* *With Christ in Palestine.* By A. T. Schofield, M.D. New York: R. F. Fenno Company.

† *L'Avenir du Christianisme.* Par Albert Dufourcq. Première partie: *Le Passé Chrétien.* Vol. IV. *Histoire de l'Église du III.e au XI.e Siécle.* Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.

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In the first the author discusses the relations between the Church and the Empire in the Mediterranean countries, the cruel persecutions under Septimius Severus, Valerean, and Decius, the Church in North Africa, the "Peace of the Church" in the fourth century under Constantine and his successors, and the development of the constitution and inner life of the Church. The second chapter deals with the development of Christian dogma, the various theological and exegetical schools, and the great Christian writers of the period. In the third chapter the author discusses the relations between the Church and the Byzantine Empire, that dismal tale of jealousies, intrigues, quarrels, and treaties, which finally ended in open rupture and the sundering of Eastern and Western Christianity.

What impresses every reader of Dr. Dufourcq's work is the astounding erudition displayed not merely in the body of the work, but in the array of critical notes and bibliographical references. His grasp of the data is masterful, and his criticism unprejudiced and serene. There is a sanity and a sureness about his historical inferences that gives confidence in the justness of his conclusions. The conclusions themselves are in harmony with the positions of Catholic orthodoxy.

ORIENTAL RELIGIONS.

M. Alfred Roussel is professor of Sanskrit in the Catholic University of Fribourg, Switzerland. During the past two years he has lectured on the Vedic religion at his own University, and also at the Catholic Institute in Paris. These lectures are now given to the public in book form. The work* is not one of research, but rather aims to present the general results of study in this field for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with them. M. Roussel depends largely on the work of Oldenberg, as indeed do most writers on this and kindred topics. His main aim is to give a clear exposition of the religion, though at times he pauses to compare or contrast it with Christian beliefs. There is a demand at present for works such as this on account of the rise of the study of Comparative Religions, a science which gives promise of holding the central place in theological studies during the coming generation.

* *Religions Orientales: La Religion Védique.* Par Alfred Roussel. Paris: Pierre Téqui.

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In Honor of the Holy Eucharist, by Abbé Carré (*Pour l'Eucharistie.* Par l'Abbé A. Carré. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie.) is a small, unpretentious volume, but eloquent of deep, simple piety. Here and there we recognize the touch of the poet inspired by his wondrous theme. It suggests many thoughts and reflections useful for meditations.

This *History of St. Francis Borgia* (*Histoire de Saint François de Borgia.* Par Pierre Suau, S.J. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie.) is the result of researches extending over many years through precious, unedited works. St. Francis Borgia, because of his very name and family, his intimacy with Charles Fifth, his life as courtier and statesman, the tragic events in which he participated, his unquestionable sanctity and zeal, captivates attention. The rich resources at the command of the author has enabled him to reconstruct this intensely interesting life and paint it in most striking colors. The book ranks among the best works of hagiology.

The Book of the Little Ones (*Le Pain des Petits, Explication Dialoguée du Catéchism.* 2 volumes. Par l'Abbé E. Duplessy. Paris: P. Téqui) is an illustrated development of the Catechism, presented, as the title indicates, in the novel form of dialogue and dedicated to the lady catechists of France. Written to interest children in the serious truths of religion, it is worthy of special recommendation to teachers, to whom it cannot fail to suggest useful and attractive methods of instruction. Its first volume treats of the Apostles' Creed, and the second of the Commandments, and in both the comparisons, etymologies, and anecdotes seem well calculated to dilute agreeably for young minds the strong food of doctrine, thus fulfilling its happy mission of breaking bread to little ones.

A small volume, entitled *Some Features of the Moral Physiognomy of Jesus*, by Maurice Meschler, S.J. (Paris: G. Beauchesne et Cie.) treats of our Lord's ascetic teachings, His pedagogy, His relations with men in general, and His preaching from a didactic and oratorical point of view.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (12 Feb.): "The Archbishop of Canterbury Explains" the position of the Established Church in the face of the recent judicial decisions in regard to marriages with a deceased wife's sister.——"A Catholic Congress." Under the Presidency of the Archbishop of Westminster a permanent committee has been formed to arrange for a National Catholic Congress. According to present indications it will be held, this year, in Leeds.——"A Programme for Spanish Catholics." Cardinal Aquirre's programme of Catholic federation and action for the Catholics of Spain.——From our Roman Correspondent: It is rumored that Cardinal Gasparri will be nominated to succeed the late Cardinal Satolli as Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. It is probable that the Consistory will be held in March and that a considerable number of Cardinals will be created in it.

(19 Feb.): Editorial on "Mr. Asquith's Position" and the classic precedent for dealing with the Lords by the creation of new Peers.——"A Way Round to Monopoly" shows that M. Briand is losing no time in making good his threats against private schools in France.——"Was Old England Roman Catholic?" treats of the correspondence between Mr. Denton Cheney and the Anglican Bishop of Bristol.——"Consecration of Westminster Cathedral." Elaborate ceremonies arranged for this function in June next.——The Roman Correspondent notes a permanent report of the work done by the Holy Father in the Calabrian earthquake.——"Mystery, Miracle, and Morality Plays." A lecture by Mr. Bertram Puckle on those three types of dramatic representations.——"Catholics and a Reformed House of Lords." A reprint from *The Observer* discussing the advisability of allowing Churchmen of every creed to hold seats in the House of Lords.

(26 Feb.): "Is there a Crisis?" Editorial on the Political questions of England.——"Catholics and Administrative Pressure." The necessity of a continual struggle for the protection of the Catholic schools.——"Incense." An article by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., in

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reference to the dispute on the use of incense in the worship of the Church of England.——"The Salesians and their Superior." The Roman Correspondent gives a report of the demonstration in memory of Giordano Bruno and also an account of the lecture of Abbot Gasquet, on the "Revision of the Bible."——The "Catholic Union of Great Britain" is an account of the first half-yearly meeting of the Union and a statement of its views in regard to the Catholic Congress to be held later in the year.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Feb.): "The Rights and Privileges of Inferior Prelates," by the Rev. Patrick Morriscoe.——The Editor continues his discussion of "Maynooth in the British Parliament." In recent times the leading statesmen have adopted a different attitude towards the college, as was shown by the opposition which Maynooth interests encountered in the debates on Mr. Birrell's "University Bill."——Under "Parliamentary Ecclesiastical Legislation," Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., points out the extent to which present-day Anglican church-builders have departed from the ordinances of the Reformers concerning the architecture and decoration of churches.——"The Philosophy of Energy," a reply to Dr. McDonald, by Rev. P. Coffey.——In "Nationality and Religion," R. Barry O'Brien shows what a potent factor the "sentiment of nationality" was in deciding the outcome of the English Reformation. ——"Catholic Ideals in Education," an address delivered before the Catholic students of the Queens University, Belfast, by Rev. James P. Glenaghan.

Le Correspondant (10 Feb.): "Neutrality in the School." 1. "The Text-Books," by Mgr. Mignot, who claims that "the books given to children of from 8 to 12 years of age are catechisms of naturalism and agnosticism." "We do not demand the suppression of the public schools, . . . but what we do demand is that God be not treated as a negligible quantity and that our dogmas be respected." 2. E. Lecanuet ascribes "The Origin of Neutrality in the School," to the acquisition of power by the Republican Party in 1877.——"The Memoirs of General Bertrand," by Eugene de Bude.——"The

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Associations and Societies of Country People in Paris," by Comte Daru, deals with the important charitable organizations among the million and a half provincials in Paris.——"Frederick Chopin and His Work," by M. D. Calvocoressi.

(25 Feb.): René Vallery-Radot gives an account of the youth of the Duke of Numale.——In an article entitled "A Plot Against Fénelon," Henri Bremond maintains that one of the Bishop's greatest foes was the convent of Port Royal.——The various benefits granted by *Les Association et Sociétés de Provinciaux à Paris*, by way of insurance and sick and accident benefits, are described by the Count Daru.——Firmin Roz endeavors to follow the progress of American literature, to determine its exact relation with the national life, to point out its sources, and the exact period to which the various authors belong.——An anonymous correspondent writes on French Military Aeronautics.

Études (5 Feb.): Apropos of the recent Congress of Archæology, Jules Faiore indicates the work that was done, sums up the conclusions that were reached, and enumerates the benefits that resulted.——M. d'Aspremont describes the Christian social movement in Switzerland, and in particular the workings of the *Volksverein*, which is the centre of all social activity from a Catholic standpoint.——"A Baptism at Lyons in 1654," by Theodore Malley.

(20 Feb.): Raoul Plus describes how St. Francis de Sales directed the beautiful but austere soul of Angélique Arnauld.——André Bremond contributes a number of antique epigrams.——Recently a few writers have been attacking Loriquet, the Jesuit historian of France. In this issue Pierre Bliard joins issue with them.——The Christian social organizatian of Switzerland is described by M. d'Aspremont.

La Revue du Monde (15 Feb.): In an appendix to his "Conferences" on the French clergy, M. Sicard deals with the clergy of the second order. The French clergy, he declares, are second to none in zeal, yet, as educators and instructors, there is a lack of knowledge resulting from the absence of stimulus in clerical studies.

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——"Catholic Liberalism," says R. P. At, was begotten of the fusion of Catholicism and Liberalism. He defines it as the art of being heretical, while at the same time enjoying all the merit and glory of orthodoxy.

(22 Feb.): "A small Corner of Holland," by Yves d'Aubières.——"Around the World," political and literary essays, by Arthur Savaète.——"The Feminist Movement" in Court, by Juste Niemand.——Acquitting MM. Joran and Savaète of all the minor charges, the court warned them to "be careful, that in the book incriminated, there appear naught to justify the charge of immorality."

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Feb.): H. Lesêtre closes his discussion of the "Biblical Commission."——S. Cl. Fillion continues his history of "The Stages of Rationalism in Its Attacks Against the Gospels and the Life of Jesus Christ," and treats of the "Eclectic" school, embracing nearly all modern rationalistic biblical scholars.——E. Bourgine discusses the question: "Has the Catholic Religion any Influence Regarding Suicide?"——A. Boudinhon writes of "The Recent Acts of the Holy See."——J. Aicard sketches briefly the life and works of François Coppée.

(15 Feb.): A. Villien, continuing his history of "The Discipline of the Sacraments," concludes his account of the ceremonies of baptism.——J. Riviére brings to a close his essay on the theological principles of St. Augustine "Concerning the Harmony of the Evangelists."——In the "Chronicle of the Theological Movement in France" F. Dubois reviews the following: "A Commentary on St. Thomas' *Summa Theologica*," by R. P. Thomas Pegués, O.P.; "Duns Scotus and the Catholic Law of Thought at the University of Paris," by R. P. Deodat-Marie de Basly; "The Adoptive Maternity of the Most Holy Virgin," by Augustin Sargent.——A. Giraud begins a "Chronicle of the Greco-Slavic Churches." He gives particular attention to the churches of Constantinople and Russia.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Feb.): J. Guibert, in an article entitled "Purity—Is It Useful?" shows that impurity is inimical alike to the physical, intellectual, and moral

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well-being of the individual himself and to society in general.——"The Right of Parents and Some Historical Objections," by N. Prunel.

(15 Feb.): "The Educative Value of the Religious Sentiment," by Ph. Ponsard.——The war upon the religious idea in education is declared to be unjust, not alone from the moralist's standpoint, but also in view of the scientific conclusions of leading psychologists.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Feb.) Continuation of "The 'Social Week' of Bordeaux," by Testis.——H. Bremond this month considers "The Duplicity of Fénelon." M. Tronson had called Fénelon's letters to Bossuet and his subsequent action by the suggestive phrase "sincérités successives," and M. Bremond endeavors to answer this and other charges of duplicity.——M. Cavêne, author of *The Celebrated Miracle of St. Januarius at Naples*, objects to the spirit of raillery in which M. J. B. reviewed the book in a previous issue.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclesiastiques et La Science Catholique (Feb.): "The Divine Inspiration of the Book of Job," by Canon Chauvin. The writer endeavors to explain some of the difficulties connected with the divine inspiration of the said book, especially the passages of the three friends, and cites numerous quotations from authoritative authors, *pro* and *con*.——"The Laws of Nature," by Canon Gombault.——"God, Evil, and Man," by Rev. le Guichasua, treats of the supreme goodness of God in promising a Redeemer; of the evil of disobedience and the punishment to follow.——"The Relations Between the Church and State," by Rev. J. B. Verdier.——"Studies on Sacred Botany," by Rev. E. Noffray.——"The Struggle for Existence," by Rev. Paul Michel, describes the struggle for existence and how Divine Providence has endowed all animals with certain powers for defence.

Revue Thomiste (Jan.–Feb.): R. P. Perret, writing on the "Authority of the Church and Liberty of Exegesis," distinguishes between the historical and integral senses of Holy Scripture. By historical is meant that sense yielded by the natural and obvious meaning of the terms; and by integral, the sense intended by God and

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hidden under the form of the letter.——H. Egerton, an Anglican, discusses "The Religious and Philosophic Movement of the High Church." Its starting point was Romanticism, which created a new religious consciousness and placed religious thought on a new basis; its work and development are, as yet, incomplete.——"The Mystery of Redemption," the second of a series of papers, by R. P. Hugon, undertakes to prove that the theory of vicarious satisfaction is supported by Scripture, and proper to historical Christianity; the modern theories of French and German liberal theologians rest on unwarranted presumptions.——R. P. Mandonnet continues his examination of the Authentic Writings of St. Thomas. Six works, classified in the older catalogues with the writings of St. Thomas, but omitted from the official catalogue, are shown to have a strong claim to authenticity.

La Civilta Cattolica (March) "Halley's Comet and Pope Calixtus III.," reviews a work by Father Stein, S.J., wherein it is claimed that the bull of June 29, 1546, ordering prayers for the success of the Crusade, is the only foundation for the assertion that prayers were commanded because an approaching comet signified disaster. There is no mention of a comet in this bull.——"The Propagation of Modernism in Italy," draws attention to the various forms of modernistic literature which are being widely disseminated throughout the cities of Italy, and sounds a note of warning.——"Father Joseph Marchi, S.J." This article briefly sketches the life and works of one who has been called the "Father of Christian Archæology."——"The Expiatory Sacrifice According to Theosophy," is continued.——Under the direction of the learned Father A. d'Ales, of the Catholic Institute of Paris, the first edition of the *Dictionnaire Apologétique da la Foi Catholique* has been completed. This is very similar in its scope to our American *Catholic Encyclopedia.*

La Scuola Cattolica (Feb.): "The Holy House of Loretto." A. Monté endeavors to disprove Chevalier's statement "that the Blessed Virgin's house in Nazareth had been destroyed before the period (1291) assigned to its first translation."——G. Poletto asks and answers the ques-

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tion "Why Dante is Cosmopolitan?"——An historical and critical study of "The Moral System of St. Alphonsus de Liquori" is given by S. Mondino. He treats of the origin and development of Probabilism before St. Alphonsus' time by way of introduction.——C. Gaffuri writes on the "New Discoveries Concerning Primitive Man." These discoveries are further proofs "that the most ancient inhabitants of western Europe were real men and not representatives of a form intermediate between the animal and actual man."——Father Gigot's book, *Outlines of New Testament History*, has been translated into Italian under the title *Compendio di Storia del Nuovo Testamento.* It is reviewed in this number.

España y América (1 Feb.): P. M. Estébanez concludes his "Political Crisis in England," with further reflections on the socialistic and revolutionary features of Lloyd-George's budget.——"Last Year's Biological Progress" in the study of heredity and the protozoa, with a description of the Darwin and Lamarck celebrations, by P. A. J. Barreiro.——"A Chapter in Historical Criticism," by P. P. Rodríguez, deals mainly with the Council of Elvira A. D. 300 and its canons.——M. de Sabuz contributes a "Description of the Province and City of Mompós," beginning with its physical geography.——"Theological Modernism and Traditional Theology," by P. S. García, gives the Catholic doctrine and defence of the Holy Eucharist.——"Expedition of Jiménez de Quesada to El Dorado," in 1537, by P. M. Rodríguez H., is concluded.

(15 Feb.): P. B. Martínez, continuing his articles on "Race-Suicide," attributes the low birth-rate in most French provinces to godless education.——"The Modern Biblical Critic," by Anacleto Oregón, discusses the working principles of advanced scriptural students.——"The Botanical Expedition of Mutes," to Granada, is described by P. L. M. Unamuno.——P. Aurelio Martinez considers Balmes' statement, in his "Letters to a Skeptic," that one is not bound to believe anything definite regarding hell, except its eternity.

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Current Events.

France.

The ordeal to which France has been subjected by the long-continued floods, due to the oft-repeated rises of the Seine and its tributaries, as well to the overflow of the rivers in other parts, has had the good effect of eliciting sympathy and substantial help from all parts of the world, and of showing that suffering is one of the touches of nature which makes all the world kin. The measures of relief taken by the government, with the co-operation of the banks, manifest also the existence of a generous willingness to come to the relief of the numerous sufferers, not too often shown by those engaged in business. The Chamber of Deputies on the demand of the government voted some millions of francs for the relief of the most urgent necessities. The Minister of Finance has prepared a credit scheme for the reconstruction of damaged buildings and the reclamation of cultivated land. This scheme proposes the grant of loans free of interest, repayable within five years, to storekeepers and tradesmen. Small farmers and proprietors are to share in the benefits. The Bank of France and other banks are being called upon to cooperate in raising no less a sum than eighty millions of francs free of interest, and the readiness with which they have responded in a profitless undertaking furnishes good evidence of their desire to benefit the public. The sanitary measures taken to avoid epidemics of disease have been so successful that Paris is said to be more healthy than it was before the floods took place. The services rendered by the troops in the relief of suffering called forth a special order of thanks. A National Commission has been appointed to inquire into the causes of the floods, and to consider ways and means for the prevention of similar disasters, and for the mitigation of their effects. At the head of this Commission has been placed the eminent engineer, M. Alfred Picard, the former Minister of Marine.

Yet another project has been presented to the Chamber for the reorganization of the Navy. Twenty-eight battleships are to be built, with cruisers, destroyers, and other vessels to correspond. Adequate supplies are to be provided and no corruption allowed. The work is to be completed by 1919. The plan is considered moderate in its scope and is, in fact, more

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moderate than its immediate predecessor. The necessity of carrying it out is recognized if France is to continue to be numbered among naval powers.

One of the two Bills announced by the government for the readjustment of education has been introduced into the Chamber. It deals with primary instruction in private schools. It gives the power to State school inspectors to demand copies of all text-books, reading-books, and prize-books used in private schools; and to the Minister of Education the power to prohibit their use. A headmaster of a private school must in future have a State certificate of fitness, and in order to be authorized to open such a school he must give a detailed statement of his career since the age of twenty, declare that he is not a member of a religious order, furnish a programme of the subjects proposed to teach, his class organization, a list of his staff, and an account of their careers. In other ways State control is made more stringent. Such is liberty as it is understood in France.

Two recent events should make the French legislators hesitate before passing measures tending to weaken the strength of religious influences. The decline of the birth-rate has become so serious that the customary quotas for the maintenance of the strength of the army are not being supplied. If the present rate of decline continues for twenty years the effective military forces of the country will be diminished by at least 35,000. In consequence of this it is proposed to substitute black troops for the Frenchmen now serving in Algeria. Some of the Germans have given expression to their strong objection to being confronted by black battalions, and have expressed their determination not to tolerate such opponents. The Reporter of the Budget Committee hastened to disclaim any intention of bringing negroes for service in Europe.

The frauds of M. Duez form the second illustration of the result of suppressing the influence of religion. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the State which has itself been guilty of wholesale robbery should in its turn be the victim of similar misconduct. M. Duez was one of the principal liquidators of the property of the suppressed religious orders, and for a long time has been suspected of dishonesty. He evaded inquiry by various devices, but in the end has been compelled to confess to a long series of defalcations. The amount involved is at least two millions of dollars and may be more.

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A Committee of Investigation has been formed, at the head of which is M. Combes.

After several years of incubation the Old-Age Pensions Bill has at last been passed by the Senate, and it may now with some degree of confidence be expected to become law before the General Election. It will affect some seventeen millions of Frenchmen and women. All wage-earners, with the exception of railway servants, minors, and some of the seafaring population, come under the Bill, as well as the more needy small landowners, tenant-farmers, and farm laborers. Obligatory contributions are required on the part of each beneficiary. The State also contributes a portion, as well as the employer. As a rule contributions must have been made for thirty years, and the lowest age at which the pension begins is 65. The amount of the annual pension will, under the most favorable circumstances, be about eighty dollars a year. With the frugal habits of the French this will not be a despicable sum. Quite a novel principle has been adopted in the Chamber in raising the money for paying these pensions. The funds raised by the taxation of the rich as an inheritance tax is to be specially devoted for the payment of the pensions of the poor.

The foreign relations of France remain unchanged. Germany has given good proof of her fidelity in the observance of the Morocco agreement; for Mulai Hafid has at last accepted the terms of settlement demanded by France, a thing he would not have done could he have found support elsewhere. A loan is to be issued for the payment of creditors, and for compensation for injuries done to foreigners.

Germany.

"Take ten men and shut the Reichstag," a Conservative member of that body, Herr von Oldenburg, declared to be the right if not the duty of the King of Prussia and German Emperor. This utterance naturally excited a great commotion, the more so as it was received with applause from the Conservative benches and as the speaker is a highly respected member of the Conservative party, more honest perhaps than the rest, as he is said to be in the habit of blurting out things which others keep to themselves. How many others are keeping to themselves the sentiment thus openly expressed we are, from the nature of the case, unable to say. That Herr von Oldenburg was not called to order for

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this public slight in the Reichstag, or requested to withdraw from the house by the presiding officer, showed that the latter was not altogether out of sympathy with the speaker. It is not generally believed, however, that it is the intention of the Emperor to carry out the speaker's wish. The spokesman of the Catholic party expressed his party's strong condemnation.

The attitude of the Emperor towards the possession of real power by the country as a whole is better seen in the proposals for the reform of the Prussian Franchise laid before the Diet by the Chancellor. As at present constituted the house represents almost exclusively the propertied classes. The suffrage is almost fantastic—a studied effort not to do what it professes to do. Efforts have been made for many years to effect a change, and some time ago a promise was made by the government that it would bring in a bill for the purpose. The bill has at last been brought in, and has proved a great disappointment to the advocates of a real representation of the people. The plutocratic character of the existing franchise is indeed somewhat modified, education, professional experience, meritorious activity in public life have been recognized to possess a claim to exert political influence, but the worst features of the old way have been retained—the three-class system and open voting. To go into further details the space at our disposal does not permit, although it would be interesting to see how loathe are those who vouchsafe to rule the Germans to place their confidence in the German people.

The bill was introduced into the Diet by the Chancellor in a speech which has been criticized almost as severely as the Bill itself. Germany was declared to be a century behind England in political education and culture. Prussia was the leading state of Germany, and must remain strong. It would become weak and a source of weakness if power were taken out of the hands of the Conservatives and given to the people at large. Austria is not generally considered to be the home of democratic ideas, but the speech of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg met with severe condemnation in the press of that city. The views of the Chancellor were declared to be obsolete in point of time, fallacious as arguments, and infelicitous if not dangerous as contributions to current political thought.

The place claimed by the Chancellor for Prussia in the German Empire as the predominant and formative power is re-

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sented by the other States and is considered as an evidence of a strong particularist tendency on the part of Prussian statesmen, and as the indication of the existence of an atmosphere in influential Prussian quarters that bodes no good to the German Empire. The bill has been referred to a Committee, which has made several changes. In what form it will pass is uncertain. Dissatisfaction has been expressed by meetings in various parts of the kingdom, and at some of these meetings blood has been shed. A "franchise walk" was arranged in Berlin, meetings having been prohibited, in which a vast multitude took part, and which was as well ordered as any military display could have been. According to the *Kreus Zeitung* it has opened the eyes of all who love peace and order to the capabilities of a strong army trained in revolution by its masters. "The Socialist commanders have only to give a signal and the masses form up under their company leaders, asking neither whither they are to go nor why, but obeying silently." All the elections which have taken place of late show an increase of the Socialist vote.

The loans which are now raised annually have already been issued and on somewhat more rigorous conditions. For the Empire and for Prussia they amount to about one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The foreign relations, so far as can be seen, remain unchanged. The visit of Count Aehrenthal is looked upon as a solemn reaffirmation of the close friendship of Germany and Austria-Hungry. Benevolent interest is felt, so it is said, in the attempt now being made to bring about good relations between the Dual Monarchy and Russia. A good sign of the better spirit which now animates the German foreign office is the disapproval felt by the Pan-Germans. The managing Committee of this League declares that serious anxiety is felt by the greater part of the press, and by the majority of the citizens of the Empire about its foreign policy. German interests it is declared are being neglected.

Austria-Hungary. The long-promised Constitution for the annexed provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, has at length been promulgated, but, as it is necessary that it should be ratified by the Hungarian Parliament, and affairs in Hungary are still in their wonted state of suspended animation, when it will come into force is not clear. The Constitution seems somewhat com-

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plicated on account of the variegated nationalities of the inhabitants. The statutes, however, on the whole are conceived in a liberal spirit. The main provisions of the Austrian Constitution are to be extended to the annexed province with regard to equality before the law, freedom of personal movement, the protection of individual liberty, the independence of judges, freedom of conscience, autonomy of recognized religious communities, the right of free expression of opinion, the abolition of preventive censorship, the freedom of scientific investigation, secrecy of postal and telegraphic communications, and the rights of association and public meeting. The Diet is to consist of 72 elected and 20 *ex-officio* members, 15 of the latter being dignitaries of the Mussulman, Serb, Orthodox, and Catholic Croat religious communities. The 72 elective seats are allotted according to religious denomination, the Serbs receiving 31, the Mussulmans 24, and the Catholic Croats 16. One seat is reserved for a representative of the Jews. The seats are divided into categories; and here complications set in. The franchise is universal on certain conditions being fulfilled, and, in the first category, women possess the franchise, but must exercise it by male deputy. From the legislative competence of the Diet all joint Austro-Hungarian affairs, and questions appertaining to the armed forces and the Customs arrangements are excluded. In all other matters the Diet has a free hand. But, and this is a far-reaching restriction, government matters submitted to the Diet require the previous sanction of the Austrian and Hungarian Cabinets. The assent of the two Cabinets is also necessary before Bills passed by the Diet can receive the sanction of the Crown.

By the death of Dr. Lueger Austria has lost one of its great men and a powerful instrument in the formation of opinion and the management of politics. Next to the Emperor he was the most popular man in Austria. Since 1897 he has been Burgomaster, and was the founder, in 1882, of a party of which the programme was in his words: "War against international capitalism as organized by the Jews, to whom it gives incomparable power over the people; and, in communal affairs, the abolition of the cumulative offices which permit individuals to manage public business for their private advantage." Under the name of the Christian Socialist party this association wielded a great and a purifying influence in Vienna and throughout the country.

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Attempts are being made in Hungary to inaugurate a new, and it is to be hoped, a better era in political affairs. An influential appeal has been issued calling upon all who have the country's good at heart to unite together in order to restore the harmony between the King and the nation which has been lost under the Coalition *régime*, a policy of productive work and practical aims are declared to be the immediate necessities of the country, which is therefore called "The National Party of Work." Count Stephen Tisza, who retired some little time ago from active political life, has come forward in support of the new movement and of the government of Count Khuen Hedervary. It will be supported, too, by many members of the party once lead by Count Julius Andrassy. Hence there is a prospect of good results. Baron Rauch, the would-be absolute Ban, who has caused so much trouble in Croatia, has been superseded. Count Aehrenthal still retains office as Foreign Minister, but his errors of calculation are being widely criticized. The negotiations with Russia seem to be near completion.

Russia.

On the surface Russia seems to be getting into a state of stable equilibrium. The extreme forces on either side are, doubtless, working behind the scenes for their own ends; but for the time being they make no sign of disturbing the tranquillity of the public. For the first time for twenty-two years the Budget shows no deficit, and for the very first time all the estimates have been laid before the *Duma* for general debate. The principle of parliamentary control of the Empire's finance has received this degree of recognition: although its power to pass measures into law is too frequently thwarted by the Upper House or by the Council of State.

The visit of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who in Russia is styled the Tsar of the Bulgars, might give rise to the suspicion that the government was contemplating action in the Balkans, on behalf of the Slavs, were it not for the negotiations which for some time have been going on with Austria-Hungary, with a view to the removing of the misunderstandings which have arisen; and for the formulation of a common policy on the part of the two Empires. These negotiations seem to be on the point of coming to a conclusion, and it is expected that, as we have said before, the maintenance of the resent arrangements will be secured. Peace, nothing but

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peace, is on the lips of all the potentates, statesmen, and politicians of Europe; what is in their hearts is not so well known. The measures which they promote, the ever-increasing armaments, make it hard to believe that the utterance of the lips manifest the purposes of the heart.

A deputation of the French Parliament has also been paying a visit to Russia, in order especially to show its sympathy with the Russian Parliament. By the Tsar it was received with the utmost cordiality. The address he made to the members of the deputation produced a profound impression, and is looked upon as a spontaneous recognition of the relationship between the representative institutions of the two countries, and of his determination to support the parliamentary *régime* in his own country, in which it still has many enemies and would-be destroyers. This conduct of his Majesty either springs from or accounts for the measure of popularity which he now enjoys. For years past his every step had to be guarded; now he is able to drive about for hours in St. Petersburg without an escort. Strange to say, the French visitors were not welcomed by all the parties of the *Duma*, the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left were united in resolving to take no part in the reception. But by the general sense of the Russian public, the visit is looked upon as a new ratification of the Franco-Russian alliance.

The *Duma*, like all the Parliaments of the continent of Europe, is made up of a multiplicity of parties, or rather groups. To counteract this tendency, which conduces to weakness and inefficiency, three of these groups, the Extreme Right, Moderate Right, and Nationalist, have formed a coalition to be called the Pan-Russian Union. It comprises more than a third of the *Duma*, and will in all likelihood be able to control legislation. The object of this coalition is not quite plain, and what will be its result is still less clear. It may supersede the Octobrists as a ministerial party, the latter not having proved themselves of late so reliable as the government wished. Fears are expressed that it may be used to promote a return to the old order.

Greece.

The necessity of having recourse to the military in order to effect reforms in both Turkey and Greece shows to how low a depth these two states had fallen, the former under the rule of an absolute despot, the latter under

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the almost uncontrolled power of the people. For Greece is in the enjoyment of a Constitution, with a King who has scrupulously acted according to its provisions; and as there is no Second Chamber to revise the decisions of the house elected directly by the people, no restrictions have been placed upon its will except those of the Constitution, itself the creation of the people. And yet the result has been that in face of the great opportunity offered by the recent crisis in Turkey, Greece has found itself reduced to such impotence as to be utterly unable to take advantage of it, and has had moreover, to take with meekness the affronts offered to it by the Turkish government.

The annexation of Crete has been a matter of more or less acute agitation ever since the independence of Greece was effected. Its inhabitants are all Greeks, even the Mussulmans, for these represent the Christians who abandoned the faith on the conquest of the island. Under the present arrangements Greece is practically independent of Turkey, the only sign of the Sultan's sovereignty being one solitary flag hoisted at Canea. It is under the protection of Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy; its highest ruler is a commissioner nominated by the King of Greece; it has its own Assembly, with the power of making laws. If independence would satisfy, the Cretans ought to be satisfied; independence, however, is not their supreme desire, but union with Greece. This union they declared on the 8th of October, 1908, on the occasion of the annexation of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and of Bulgaria's declaration of independence, and ever since the laws have been made and the country administered in the name of the King of Greece. The Powers protecting Crete refused, however, to recognize the annexation. This they did out of sympathy with the Young Turks; but it is generally believed that a promise was given both to the King of Greece and to the Cretans that, in a short time, the annexation would be recognized. In making this promise, however, the Powers reckoned without the Young Turks. By no means would they listen to any such recognition. It was contrary to the whole spirit of their movement. Their aims were the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman dominions. In fact, some of the more enthusiastic declare that it is the aim of the new order to regain parts of the Empire which have been lost—Egypt, Tunis, even Algeria. In view of the

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resolute attitude taken by Turkey, its government, and its people, and with the object of averting the war against Greece which Turkey was anxious to declare, the Powers have not only not fulfilled their promise of recognizing the annexation, but have intimated to the Cretans that should they do as they have threatened, and elect members to the Greek Assembly, strong measures will be taken: that is to say, the reoccupation of the island.

It is not surprising, in view of these events, in view of the successful declaration of independence made by their hated rivals the Bulgarians, and especially in view of their own inability to accept the proffered union with Crete, that the Greeks should have asked themselves whether there was a remedy for their impotence, how it had arisen, and how it was to be cured. Politicians and party leaders could not find any means of salvation. In fact, it was they that were the cause of the disease. It is not said that they were grossly corrupt in the way in which we are acquainted with corruption. But they are in the unfortunate position of being somewhat small men who look upon themselves as the heirs of a great name. Alexander was a Greek, the Byzantine Empire was Greek; modern Greeks must, therefore, emulate their predecessors and recover the position and place in the world held by them. This fantastic ideal has prevented them from attaining decent efficiency in the sphere allotted to them and rendered it necessary for them to submit to the insults of the weakest power in Europe. The call to reform was serious and has made the politicians for the past six months submit to the dictation of the Military League. After passing no end of laws, the climax was reached when the League demanded the convocation of a National Assembly to revise the Constitution and demanded that this should be done in a manner not sanctioned by the existing Constitution. The King at first resisted this, but afterwards, as the less of two evils, he has acquiesced. As soon as the King's proclamation is issued calling together the National Assembly the League has promised to dissolve itself. The people have for some time been getting restive. Military rule, although it was tolerable for a time when things were very bad, has become unbearable. Dissensions, too, were breaking out within its own ranks.

Although a National Assembly is to be called, hopes are entertained, promises, indeed, have been made, that it will not

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proceed to an entire reconstitution of established institutions. A programme has been drawn up of the changes to be made. The fundamental features of the Constitution, including the privileges of the Crown, are to remain untouched, but a very large number of changes are proposed in the composition and rules of the Chamber, the mode of election of Deputies, and other matters. Among those is the proposal to restore the Council of State. This was voted by the last National Assembly, but, in its zeal for the uncontrolled rule of the people, abolished by the Chamber. The need of it has now been demonstrated. Military and naval officers are to be disqualified. Soldiers on service are not to be allowed even to vote. The security of their tenure of office by public officials is to be made greater.

These are some of the proposals that are thought to be necessary in order to restore to respectable efficiency one of the most democratic of States. It is another instance of the old lesson that no form of government of itself secures the well-being of the state, and that even self-government may not succeed. It is to be borne in mind, however, that ill-success in such cases is not so pernicious as that of the loathesome absolutism to which Turkey has for so long been subjected.

Turkey.

It is still uncertain whether the Ottoman Empire will emerge from the degradation in which it has been so long involved. Those who at first were very hopeful are beginning to have their doubts. The measure of freedom to which it has attained is due to the army, and although it has completed its work it is unwilling to relinquish control. The equality which was proclaimed of all the various races over whom the Turk has dominated for so long has been violated by the Young Turks. Instead of being willing to live on equal terms with these races, they have been endeavoring to turn them all into Ottomans and to abolish some of the privileges which they have enjoyed ever since they were conquered. One of those was the use by each race of its own language. One of the first things the Young Turks tried to do was to establish schools in which the learning of the Turkish language should be obligatory. Moreover, what may be called a crusade against the Bulgarians who dwell in Macedonia has been undertaken, and that illegally. Under the pre-

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text of acting against brigands, political meetings have been suppressed, and not a few Bulgarians executed. These provocations have gone so far that the army of King Ferdinand has been mobilized, and it is possible that war may break out at any time. For the Bulgarians are eager to try conclusions with Turkey, feeling as confident of success in a war with their former oppressors as the latter do in a war with Greece. The Bulgarians wish, too, that the war may come at once, for, as the Germans have undertaken to reorganize the Turkish Army, its efficiency will every day become greater. The Powers, however, seem to be doing all they can for the preservation of peace. The visit which King Ferdinand has paid to the Tsar made it clear to him that this was the wish of Russia. The long-talked-of *rapprochement* of the latter power with Austria is said to be based upon the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkans, and on the renunciation, on the part of the two Powers, of any ambitious desire for aggrandizement in that region. It is said that the two Powers are ready to foster a confederation of the Balkan States, at the head of which Turkey would be placed. But it is well to be cautious and not to believe too much that comes from official sources. It is, however, still permissible to hope for the best. The title of the present Sultan to his throne is constitutional. It is to constitutional authority that he owes all that he has. If the Young Turks can be brought in their turn to respect the same authority and to fulfill their first promise of securing equality and freedom for all Ottoman subjects—Mussulman, Catholic, Jew, Greek, and Armenian, nay, even for the Kurds—the vast expanse covered by the Ottoman Empire may even yet be restored to civilization. Signs are not wanting that this course will be resumed.

Like almost every other country, financial difficulties place obstacles in the way of reform. Sometimes, it must be said, these difficulties stand in the way of their doing all the evil which otherwise they would attempt. Turkey's difficulties of this kind have not, indeed, been removed, but somewhat diminished. The success of the loan which it issued some time ago was not great, but the deposed Sultan, Abdul Hamid, has turned over to the state the greater part of what he had extorted from his subjects during his reign. No less a sum than fifteen millions of Turkish pounds has been handed over. Of this sum five millions are to be devoted to the construction of a navy.

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Persia.

The first year of constitutional government in Persia is far advanced and no very remarkable improvement has taken place in the state of the country. Disturbances more or less serious have been taking place in various parts, by which all commerce is prevented. The government is powerless, because it has no money and is not able to raise any by taxation. The deposed Shah had had no time to form a hoard. In fact, his grandfather, by his extortions, had not left his successors the opportunity.

The Persians, while poor, are also proud, and for a time were strongly opposed to seeking foreign aid. But the necessity grew so urgent, that negotiations for a loan had to be opened with Russia and Great Britain. The two powers, however, would not consent except upon conditions which involved a certain control over the internal affairs of Persia—conditions which have proved unacceptable to leading members of the Cabinet, who have in consequence resigned. In this they are supported by a considerable party in the Mejliss. But, as there is no other means of securing the wherewithal, except by the sale of the Crown Jewels, it is thought that the opposition to the loan will not be successful. Meanwhile Russian troops still hold possession of several places, and although the number of these troops has been diminished the complete withdrawal does not seem to be contemplated in the immediate future. There is, in fact, a widespread distrust felt throughout Persia of Russia's intentions, nor are there wanting friends of Persia in Great Britain who share this distrust. This continued occupation is looked upon as the first step to ultimate absorption. Better things, however, are thought, or at least hoped, by the friends of the Russo-English *entente*. All that Russia has in view, these hold, is the maintenance of tranquillity on the northern border.

The Persian Parliament, which goes by the name of the Mejliss, is displaying great activity in various ways. It set to work at first to regulate its own procedure, and then devoted itself in a methodical way to the discussion of the bills submitted to it by the Cabinet, referring them to appropriate committees for more particular examination. No subject escapes its attention and the Ministers are called upon to render an account of everything that happens. Whether or no it will be able to regenerate the country remains to be seen.

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With Our Readers

MR. HAROLD BOLCE, we confess, is not a writer who inspires us with unhesitating confidence. We do not recognize in him that distaste for exaggeration and sensationalism, that desire for unbiased and accurate statement of facts, that cultivation of mind and fullness of academic knowledge which are requisite to qualify him acceptably for his chosen *rôle*—the guide into the spirit and teaching of our American universities. Notwithstanding his one-sided and, at times, distorted presentation of his subject, his articles in the *Cosmopolitan* have given a considerable amount of very important truth to the American public. They leave no excuse to any intelligent man who does not perceive in many of our universities the intellectual foes of Christianity—of all that has been accepted, since apostolic times, as the doctrines of Christianity. Parents who send their children to these institutions now know, if they are at all desirous of knowing, the grave dangers to be encountered there, and must accept the responsibility of their action.

* * *

WHILE the presence and the spread of unbelief, of scepticism, and of unchristian principles of morality in our universities is a very old story, and has come to be regarded by us as an evil to be expected; few of us have as yet accustomed ourselves to the thought that young women should be subjected to the same pernicious influences. Mr. Bolce's recent articles * will bring that fact home as a surprise and a shock to many readers. Yet the evil is patent and conditions make it inevitable. No cloistered intellectual training for American women is possible. Sweep back the ocean tide with a broom, and then it will be possible to keep the scepticism and infidelity of the universities from reaching if not invading the minds of women in our secular institutions of learning. Many of the western universities are co-educational; in them, accordingly, women receive the same instruction as men, and learn much of the same spirit. In nearly all women's colleges they read the same books, magazines, and papers; in many cases the women are taught by the

* *Cosmopolitan*, February and March, 1910.

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same professors as the men students of a neighboring university. The one leaven is working in all secular colleges, whether for men or women; the one culture pervades them all; and it is not a culture that makes for Christian faith.

* * *

THESE influences are as omnipresent in our state and city seats of higher education as in our private colleges and universities. A grave problem lies here, which is certain in time to become the subject of very serious consideration and discussion. Neutrality in religious matters may be possible in a curriculum of elementary branches; when it is carried into higher studies, it almost means the establishment of agnosticism as the state system of philosophy. But in many of these schools neutrality is not observed; the teaching of psychology, for instance, is but a veiled materialism. The instructors themselves are in many instances tainted with the false ideas of the day, and cannot help communicating something of them to their pupils. We have known, to give an extreme instance, of one instructor in a state normal school who taught that the resistance of temptation tended to make a weak character! It is in the ideas expressed and in the assumptions so freely made that the real danger lurks; yet Catholics are often unsuspicious of these real sources of danger, and supersensitive to points of history which will do no real harm. We Catholics assuredly have the right to see to it that our children be not subjected, in our state colleges and normal schools, to influences tending to the destruction of their faith. Yet they are so subjected, and this is specially true of Catholic girls in the normal schools.

* * *

THESE revelations of Mr. Bolce can be read by a Catholic only with a consciousness of outraged feelings, if not with a sense of surprise and shock. As priests are appointed by God for the preservation and spread of religious truth and worship, so women have come to be regarded, at least in Christendom, as ordained by nature to instill into each new generation faith and reverence towards God, belief in religion which they had learned of old, and a love of Christian morality. Woman is the priestess of the Christian home, man having too generally abdicated that royal priesthood of the domestic altar which the first pope proclaimed as his rightful dignity. An irreligious woman seems to us not only bad but a perversion of nature. With what feelings, then, shall we regard a system of education that tends to give us, and is in great measure already giving us, a race of

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women whose irreligion ranges from doubt and mild scepticism to atheism and the scorn of Christianity?

* * *

THE Father of the American Episcopate, the Right Reverend Charles Walmesley, O.S.B., is to be honored by a memorial in the Abbey Church at Downside, near Bath, England. Bishop Walmesley was the consecrator of the Most Rev. John Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, from whom is descended the vigorous hierarchy of America. The body of Bishop Walmesley has lately been transferred from the old Catholic Chapel in Bristol to the Abbey Church of Downside, and the occasion has been considered a most suitable one for the erection of a monument to his life and work. The energy and the ability of Bishop Walmesley, "the Old Lion" as he was called in a day when men of stalwart hearts were needed, attracted an amount of public attention unusual in the eighteenth century. He was educated at the Benedictine college in Douay (since transferred to Downside Abbey). His scientific attainments brought him at an early age into prominent notice. A gifted astronomer and mathematician, he was consulted by the British Government on the reform of the calendar and the introduction of the "New Style." He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; and the kindred societies of Paris, Berlin, and Bologna. During the Gordon riots he was threatened by the mob; his house and library were destroyed by fire. When the action of the "Catholic Committee," in 1789, threatened to compromise the English Catholics Bishop Walmesley vigorously condemned the new oath intended for Catholics. In 1790 he consecrated the Rev. Dr. John Carroll Bishop of Baltimore. The Pontificals used on that occasion by Bishop Walmesley are still preserved at Downside.

During his late visit to England Cardinal Gibbons went to Downside Abbey, that he might visit the resting place of Bishop Walmesley, and it is in great measure owing to the Cardinal's enthusiastic approval that the work of the memorial has been undertaken. It is a monument which merits the interest and the support of all American Catholics.

* * *

WE have received a number of letters asking us for the facts concerning a story sent broadcast by the Episcopal Bishop of Kansas City, Missouri, to the effect that he had received into the Episcopalian Church a Catholic priest and an "entire" congregation.

The facts in the case are these: some few months ago a man,

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giving the name of the Reverend John Marcello, presented himself to Bishop Hogan, of Kansas City, and requested permission to establish a mission for Italian Catholics. The man had no credentials to show that he was a Catholic priest in good standing. When questioned about such credentials he pleaded that he did not have money enough to journey to Washington and secure them from the Apostolic Delegate. A short while afterwards some of the Catholic priests of Kansas City contributed the money necessary for his journey. Whether the man ever went to Washington or not is uncertain; but within a short time he was collecting funds in Kansas City for the purpose of establishing a mission for Italian Catholics. Bishop Hogan then took active measures against him; announced in the daily press that the man acted without his authorization and was not a recognized priest of the diocese. A few days afterwards the Episcopal bishop announced that the Rev. John Marcello, a Catholic priest who desired to be "free from Rome," had been received with his entire congregation into the Episcopalian Church. The entire "congregation" consisted of about six Italians who never were, in any true sense of the word, practical Catholics.

The Reverend John Marcello is continuing his work under the patronage of the Episcopalian Church and has taken for the name of "his mission" that of St. John the Baptist. A Catholic Church of that name has long been established in Kansas City. The purpose, of course, is to deceive the simple Italian. Such methods speak for themselves.

* * *

A NEW society under the name of "The Children's Universal Crusade of Prayer" has been founded in London. The object of the Society is to encourage children to pray for the advance and preservation of Christian education, and to interest them in Catholic schools, orphanages, and homes for the destitute. The work has received the blessing of the Holy Father. The foundress of the Society is Countess Clotilde de Hamel de Manin.

* * *

THE *Christian Advocate* presents statistics of the churches in the United States for the present date, that is, three years later than those given in the Census of 1906. "In the order of denominations the Catholic Church stands first with 12,354,596 members (all Catholics except young children not admitted to their First Communion, or 85 per cent of the population)."

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THE Department of State requests THE CATHOLIC WORLD to give warning concerning certain bands of swindlers who operate in various towns and cities of Spain and who write plausible and deceitful letters to persons in the United States asking them to aid a relative—generally a daughter.

* * *

READERS of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will learn with regret of the death of one who was a frequent contributor to our pages—Mr. Wilfrid Wilberforce. Mr. Wilberforce died at Lingfield Road, Wimbledon, England, on January 14. He was the son of Mr. Henry William Wilberforce, who became a Catholic in 1850, by his wife, Miss Mary Sargent, of Lavington, England. These names will recall to our readers the attractive papers, "Four Celebrities—Brothers by Marriage," which Mr. Wilberforce contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, December, 1908, January, March, 1909, and which were enthusiastically welcomed in America and England. The Catholic world of letters has lost in Mr. Wilberforce an able writer. He was a most devout Catholic; and it is said of him that to know him was to become his friend.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Porfirio Diaz—President of Mexico. By José F. Godoy. Price $2 net. *The Rise of the Medieval Church from the Apostolic Age to the Papacy at Its Height in the Thirteenth Century.* By Alexander C. Flick, Ph.D.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Book of Easter. With an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane. Drawings by G. W. Edwards. Price $1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Social Relationships in the Light of Christianity. By W. E. Chadwick, D.D. *Psychology of Politics and History.* By the Rev. J. A. Dewe, M.A. Price $1.75.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. VII. Greg-Infal.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:

Stories of American Discoverers for Little Americans. By Rose Lucia. Price 40 cents.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

B. Mary of the Angels. A biography. By Rev. George O'Neill, S.J. Price 75 cents net. *Man Mirroring His Maker. The Priest of God's Church.* Edited by F. C. P. Price 75 cents net. *Captain Ted.* By Mary T. Waggaman. Price 60 cents. *A Red-Handed Saint.* By Olive Katharine Parr.

W. J. WHITE & CO., New York:

Tess of the Storm Country. By G. M. White. Ill.

THE JOHN MCBRIDE COMPANY, New York:

The Question of the Hour. By Joseph P. Conway.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York:

The Mask of Christian Science. By F. E. Marsten. Price $1.

R. F. FENNO & CO., New York:

In the Shadow of God. By G. A. Jamieson. Price $1.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:

The Life of St. Clare. Translated and edited from the earliest MSS. by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston:

English Literature in Account With Religion. By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Price $2 net.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston:

A Life of Christ. Told in Words of the Gospel. By Mary Lape Fogg.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston:

The Scar. A Novel of the New South. By Warrington Dawson. Price $1.50.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston:

Gregorian Requiem Mass. According to the Vatican Edition. *Mass in B Flat. Mass in A.*

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, England:

The Catholic Social Year Book for 1910. Price 6*d* net.

THE MISSION BOOK COMPANY, LTD., Toronto, Canada:

History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada From Lake Superior to the Pacific (1659-1895). By Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I. In 2 vols. Price $3.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Theology of the Sacraments. By V. Rev. P. Pourrat, V.G. *The Purpose of the Papacy.* By Bishop Vaughan, D.D. Price 45 cents net. *Joan and Her Friends.* By Evelyn Mary Buckenham. Price 50 cents net. *The Fortunes of Philomena.* By Evelyn Mary Buckenham. Price 50 cents net. *First Communion of Children and Its Conditions.* Pamphlet.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET CIE., Paris:

La Resurrection de Jesus. Par l'Abbé E. Mangenot. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

F. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Jeanne. Par Marie Lacroix. Price 1 *fr.*

LETOUZEY ET ANÉ, Paris:

Ce Qu' on Enseigne aux Enfants dans nos Ecoles Publiques. Par J. Bricout. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

PICARD ET FILS, Paris:

Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus en France (1528-1762). Vol I.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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H. G. WELLS.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

WE do not want to go back to the golden age, nor even to those silver ages of medieval splendor, of moral and material beauty in many respects so much more excellent than our own. We do not want to go back to them, because we cannot. We want to go forward; but we cannot go forward without a vision and all the persistency of courage and endurance which true vision alone can give. Our vision of the future must be related to all the facts of the present and to all the values of the past. And coming to the vision of a future society we must remember a truth too often forgotten, the fact that in the very act of looking forward we help to create the future of our vision. We cannot separate the dream from the deed. Whatsoever we desire with persevering sincerity, that indeed we actually tend to become. Doing and dreaming were intentionally joined together in the nature of man, and should never be forced asunder. Fruitless dreams are useless, but so are deeds without inspiration. When two or three are gathered together in the unity of strenuous desire, they are well on the way to have their desire realized, their dream fulfilled. Now the desire for social reform is the soul of social reform, but it is not its body. All this huge and multitudinous variety of material product and attainment is the body of social reform. We do not want to do away with it; we only want to

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get a reasonable soul into it. It is not a bad thing in itself, it is the product of immense human thought and effort, but at present it is a very disorderly product. We want it properly informed, controlled, distributed. Its disorder is most evident in the havoc which it undoubtedly plays with our individual and social life in all its grades, more especially at the apex of human society and at its base. At present it would seem as if man was very much at the mercy of his material environment, much more so in fact than in any previous time of which we have historical record. Of course, from the very beginning there has always been a necessary relation between man and his environment—a never-ceasing friction and interplay, struggle and opposition, alliance and enmity, give and take, to and fro. Each man for himself must be master or servant, lord or slave, husband or handmaid, lock or key, and must, indeed, be somewhat of each as simultaneously or consecutively he determines or is determined by his material environment.

In pre-Christian times man was tremendously aware of the power of his environment. He was still much more aware of his powerlessness to cope with it at all intelligently. It assumed to his imagination a much more complex, personal, and menacing form than it does now, and he assumed to it a much more superstitious attitude than he does at present. There were all the powers of nature figured out to his imagination as gods celestial, terrestrial, and infernal, each one of them to be distinctly and variously obeyed, worshiped, and propitiated. For the individual man of that age environment must have been rather too much of a good thing for intimate acquaintance. We should, therefore, expect him to behave as a child not yet old enough to be trusted with intelligent responsibilities.

Then came the Christian idea of God and the Christian idea of man; and finally the greatest of all Christian ideas, that the Very God was Very Man. Now, indeed, it gradually became clear as noonday that man was meant to use and conquer his environment. If God were with him, who or what could be against him with any chance of ultimate success? The man who could co-operate with the grace and might of his Creator God could no longer fear his environment, could no longer stoop to a fear-stricken and servile obedience to

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any lesser power. He might, of course, fear God with a servile fear instead of loving Him with a filial love; but once endowed with, and persevering in, a resolute Christian faith he could no longer fear any other thing or force however menacing, he could only loathe or hate it. And so we get the joyous courage of martyrdom so characteristic and peculiar to Christian asceticism. In these times man did not think much of his material environment. "The work of the Middle Ages was the formation of character," says Professor Gwatkin. "At the end of the Middle Ages we see not only new nations and new institutions, but new types of character and new moral ideals." This age had, of course, its marked limitations, but they were limitations rather on the material than on the personal side.

And now we come to our own times. It seems hardly necessary to point out how tremendously we have swung away from what I may call a Christian interest in the individual to that other pole of interest in our material environment. Nowadays we do tremendously over-emphasize the importance of our material environment—the predominance of that environment over the mere individual—and we do tremendously minimize the importance of the individual himself. Bacon floated the idea, and it has since become a religion, that man is the creature of material forces, and that if he would survive and prosper he must first and before all other things learn an intelligent faith in and obedience to them. In the name and power of this wholly material religion man went forth to conquer nature by studious obedience, and he has reaped a great material reward; but at what a tremendous price? He has forgotten his Creator, he has lost remembrance of the image in which he was created, the manner of man he was meant to be, his end, his place, his true dignity and function, both in the natural and in the supernatural order. In the passionate search and study of his immediate material environment, of the things that after all form the least personal and least abiding part of his life, man has forgotten himself in a very true and tragic sense.

If this be in any sense true, it will not surprise us to find that Mr. H. G. Wells has named his very first sociological study *Anticipations*—"Anticipations of the reaction of mechanical and scientific progress upon human life and thought.'

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But in the end I think we shall find that he considerably changes his point of view and begins to "anticipate" the inverse process—the reaction of human life and thought upon mechanical and scientific progress. In this, then, I find his real worth and promise, that he is giving his generation a gentle lead towards a more spiritual conception of life. I propose, therefore, to try and get at Mr. Wells' points of view, to see as far as possible what they are and how they change, to appreciate them and criticise them, and to add to them such complementary considerations as I am able.*

"Is there, it may be asked, any central thread in following which the unity of history most plainly appears? Is there any process in tracing which we can feel that we are floating down the main stream of the world's onward movement? If there be such a process, its study ought to help us to realize the unity of history by connecting the development of the numerous branches of the human family."

"One such process is the gradual and constant increase in man's power over nature, whereby he is emancipated more and more from the conditions she imposes upon his life, yet is brought into an always closer touch with her by the discovery of new methods of using her gifts. Two other such processes may be briefly examined. One goes on in the sphere of time, and consists in the accumulation from age to age of the strength, the knowledge, the culture of mankind as a whole. The other goes on in space as well as time, and may be described as the *Contraction of the World, relatively to Man.*" (James Bryce. Introduction to *History of the World*, English translation, p. xliii.)

"Contraction of the World, relatively to Man"—it is with this aspect of progress that Mr. Wells, first of all, concerns himself. Improvements in methods of communication have worked great changes in the old order of things. Upon the problems of locomotion and transport depend the most momentous issues of peace and war. What, then, are the relations between the social order and the available means of transit? First, there is the redistribution of population—the growth of great cities has been one of the essential phenomena of the

* Apart from his novels, romances, and short stories, Mr. Wells has devoted six important books to sociological questions. When referring to any one of them I propose, for greater convenience, to use the following abbreviations: (A) *Anticipations* (1901); (M) *Mankind in the Making* (1903); (U) *A Modern Utopia* (1905); (Am.) *The Future in America* (1906). *Worlds for Old* (1908); (F) *First and Last Things* (1908).

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nineteenth century. We may take it as a general law that the distribution of population in a country must always depend directly upon the facilities for transport. In a farming country, for instance, where there are no railways, towns would never be more than from eight to fifteen miles apart; the distance between them would never exceed, in fact, the convenience of the farmer—such as would "allow him to get himself and his produce there and back and to do his business in comfortable daylight. *And so it happens entirely as a multiple of horse and foot strides, that all the villages and towns of the world's countryside have been plotted out.*"

Another factor in town distribution in a world without railways would be the seaport and navigable river, and it was always in connection with some port or navigable river that the greater towns of pre-railway days arose. Bruges, Venice, Corinth, and London are examples of this. These towns never rise to a population of more than a quarter of a million, except in China, where with its gigantic rivers and numerous canals we have several cities over a million. Are there then any limits to the growth of these huge cities? "So far as we can judge, without a close and uncongenial scrutiny of statistics, that daily journey that has governed, and still to a very considerable extent governs, the growth of cities, has had, and will probably always have, a maximum of two hours, one hour each way from sleeping place to council chamber, counter, workroom, or office stool. And taking this assumption as sound, we can state precisely the maximum area of various types of town. A pedestrian agglomeration such as we find in China, and such as most European towns probably were before the nineteenth century, would be swept entirely *by a radius of four miles about the business quarter and industrial centre.* . . ."

"If, now, horseflesh is brought into the problem, *an outer radius of six or eight miles* from the centre will define a larger area in which the carriage folk may live and still be members of the city." Then suddenly came the railway and the steamship. For a time neither of these affected intra-urban transit at all. They simply tended to increase the general volume of trade, and thereupon ensued a gigantic rush of population into the magic radius of the city. This is proved by the fact that in 1801 the density of population in the city of London was half as dense again as that of any district, even of the densest slum districts, to-day. And thus we get what George Gissing

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has fitly named the "Whirlpool," "the very figure of the nineteenth century great city, attractive, tumultuous, and spinning down to death."

But all these centripetal tendencies are beginning to change their direction and become centrifugal; and now in all great cities we see a thrust outward in every direction. "Great towns before this century presented rounded contours and grew as a puff-ball swells; the modern great city looks like something that has burst an intolerable envelope and splashed." We see, therefore, that the old carriage radius of eight miles has now been *increased to a railway radius of thirty miles*, which gives "an area of over 2,800 square miles, which is almost a quarter that of Belgium." Given then the increased rates of transit which must necessarily increase with every improvement in the methods of locomotion, we can easily foresee how the intolerable problems of over-crowded cities may soon meet with a final and happy solution.

Of course, there are many other malignant factors conspiring together against the consummation so much desired, but my purpose just now is not to deal with these, but rather to illustrate Mr. Wells' way of approach to these social problems —it is, of course, the sociologist's approach. Nationalize the railways, facilitate and cheapen all means of communication, and what do we reach at last? "Practically, by a process of confluence, the whole of Great Britain south of the Highlands seems destined to become one great urban region, laced altogether not only by railway and telegraph, but by novel roads and by a dense network of telephones, parcels delivery tubes, and the like nervous and arterial connections" (*A.*, p. 61).

This "Contraction of the World, relatively to Man" affects us, too, not merely with regard to trade and business, but also with regard to our administration. In an article published as an appendix to *Mankind in the Making* Mr. Wells has very clearly demonstrated this fact. The great and rapidly increasing development of facilities for locomotion has had and is still having a tremendously disorganizing effect upon our ancient and static communities—they no longer serve the administrative purposes of the State. A radius of four or five miles marked the maximum size of the old community. A radius of a hundred miles will scarcely mark the maximum of the new community. It is clear, therefore, that until we have faced the problem of reconstituting, enlarging, and decentralizing our

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present administrative areas, all our attempts at dealing with social areas will end in failure.

The fact that stands most evident about most of our present administrative machines, whether we look at the more centralized and national or at the more localized and provincial, is that they do not work satisfactorily, and this chiefly because we cannot induce the right kind of people to man them. The best administrative talent both in America and in England is *de localized*. "It is not that these people do not belong to a community, but that they belong to a larger community of a new type which (at present) administrators have failed to discover, and which our working theory of local government ignores. . . . The many people who once slept and worked and reared their children and worshiped and bought all in one area, have overflowed their containing locality, and they live in one area, they work in another, and they go to shop in a third. And the only way in which you can localize them again is to expand your areas to their scale." These excellent people become, as it were, "Outlanders"; they have no time, interest, freedom, or inducement to follow local politics, and yet they are the only people really fit for local administration. The places which they should fill now fall to the share of the "small" people of the district; tradesmen, builders, a solicitor, and a doctor, each one of them with very short and very self-interested views on local necessities. Not only do these most capable people escape all local administrative offices, but, having no interest and feeling no responsibilities for the local welfare, strongly oppose all developments which might lead to increased taxation.

On what lines, then, are these new and enlarged administrative areas to be constructed? Take, for instance, "the Thames valley and its tributaries and draw a line along its boundary watershed, and then include with that Sussex and Surrey, and the east counties up to the Wash, you would overtake and anticipate the delocalizing process completely. You would have what has become, or is becoming rapidly, very rapidly, a new urban region, a complete community of the new type, rich and poor and all sorts and aspects of economic life together. I would suggest that watersheds make excellent boundaries. Let me remind you that railways, tramways, drain-pipes, water-pipes, and highroads have this in common—they will not climb over a watershed if they can possibly avoid doing so, and that pop-

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ulation and schools and poor tend always to distribute themselves in accordance with these other things. You get the minimum of possible overlap—such overlap as the spreading out of the great midland city to meet London must some day cause—in this way. I would suggest that for the regulation of sanitation, education, communications, industrial control, and poor-relief, and for the taxation for these purposes, this area should be one, governed by one body, elected by local constituencies that would make its activities independent of imperial politics. For any purpose of a more local sort this body might delegate its powers to subordinate committees, consisting of the members of local constituencies, together with another member or so to safeguard the general interests."

"I submit that such a mammoth municipality as this will be, on the one hand, an enormously more efficient substitute for your present little local government bodies, and, on the other hand, will be able to take over the detailed machinery of your overworked and too extensive central machinery, your local government board, education department, and board of trade. It will be great enough and fine enough to revive the dying sentiment of local patriotism, and it will be a body that will appeal to the ambition of the most energetic and capable men in the community" (*M.*, p. 417).

Such, then, is our author's conception of a new administrative machinery most suitable to modern conditions of life. But though this machinery may be as perfect as possible, yet that in itself is not a sufficient guarantee that we should, after all, get the right men to work it. There is little to choose between England and America in this respect. In England capacity is discouraged because honors and power go by prescription; in America it is misdirected because honors do not exist and power goes by popular election and advertisement. Is there no *tertium quid?* "What else can you have but inheritance and election, or some blend of the two, blending their faults? Each system has its disadvantages, and the disadvantages of each may be minimized by education; in particular by keeping the culture and code of honor high in the former case and by keeping your common schools efficient in the latter. . . . The theory of monarchy is, no doubt, inferior to the democratic theory in stimulus, but the latter fails in *qualitative effect* much more than the former—is there no alternative to hereditary government tempered by election, or

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government by the ward politician and the polling booth?" The matter has two aspects and presents itself as two questions: (1) Administration; (2) Honor and Privilege. In the matter of administration it requires that every one growing up in the State should be free at once to realize his social responsibilities and his social opportunities. He should be taught to discern the kind of man alone eligible for state offices, not the noisiest, not the richest, or the most skillfully advertised, but the best.

In the other matter of honor and privilege, honor should be entirely separated from notoriety. Every citizen should be brought to understand that there are things more honorable than getting either votes or money; it requires that throughout the whole range of life there should be the freest opportunity for every single individual to accomplish the best that is in him—the qualitative best.

The days have come when the most democratic-minded of men will acknowledge that the current methods of popular election have very marked limitations, no matter what standard of education the electors may have reached. The fact that elections can only be worked as a choice between two selected candidates, or groups of candidates, is the mechanical defect of all electoral methods. In spite of all this, Mr. Wells believes that the democratic election system is still, on the whole, better than a system of hereditary privilege. *But is polling necessary to the democratic idea?* He thinks not. "There is a way of choosing your public servants of all sorts and effectually controlling public affairs on perfectly sound democratic principles, without ever having such a thing as an election, as it is now understood, at all, a way which will permit of a deliberate choice between numerous candidates—a thing utterly impossible under the current system—which will certainly raise the average quality of our legislators, and be infinitely saner, juster, and more deliberate than our present method. And, moreover, it is a way that is typically the invention of the English people, and which they use to-day in another precisely parallel application, an application which they have elaborately tested and developed through a period of at least seven or eight hundred years, and which I must confess myself amazed to think has not already been applied to our public needs. *This way is the jury system.* The jury system was devised to meet almost exactly the same problem that faces us to-day, the problem of how on the one hand to avoid put-

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ting a man's life or property into the hands of a ruler, a privileged person, whose interest might be unsympathetic or hostile, while on the other hand protecting him from the tumultuous judgments of a crowd—to save the accused from the arbitrary will of king and noble without flinging him to the mob. To-day it is exactly the problem over again that our peoples have to solve, except that instead of one individual affair we have now our general affairs to place under a parallel system. As the community that had originally been small enough and intimate enough to decide on the guilt or innocence of its members grew to difficult proportions, there developed this system of selecting by lot a number of its common citizens who were sworn, who were then specially instructed and prepared, and who, in an atmosphere of solemnity and responsibility, in absolute contrast with the uproar of a public polling, considered the case and condemned or discharged the accused. Let me point out that this method is so universally recognized as superior to the common election method, that any one man who should propose to-day to take the fate of a man accused of murder out of the hands of a jury and place it in the hands of any British or American constituency as one of the British universities, would be thought to be carrying crankiness beyond the border line of sanity."

"The necessity of either raising the quality of representative bodies or of replacing them, not only in administration but in legislation, by bureaucracies of officials appointed by elected or hereditary rulers, is one that presses on all thoughtful men. . . . The necessity becomes more urgent every day, as scientific and economic developments raise first one affair and then another to the level of public or quasi-public functions. In the last century, locomotion, lighting, heating, education, forced themselves upon public control or public management, and now with the development of Trusts a whole host of businesses, that were once the affair of competing private concerns, claim the same attention. Government by hustings' bawling, newspaper clamor, and ward organization is more perilous every day and more impotent, and unless we are prepared to see a government *de facto* of rich business organizers override the government *de jure*, or relapse upon a practical oligarchy of officials, *an oligarchy that will certainly decline in efficiency in a generation or so*, we must set ourselves most earnestly to this problem of improving representative methods."

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There is, no doubt, something to be said for Mr. Wells' jury system; but it is very much to be feared that its tendency would be right away from democratic conceptions of government. So far, the only system which appears to combine a sound qualitative efficiency with a sound democratic basis is that of proportional representation. That it would destroy party government, as we know it at present, is true, and so we find old-fashioned politicians heartily opposed to it; but it would seem to be a more feasible system than Mr. Wells'; and in England, at any rate, the time is ripening for its trial.

Having dealt with the question of administration, Mr. Wells goes on to that of honors and privileges. We learn from historical experience that these things once had real meaning and purpose, but awarded as they are to-day they lose their use and significance. In the United States titles are forbidden, but secretly admired; in England they are awarded, but go by prescription. "There are certain points in this question that are too often overlooked. In the first place, *honors and titles need not be hereditary;* in the second, *they need not be conferred by the political administration;* in the third, they are not only—as the French Legion of Honor shows—entirely compatible with, but *they are necessary to the Republican idea.*"

According to Mr. Wells, the lowest grade of honor would include—as the English knighthood included—all really capable citizens, "every man or woman who was qualified to do something or who had done something, as distinguished from the man who had done nothing in the world, the mere common, unenterprising, esurient man." From this class, of course, would be taken all candidates for higher honors. But what we should have especially to encourage would be the decentralization of all fountains of honor. This would be encouraged, of course, by the decentralization of administration. Every man of genius or capability would find it altogether worth while to be honored in his own county or urban district as a stepping-stone to national or even international dignities. All hereditary honors would, of course, be abolished. "Local legislative bodies might confer rank on a limited number of men and women yearly; juries drawn from each great profession might assemble periodically to honor their really representative members." There would still, of course, be scales of social value; but, whereas now these social values are almost wholly determined by prescriptive dignities, then they would be determined almost entirely

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by community service. The Second Chamber would then really represent that efficient, stable, and experienced element in political life which it now so obviously fails to do. It would be far less party bound and far less mercenary than the American Senate, and far more intelligent and capable than the British House of Lords.

Great, indeed, have been the changes wrought in the outer groupings of human society by the advent of machinery and mechanical production, but far more interesting have been the changes wrought upon the very substance of society itself. Before the eighteenth century property consisted chiefly of land and buildings—"real estate." In addition, were the things which went with it—live-stock, serfs, the instruments of labor, ships, weapons, and such money for the purposes of exchange as could be got from the Jews. All such "property" had actually to be held and administered by the owner; he was immediately in connection with it and immediately responsible for it, he was obliged to be "on the spot," and though of course he had stewards and managers, he was always present to oversee and overlook;—responsible in the proper sense of the word. There was no ownership without responsibility, no possession without use—property was a personal thing.

But mechanical production, vast, complex, and technical, brought with it the Joint Stock Company, opening up quite new and easy channels for the use of money; it created a new kind of property and a new kind of property-holder. "The peculiar novelty of this kind of property is easily defined. Given a sufficient sentiment of public honesty, *share property is property that can be owned at any distance and that yields its revenue without thought or care on the part of its proprietor; it is, indeed, an absolutely irresponsible property, a thing that no old world property ever was.* But, in spite of its widely different nature, the laws of inheritance, that the social necessities of the old order of things established, have been applied to this new species of possession without remark. It is indestructible, imperishable wealth, subject only to the mutations of value that economic changes bring about" (*A.*, p. 72).

It might help us to realize the social significance of all this profit sharing if I gave in parallel columns the working expenses and profits in the cases of ten well-known joint stock companies, representing, of course, hundreds of others. The yearly working expenses of each company I shall place

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under the column headed *workers*. This includes the brain-work of managers, foremen, etc., as well as that of the ordinary employees. The column headed *sleepers* will give us the yearly dividends appropriated by the shareholders.

	Workers.	*Sleepers.**
A., . . .	£100,000	£192,000
B., . . .	£30,000	£76,000
C., . . .	£139,000	£139,000
D., . .	£1,000,000	£636,000
E., . . .	£20,000	£52,000
F., . . .	£500,000	£556,000
G., . . .	£1,000,000	£2,684,000
H., . . .	£46,000	£147,000
I., . . .	£70,000	£70,000
J., . .	£1,155,000	£864,000

Akin to this kind of property holder is the ground landlord, in whose case also the having and holding of property has no correlative side of responsible being and doing.

The men of this class, then, constitute the most difficult factor in modern life, whether we consider it from the economic or from the moral side. "Previously in the world's history, saving a few quite exceptional aspects, the possession and retention of property was conditional upon activities of some sort, honest or dishonest, work, force, or fraud. But the shareholding ingredient of our new society, so far as its shareholding goes, has no need of strength or wisdom. The shareholder owns the world *de jure*, by the common recognition of the rights of property; and the incumbency of knowledge, management, and toil fall entirely to others. He toils not, neither does he spin; he is mechanically released from the penalty of the fall, he reaps in a still sinful world all the practical benefits of a millenium—without any of its moral limitations" (*A.*, 74).

But though this class of shareholder is without much collective intelligence or organization, it yet quite automatically determines the quality and quantity of our national supply and demand. In order the more clearly to show this I must make a distinction between need and demand. Take, first of all, a

* See *Riches and Poverty*. L. G. Chiozza Money, pp. 85-90.

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very simple case by way of illustration. In a poor family there is a great difference between need and demand. The family needs bread and butter, but the father demands beer and betting. The need is rational, the demand is brutal; but for all that the demand is satisfied and the family is starved Apply this to our national affairs. The shareholder, as distinguished from the working capitalist, demands all sorts of things irrationally, selfishly, unintelligently, and in order to satisfy his demand, the real life-needs of the nation must go unsatisfied. It is mainly because of the shareholder that the quality and quantity of our national production are so unsuited to our national needs. I will give three instances to enforce my contention.

(1) *Cotton Goods.* More than half a million are employed in England in this great staple industry; and they produce *ninety* million pounds' worth of cotton goods per annum. *Seventy-two* million pounds' worth of cotton goods are sent abroad; leaving for home consumption only *eighteen* million pounds' worth. The lowest estimate at which we can put the national need for cotton goods, supposing that such goods were divided equally, is *forty* million pounds' worth. This leaves the nation minus her necessary cotton goods to the value of *twenty-two* million pounds. We can understand from these facts that a linen pocket handkerchief is considered by many English people an almost unnecessary mark of refinement.

(2) *Woolen Goods.* The national need for woolen goods, calculated at the minimum, is estimated at a *hundred* million pounds per annum. Now the nation only produces *sixty-five* million pounds' worth of woolen goods in a year. Of this quantity *twenty-three* million pounds' worth are sent abroad, leaving for home consumption *forty-two* million pounds' worth. The need for woolen goods must, therefore, go unsatisfied to the extent of *fifty-eight* million pounds' worth.

(3) *Boots.* Or, lastly, let us turn to boots. The Mayor of Leicester complains that there is a great slump in boots, that his city is becoming a sort of national sepulchre for surplus boots. There is no demand for them, he says; and unless something be done to stimulate this demand Leicester will lose her staple trade and the factories be shut down. Yet I am assured that the nation is needing boots to the extent of

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fifty million pairs. Evidently the Leicester boots must be shockingly misfitted to John Bull's dainty feet, or else there must have been some great error in distribution.*

Demand, then, is not the same as need, and demand will always be non-representative until it includes need. The fact that it does not include need is mainly due to the shareholding class—to the poor and superfluous quality of their demands. The weakest point in our shareholding system is "*its failure to secure the application of our national capital, as fast as it is accumulated, to the provision of our national needs in the order of their urgency.*" We need more schoolmasters; and the shareholder demands more jockeys. We need more recreation grounds for children; and he demands more race courses and motordromes. . . . We need more tailors, bakers, masons, carpenters; he demands more coachmen, footmen, chauffeurs, and gamekeepers. In fine, what we most of all need is producers and what he most of all demands is parasites.† Surely, as Mr. Wells has somewhere said, "Economic conditions are made and compact of the human will."

This shareholding element seems, at present, to be a necessary back-eddy in our civilization; and it will endure so long as our present experimental state of society obtains. It is a class, too, which, above all others, appropriates and exploits all sorts and conditions of faculty, from the meanest to the most effective, by the low and fruitless quality of its demands, these demands being almost wholly unchecked by any necessity of labor, responsibility, custom, local usage, or attachment. "Within the limits of the law (a member of this class) may do as the imagination of his heart directs. Now such an imperfect creature as man, a creature urged by such imperious passions, so weak in imagination, and controlled by so weak a reason, receives such absolute freedom as this only at infinite peril. To a great number of these people in the second and third generation this freedom will mean vice, the subversion of passion to inconsequent pleasures." Here, indeed, we have an economic, an intellectual, a moral problem that must be faced most steadily and completely—far more completely than Mr. Wells has as yet attempted to do. I shall, therefore, deal with it in my next paper.

* See *Progress and Poverty*. L. G. Chiozza Money, pp. 131-133.
† After Bernard Shaw, *The New Age*, January 25, 1908.

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THE DRUM MAJOR'S DAUGHTER

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

II.

ONE Sunday morning in July, as his daughter came down to him, dressed in some pretty, inexpensive summer stuff, rosy asters in the simple hat, "*confectionned*" by herself, so she said, and her eyes and cheeks glowing in anticipation of a fête, the drum major exclaimed: "You look beautiful, my child."

"You and I are one, and to praise oneself is vanity," answered Madeleine with a joyous laugh. Then she retied his cravat, put a flower in his button-hole, and brushed some imperceptible dust from his coat, winding up the entire performance with a kiss.

The day's contemplated pleasure was of Olmsted's arrangement. He had called a few times lately with Arnold, and he had sometimes read a book at her request "for the sake of her English," and sometimes Arnold had sung. It was during the last visit that Olmsted had found occasion to mention casually to Monsieur Deluce that a friend of his, owning a country place on the river, was now abroad, and that he had been invited to go there at any time; and "perhaps Monsieur and Mademoiselle would enjoy a day among the rose-gardens." Arnold wished that he had originated this excursion, seeing how Madeleine's eyes danced at the idea.

A week ago this talk had been held, and the night before Arnold had said to Olmsted abruptly, and in this very room, thinking they were out of Madeleine's hearing: "I may as well tell you that I intend to ask Mademoiselle Deluce to be my wife. You need not look like that, I have fully made up my mind. You are displaying "—suspiciously—"a more than common share of worldly wisdom. Perhaps"—slowly—"you, yourself—"

"Stop!" cried the other with sudden fire; then more gently: I beg your pardon, but you should not think things unfriendly

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of me. To my mind a mèsalliance is almost always a mistake; but if you, in spite of a hundred objections, have fully decided then—I wish you good luck!"

Arnold felt as though he were already a fortunate lover, springing up the steps this Sunday morning and meeting Madeleine's bright smile. Olmsted came in more leisurely, and in time to hear his friend's compliment met with laughing reproof.

Fifteen minutes then and they were being driven through the city and suburbs and whirled along the smooth boulevard, and Olmsted was already repaid for his slight trouble, by seeing his guests' enjoyment of the unwonted pleasure of easy, swift motion through the fresh morning air. In a short while they were entering the broad avenue leading to his friend's house.

"You will like to go in and rest now," he suggested, getting out and helping the others.

"No, no"; said Madeleine eagerly. "May we not go first into the gardens?"

"Just where you like, but do not expect to find rare or choice blossoms. My friend has a fancy for old-fashioned things. Notice these tall, closely-clipt box and yew hedges; see the flowers in the garden-patches—sun-flowers, hollyhocks, cocks' combs, mignonettes, wall-flowers, and those enormous, old-time roses."

"But they are beautiful and so fragrant," she said, smelling daintily at a huge one Arnold gave her. "The hedges look like that picture, 'The Labyrinth,' where the two lovers are in despair, for they are on opposite sides of the tall hedge and cannot reach each other. It is *all* like a picture," she rejoiced, "like something out of the *Spectator* that you read to me. *I* will play Sacharissa or Dorinda"—letting her light gown trail and pacing with pretended stateliness between the green rows—"and Papa is Ser Rojaire—art thou not Ser Rojaire?" taking his arm and keeping step.

"I am whatever you like," said the old man indulgently, looking down at the charming head which just touched his shoulder. It seemed that this day under the blue sky was making him forget for a while the very existence of Germany.

"How many grand old trees," she went on, "and look at that queer, crooked, gnarled one, and is not that a swing?"

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And she hurried joyously on, utterly forgetting Dorinda's dignity. The swing was in a grove of tall trees, some of which seemed to whisper to each other as the breeze from the river swayed their tops to and fro; while others bent low over their shadows in a near-by pond. A sort of chair was suspended securely between two of the largest.

Madeleine girlishly seated herself and Arnold, leaning against a trunk, sent her backward and forward through the air.

"He looks bonny enough," thought Olmsted, "among the boughs there, to carry off the Princess—though she is disguised as a beggar-maid. Well, if it must be, let his mother rave—there is reason enough why I should not interfere—and she might be glad to have her son do so well."

After a while the swing grew wearisome. "Shall we not go in now for some refreshment?" asked Olmsted.

"What a pity to go in!"

"Then we will manage better," he said. And presently, under his directions, two servants brought out a low table and some rustic chairs, and the luncheon was ready. With easy, bright talk, and a thousand allusions to music, art, and literature, it went merrily; and Arnold wondered when he could hear such talk among his mother's set, so few of them other than narrowly self-contented and artificial. After a while he proposed that he should take Madeleine across the pond to gather some water-lilies.

She consented gaily, and they rowed away in the small skiff tied at the foot of the steps.

Monsieur Deluce and Olmsted, having lighted their cigars, strolled up and down the walks. The old drum major was in a softened mood this sunny afternoon, and instead of fighting his battles o'er he talked rather of his early childhood near Nancy; of the dear old grandmother, with her spare, erect figure and flying knitting-needles, and of the little brothers and cousins that played with him and all their simple farm life, and kindly, honest ways. "And all are dead and gone," he mused; "the ends of the good God are His own. Only Madeleine and I left—and she so young and I so old!" After some time Olmsted went back to the grove for the cigar-case which he had left there on the grass. Madeleine was seated in the swing again, and she was alone. "What have you done with Van Twiller, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

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She did not answer this, but said with a little effort: "It seems that the air has grown suddenly very heavy and oppressive."

"It has become sultry. I see some very dark clouds, and there is thunder muttering. We are somewhat far from the house in case of a quick downpour, but there is a shelter. Let me show you a grotto, where it is deliciously cool." She rose slowly, dropping some water-lilies to the ground and leaving them there.

"Your father," said he, making talk against her lack of responsiveness, "looks wonderfully well and bright to-day. He is remarkably strong for his years."

"Yes;" she assented. Then, forgetting her usual reserve with him: "Ah, Monsieur, he is not always strong. He breaks down often, and then he grieves; but I—I grieve even more. His work is heavy; to march miles sometimes and move the great baton for hours, that is not play. He is to march on Tuesday, the Fourth, and I wish it was over. He is not deaf, happily, but sometimes he becomes confused with the crowds and the shouting; and, then, something might happen. I fear for him every day—the carriages and the autos—if he should grow dizzy. My heart is lighter when I stand in our doorway and see him coming."

"I can imagine," said Olmsted gently, looking down at the young, wistful face. "But you have faith in the good God, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, yes"; she answered, raising large eyes, full of reverence.

They reached the grotto, which was merely a large hole blasted out of an immense rock, bounding one end of the garden, with space for three or four persons perhaps; and with a rough sort of bench, likewise hewn out of the rock. A sudden, loud clap of thunder startled them.

"I hope," said Olmsted, "that you are not afraid of a thunder-storm; it was imprudent to bring you so far from the house, but I did not imagine that the storm-cloud was so near. We must stay here now, for you would be drenched in attempting to return."

Thunder peals sounded louder and nearer, a great rush of wind came roaring and tearing through the garden, bending the tops of the stout old trees, and filling the air with dust and leaves. "There comes the rain now," he said, drawing

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in his head. The first pattering of big drops falling grew into a downpour faster and faster, until it became a perfect deluge. Olmsted, looking anxiously at his companion, saw her shiver.

"I am not afraid," she answered to his look, "I never fear a storm; it is only—I am anxious for the others. Do you think they are surely safe?"

"They were near the house and will have made for shelter." As he spoke a fearful flash of lightning blinded them and a volley crashed overhead. "That has struck somewhere," said the girl with a sob. But the last terrific peal seemed to be the storm's farewell, for it now retreated sullenly, with low muttering, up the hills on the farther side of the river. They hurried towards the house. Monsieur Deluce awaited them on the veranda and said that Arnold had already started homeward, "leaving for you, my child, many polite excuses for abrupt departure; but he was so very wet and chilled and he thought it wiser to hasten."

In a little while the carriage came and they too departed cityward. A very subdued party, notwithstanding that the dark clouds were now away in the distance and myriads of sparkling raindrops everywhere reflected the splendor of the setting sun. Olmsted was very silent, so also was Madeleine, but the drum major, still cheerful, bore the burden of the conversation.

When they arrived home Olmsted was just extending his hand to assist Madeleine when her foot stumbled and she would have fallen had he not caught her and placed her gently and safely on the ground. She shrank back from him in an instant and grew very pale.

"Good-bye!" he cried abruptly—cutting short Monsieur Deluce's thanks and re-entering the carriage—"I, too, must change this damp coat."

As he was borne homeward he thought: "What have I done to excite such a feeling of repulsion? How have I contrived that a girl should look as if she would rather fall than accept my aid?"

When he entered the writing-room from a late breakfast next morning Arnold was already there.

"If you have finished your tasks, Olmsted," he began, without further preface, "why cannot we start Westward at once—to-morrow? The heat here grows intolerable."

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"It is scarcely warmer to-day than yesterday," said Olmsted; then his glance at Arnold softened as he noticed a sort of restless, jaded expression on the handsome, boyish face. "What's the matter, lad?" he asked.

Arnold turned and looked out of the window for a few seconds. "Not much," he said presently, forcing a laugh, "only—it's all of no use. Our wise hesitation and weighing of the matter were quite wasted, you see. I spoke to her when we were out in the boat yesterday, and she would only listen under protest. Her father and her music, she said—that was all her world; though, being so gentle, she added, of course, some kindly things about gratitude—gratitude! But" —and Arnold's voice grew unsteady—"she could never, never feel as I would have her."

Olmsted laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder, which meant a great deal from him. "A woman's 'no' is not always final," he suggested.

"Hers is, I fancy," said Arnold—then, turning and straightening himself up, he continued: "I will write to her from the West; the answer to that I will accept once for all. Meantime, camping and hunting and roughing it will be best."

"I wish I could go with you, but my plan is upset by a business letter requiring my presence in Canada some time this month. After that is settled, I'm afraid it will be too late to join you, and I may as well cleave to my scribbling here."

Next day was the "Glorious Fourth," and Arnold left on the early train. Olmsted kept to his work, but afterwards, growing restless, put away books and papers and strolled down to his literary club. Past the windows marched the staffs and bands and troops of the parade, but it attracted little of Olmsted's attention. Later an alarm of fire was sounded and he heard some one say that it was quite near. The troops kept on and he noticed that the Seventh was the next regiment coming, its band ahead, and the tall, well-known figure of its drum major in front. A sudden commotion down a side-street and a violent rush and trampling of horses' feet. "Clear the way!" and mounted policemen were pushing the crowd right and left. The band of the Seventh stopped short, but its drum major seemed to become all at once confused and uncertain, though a policeman spoke directly to him. He turned first to one side, then to the other, and finally took a step in

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the wrong direction. A thundering, smoking, roaring monster of a fire-engine came on, with its dashing horses wildly excited. It whirled across the path of the procession with lightning speed and was gone. "Good heavens!" shouted Olmsted, seeing the prostrate form around which the crowd clustered. In a moment he was out on the street with a sickening dread upon him. He made a path for himself and stood beside Monsieur Deluce lying in the dust, his white hair dabbled with blood, his shako and his baton broken and crushed at his side. An ambulance had already arrived. The surgeon made a rapid examination of the injuries; then he turned to Olmsted: "Are you a relation?" he asked.

"An intimate friend," was the answer.

"Has he a family?"

"One daughter only."

"Bring her, without delay, to the Fortieth Street Hospital."

Olmsted hailed a passing cab. "This is yours"—showing the driver a coin—"if you get me to Wilder Street in fifteen minutes." He alighted at his destination, telling the man to wait. "May God teach me how to tell her!" he kept saying to himself, as he entered.

She came down, dressed all in white, with a passion-flower which he had gathered for her yesterday in her belt. "I am in full dress," she told him, "as you see, for Papa likes me to be very fine when he comes in, and it is to-day a holiday, as you know. He will be so tired marching in the sun, I fear. You do not mind the dark room? It is for coolness." She had talked on to hide a little surprise at this early call; but marking his silence, for he could not immediately speak, she stopped short. Her eyes, more accustomed now to the shaded room, perceived something strange in his look. "What is it? What is it?" she cried. Then: "Oh, my dear, beloved father" —as one to whom a terrible presentment has come home at last—"is it—is it?" she cried, drawing close to Olmsted.

"No, no"; he answered, "but he is hurt—badly hurt; and you must come to him at once."

"I will be with you in a moment," and she glided from the room with no sign of either the wail or swoon he had dreaded. In another moment the girl stood beside him in hat and long dark wrap covering her gown.

"Like lightning," Olmsted privately instructed the driver.

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While they went he told her in a few words of the manner of the accident, and tried as he could to prepare her for what he had seen in the surgeon's face. She listened as though not hearing, and her eyes kept their wide, strained look. At the hospital she was out of the carriage before he could assist her. He followed quickly, and an attendant to whom he spoke, said they might go in at once—"the doctors had finished." It chanced that no other accident had as yet been brought in that day and the old drum major lay there in the ward alone, save for an attendant. His daughter threw off her wrap advancing, and sank on her knees beside him, kissing the pale hand, hardly whiter than her lips. His other arm was bandaged as well as his head, but Olmsted was glad, for her sake, to see his face quite undisfigured and even serene. "Love," she said with heart-breaking appeal, "surely you will not leave me!"

"A soldier must obey commands, my little one," he answered, smiling faintly, and essaying to stroke the dark head close to his cheek. "The Great Captain calls, and Sergeant Deluce, of the Army of France, answers. I am old and rough, but He will forgive that I care not to leave you, my little flower—but a brave girl, too—"

"If I am brave it is you who have taught me; oh, my dear—"

"How long?" Olmsted asked the surgeon aside.

"An hour, perhaps," he answered briefly.

"Then there is something she would wish." He hurried down the corridor. Soon he was back with a grave, elderly man in priestly dress. "Will you, Father, give me a few moments with him afterwards?" he asked. The priest nodded, and after his ministration, called Olmsted, waiting outside. Alone with the dying man, Olmsted said, speaking very distinctly: "Monsieur Deluce, you still, perhaps, in spite of our Lord's consolations, are oppressed with some fears for the daughter left alone so young?" A motion of the eyelids answered him. "Listen to me, then," he continued very slowly. "Whatever may be, or wherever she may go, or whatever career she may choose, I promise you that she may rely upon my help when needed, and that I will always stand between her and harm—as though I were yourself—so help me God!"

Monsieur Deluce looked at him fixedly with those dark eyes, so like his daughter's. Then he said: "I believe and trust you entirely." He then called for his daughter. When

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she came in he said simply: "I wished to say good-night, my darling." He seemed to doze for awhile; and then, suddenly, he raised himself slightly on the unbandaged arm: "*A moi, camandes!*" he called, and then was quite still.

For a few days after the funeral Madeleine remained in seclusion, seeing no one, though many tokens of sympathy came to the fair young teacher from pupils and others. Then she took up the burden of life and work again.

It was, perhaps, a week after this that Olmsted, having arranged everything for his departure for Canada the next day, came in the afternoon to see her.

He found Madeleine, who had just come in, gazing absently from the window. Her heavy black street gown made her appear slighter and younger than ever. She turned and, seeing who it was, gave him her hand, which he held for a moment.

"I could not thank you before," she said, "but you must believe that I have deeply felt your kindness. I can never forget that you—not of the faith—remembered Père Boucher; when I, so stricken—"

"Do not even speak of it," he interrupted her gently. There was silence for a few seconds, broken by the rustling of a paper which Olmsted drew from his pocket. "I received a telegram to-day from Van Twiller, in answer to one of mine. He begs me to give you his most heartfelt sympathy." Then Olmsted seemed to nerve himself and began again: "Mademoiselle, I do not know what he may write, but I can guess, for he spoke to me before he left; and the fact of your being now so young—alone in this great city—may embolden him, as it does me, to say what would otherwise appear cruelly ill-timed."

She gave him full attention now, and this young girl's gaze seemed almost to disconcert a man noted for his self-possession. Still he continued: "He told me of a—failure. But when he speaks again—do not think me presumptuous—will you not consider a little? You do not know how difficult and wearing a task it is for a woman—a girl—to struggle, single-handed, for existence in a place like this. Van Twiller is a fine, manly fellow. I think, perhaps, your father might be glad—"

Her lip quivered, but she spoke quite calmly: "Monsieur, I overheard something you said to your friend once in this very room. I could not help hearing it. You were wiser then."

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"I hope it was not that which led you to answer him as you did. You could not hold him responsible for another's views."

"Not at all. The money he may have—the position he may hold—would never influence me. My answer was what it was—simply because I did not think of him in that way—and never will."

"Then"—his manner freeing itself from its trace of constraint—"I may tell you that my pleading for him was through loyalty alone. As regards my earlier warning to him to avoid such attachment—which you heard—it was not so much of class distinction I thought, but rather of the individual. Van Twiller is at heart greatly influenced by his mother and really at home only in her circle. I thought rather of *your* happiness than of his; though I was bound to do him full justice." He fingered a sheet of music which was: "Du bist wie eine Blume"—a drooping white rose-bud now! Laying it aside after a moment, he resumed, in an even, quiet tone: "It was hard enough to plead for him, God knows, for you see, I love you myself, and have loved you with all my strength from the first moment I saw you."

Surprise made her white cheek a shade paler. She rose, it seemed involuntarily, shrank back with a pang, and stood leaning heavily against the chair-back.

"There must be some mistake," she said in a sort of whisper, "you should not speak to me so—and *now*."

"I know," he answered hastily, "that if the rest were ill-timed, this must appear sheer brutality, when you are so sad and suffering so keenly. But I entreat you again to remember the circumstances; and—and I must leave you to-morrow. You do not care for me now, I know, but you might some day; and, oh, Madeleine!"—with indescribable tenderness—"as your husband I could be very patient and wait for your love."

"You forget," she said, still very low, "that I have heard you say, that 'a mèsalliance was almost always a mistake.'"

"In this case," he replied quietly, "the honor would be conferred on me. I am but a hard-worked writer. And my few relatives could hardly be prouder of an ancient pedigree than I should"—and he lowered his voice—"of the virtues of your dear and noble father."

The allusion was more than she could bear just now. Leaning back in her chair, tears forced their way through her slen-

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der fingers. "Leave me," she said, "you must go—I cannot have you near me—I must not speak more with you now—"

Full of remorse, he touched with his lips the hand hanging at her side. Then he went out slowly from the house.

October came, clear and cool and bright. Richard Olmsted had returned from Canada. Tired with the work of the morning he had sauntered out and entered the Park.

But once outside, he smiled to himself. He walked along a wooded path at a leisurely pace. He was so restless and disquieted that the throng annoyed him, and he presently turned into a narrow side-path, that he might be free to indulge his own thoughts—and his thoughts were of Madeleine.

He had written to her several times during his three months' absence, claiming the right of a friend at least to place himself at her service always, and assuring her that it was her father's wish that in any emergency she should depend upon his advice or help. He told himself that he expected no answer to these, and none came. In later letters he enclosed merely his address at the time of writing. He had called at Madeleine's home immediately on his return, but she was out at work with her classes. Admitted by the storekeeper downstairs, who knew him well, he waited a while in Madeleine's sitting room. It wore to him a forlorn and deserted look. Olmsted mechanically took up the song: "Du bist wie eine Blume," which was lying on top of the other music. He opened it idly and a card fell out. It was the envelope of one of his letters and across it in her handwriting was the verse:

"Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris sa grande ville,
Et s'il me fallut quitter
L'amour de ma vie,
Je dirais au roi, Henri,
Reprenez votre Paris!
J'aime mieux ma mie, oh gué
J'aime mieux ma mie."

And on the other side was pencilled, very faintly, the title of Blondel's song: "Oh, Richard, oh, Mon Roi!" He put this in his pocket; it might mean everything—or nothing.

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Now he sauntered along this quiet pathway, scattering with his stick the heaps of many-colored leaves fallen and falling from the trees, so absorbed that presently he smiled in scorn of his own preoccupation. "What kind of work can a fellow do after he becomes a monomaniac?" he said half aloud. Then his heart gave a great bound, for he saw under a beech, in a secluded corner, the figure of a young girl reminding him of Madeleine. "What nonsense!" he said to himself, "as if there were not hundreds of women slender and graceful and dressed in mourning"; but again that peculiar poise of head and neck, it was strangely like hers.

He crossed the grass with rapid, noiseless footfalls. Sitting idly, her veil thrown back, watching a child at play, Madeleine had not seen him come, and when now he stood so unexpectedly before her, she was on her feet in an instant: "Oh, Richard!" Then, recovering herself, "I am so glad to see you back, Mr. Olmsted," she murmured.

"And I am glad," he answered boldly, "that you know my first name—have even so perhaps thought of me—so written of me for yourself?" He drew from his pocket the scribbled envelope.

She glanced at it, attempted a denial, and stood before him mute, her dark lashes shading the crimson rose which burned in her cheek.

"Why, then, did you repel me so the last time we met?"

"It was so soon—so very soon after he left me," she faltered, "I was afraid that my father—even in heaven—might feel hurt."

"Tell me, Madeleine," he pleaded with tender imperativeness, holding both her hands, "why did you go out from the room one night that I sang?"

"It was because," she answered slowly, but very steadfastly, raising her eyes to his, "it was because God had given me love for you even then; and I thought you so far, far away, that your tones thrilled me with pain."

Then he put his arm about her protectingly, and said "Your father will surely know now, and be content."

(THE END.)

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CATHOLICS AND BOOKS.

BY LOUIS O'DONOVAN, S.T.L.

II.

III.—BOOK-LOVERS OF OLD.

EW names are more illustrious in the realm of books, learning, and wisdom than that of Origen the Adamantine. And if, as Andrew Lang wrote in *The Library*, "selling books is nearly as bad as losing friends, than which life has no worse sorrow," how touching must have been the sight of this truly great scholar of old Egypt selling all his books, relating to profane learning, to one who daily supplied him with but a few pence, sufficient, yet requisite, to provide him subsistence for several years. One of Origen's fellow-students in the Christian school at Alexandria, under St. Pantenus, and his successor, St. Clement, was more favored by fortune. For having become bishop of Jerusalem, St. Alexander was able to collect "a great library, consisting of the writings and letters of eminent men, which subsisted when Eusebus wrote."*

One of the most successful book-gatherers of the East was St. Pamphilus, a priest who was martyred A. D. 309. He was rich, of honorable parentage, and was born at Berytus, a city famous for its schools. Having grown proficient in profane sciences, he later settled at Cæsarea in Palestine. There, "at his private expense, he collected a great library, which he bestowed on the church of that city. St. Isidore of Seville reckoned that it contained nearly thirty thousand volumes. Almost all the works of the ancients were found in it. The saint established there also a public school of sacred literature, and to his labors the Church was indebted for a more correct edition of the holy Bible, which, with infinite care, he transcribed himself, many copies whereof he distributed gratis." †

Into this same Holy Land some years later came another

* Butler, *Lives*, March 18.

† Butler, *Opus citatum*, June 1.

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passionate and constant lover of *The* Book, St. Jerome. It had been St. Jerome's greatest pleasure at Rome to collect a good library and to read all the best authors; in this such was his passion that it made him sometimes forget to eat or drink. Cicero and Plautus were his chief delights. "He purchased a great many books, copied several, and procured many to be transcribed by his friends." * When he went to the East he "carried nothing with him but his library and a sum of money to bear the charges of his journey." †

That the Church authorities at Rome early originated libraries follows from the record of the second synod of Rome, under Pope Sylvester, when "The Roman Church kept notaries who wrote out carefully the deeds of the different martyrs." ‡ This work was continued by Pope Julius and Pope Damasus. Then, too, Dyptichs were common in churches. Probably one of the largest and richest libraries of the entire history of the Church was that of the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, thought to have been begun by Constantine, "augmented by Theodosius Junior . . . in whose times there were no less than 100,000 books in it, and 120,000 in the reign of Basiliscus and Zeno, when both the building and its furniture were all unhappily consumed." §

Two centuries later Pope Gregory gave St. Augustine "a small library, which was kept in his monastery at Canterbury. Of it there still remains a book of the Gospels in the Bodlein Library, and another in that of Corpus Christi in Cambridge. The other books were *Psalters*, the *Pastorale*, the *Passionarium Sanctorum*, and the like." ‖

In A. D. 1471 died that friend of all Catholic households, Thomas à Kempis. His portrait represents him sitting in the open air, while on the pages of a volume at his feet are inscribed the words: "I have sought rest everywhere and have never found it unless in a little nook with a little book." ¶

Despite the love of books being general if not universal among the saints, yet there are indeed exceptions among the specially favored friends of God: the chosen few. And we must believe them sincere when they declare that they did

* Butler, *Opus citatum*, September 30. † *Loco Citato*.
‡ Lomeier, *De Bibliothecis*, Ultrajecti, 1680, page 121.
§ Bingham, *Antiquitates*, Book VIII., chap. vii.
‖ Butler, *Opus citatum*, March 12.
¶ *Life*, by Cruise, in Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, p. 20.

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not feel the need of books. Had not the inspired penman sung: "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is an affliction of the flesh?"* Is it not true that the Blessed Master—Eternal Wisdom—the Word of God incarnate—Himself neither wrote anything that we know of, save in the sand, with his finger?

It is also true that a certain number of our Lord's greatest followers seemed to be above the use of books. St. Anthony of Egypt, for example, when a certain philosopher asked him how he could spend his time in solitude, without the pleasure of reading books, replied that nature was his great book, and amply supplied the want of others.†

Not only was this true of that anchorite under the clear, brilliant sky of Egypt, but St. Bernard also tells us: "Believe me, upon my own experience, you would find more in the woods than in the books: the forests and rocks will teach you what you cannot learn of the greatest masters."‡ The crucifix served for his book, said St. Philip Beniti, the thirteenth century Italian Servite.

So, too, St. Francis of Assisi was illuminated with a light and wisdom not taught in books. And no wonder that he should be able to declare that the Passion of Christ was his perpetual book, and that he never desired to open any other but the history of it in the Gospels, though he were to live to the end of the world.

One day, in the same thirteenth century, St. Thomas Aquinas, the famous theologian, went to visit St. Bonaventure, and asked him from what books he had learned his sacred science. St. Bonaventure, pointing to his crucifix before him, replied: "This is the source of all my knowledge, I study only Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."§ St. Ignatius Loyola also professed that "Everything served him for a book, wherein he read the divine perfections, and by that means raised his mind to his creator."‖ And we read of the very beautiful soul, St. Teresa, that, "When she once grieved that her Spanish pious books were taken from her, our Lord said to her: 'Let not this trouble thee; I will give thee a living book.'"¶

* Eccles., xii. 13.

† Butler, *Opus citatum*, January 17.

‡ *Idem opus*, August 20.

§ *Idem opus*, July 14.

‖ *Idem opus*, July 31.

¶ *Idem opus*, October 15.

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And yet but few can reach these dizzy heights. The majority are climbing up the lower steps of the holy mount, and cannot see what the greatest saints see, but are glad to have any one tell them the road, to use any chart, any book, that will help them on their way through the briars and forests that obscure their path and retard their celestial mission. And why should one not love and use good books? The examples of almost all great and virtuous men, pagan and Christian, lead us to do so. "The second century Roman Emperor and philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, called it the greatest favor that he had received in his whole life from the gods, that he had read the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus. In this book admirable rules for the conduct of life are laid down, extensively applied, and enforced by striking examples; yet in his work too great a freedom is given to the most unbridled of human passions and many essential defects occur." *

Many beautiful and touching, as well as profitable, scenes occurred when, of old, monks visited brother monks for counsel and advice in Christian perfection. Who would not give much gold to speak with the gentle St. Francis and hear his conversations with his brothers? The more learned and recondite would sacrifice much to attend the lectures of the angelic Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas. The religious and pious would crave to be taken out of this low, earthly atmosphere by that heavenly nun, St. Teresa. And still these cravings can all be satisfied by selecting such reading, by using such books, as St. Francis' *Little Flowers;* St. Thomas' *Sum of Theology;* or *Golden Chain;* or St. Teresa's *Autobiography;* or other writings.

That books can be made to appeal not only to those mature in age, but also to the young, if emulation be stirred in such scholars, is shown by a pretty story told of the wise Alfred the Great of England when he was still a child. "His mother one day showed him and his brother a fine book in Saxon verse, promising to give it him who should first read and understand it. Alfred was only beginning to learn to read, but, running straight to his master, he did not rest till he not only read it, but got it by heart." †

When St. Thomas Aquinas was imprisoned by his mother, lest he be a religious, "his sisters took him some books.

* *Idem opus*, September 4. † *Idem opus*, October 28.

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What were they? A Bible, Aristotle's Logic, and the works of the Master of the Sentences."* And the Pope to whom we are indebted for the most accurate edition of St. Thomas' works, Pius V., called "Constant devotion and study the double breast from which religious persons draw spiritual nourishment which maintains in them the love of God and the contempt of the world."†

During the sixteenth century, in Spain, lived St. Paschal Baylon. And though he was too poor to go to school, yet "the pious child carried a book with him into the fields where he watched the sheep, and desired those that he met to teach him the letters; and thus in a short time, being yet very young, he learned to read. This advantage he made use of only to improve his soul in devotion and piety; books of amusement he never would look into."‡

It is recorded of the learned compiler of the *Lives of the Saints*, the Reverend Alban Butler, that: "Every instant that he did not dedicate to the government of his college, he employed in study; and, when obliged to go abroad, he would read as he walked along the streets. I have seen him with a book under each arm," writes Mr. Charles Butler,§ "and a third in his hands; and have been told that, traveling on horseback, he fell a-reading, giving the horse his full liberty."

Crossing now to our own land, it cannot but be of interest to note a few events in connection with books in America. And, first of all, books were written, or translations into the various Indian tongues made, in more than one case by the zealous missionaries to these benighted people.

While neither prepared nor desirous to speak in detail of the various books published in their own languages for our native Americans, we may gather some ideas from a few facts. For the Mexican Indians Father Pareja published two catechisms as early as 1612; one "confesonario" during 1612 and 1613; one grammar in 1614; one other catechism in 1627; besides treatises on purgatory, heaven, hell, and the rosary.‖

A century later, in 1718, Father John le Boulenger drew up a "grammar and dictionary with a very full catechism and prayers," in the Kaskaskia Indian tongue.

* Butler, *Opus citatum*, March 7. † *Idem opus*, May 5.
‡ *Idem opus*, May 15. § Introductory to the *Lives of the Saints*.
‖ Shea, *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*. Vol. I., p. 157.

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At Conn River Head, Newfoundland, to-day, a small tribe of one hundred and twenty Micmac Indians have books with the Mass written in their tongue, printed in Germany, which they chant after their humdrum, monotonous manner.

As to early Catholic American books in the English language in Maryland, the public library at Annapolis "was commenced about 1697, with books presented by King William III."*

That the need of books was felt by the early colonists, we learn from the words of a priest of the times, Father Molyneux, Superior of the priests of Maryland, who declared: "I believe a library of great consequence."† To supply the need "The Jesuit Fathers really had circulating libraries at their missions and encouraged the reading of good books."‡ Father Atwood, in a letter to England, ordered a list of standard books for one of his flock. The order included the *Rheims Testament*, Parson's *Three Conversions*, *Catholic Scripturist*, *Touchstone of the Reformed Gospel*, and the whole "Manual with Mass in Latin and English."§ And yet the future Archbishop, Rev. John Carroll, wrote that "among the poorer sort (of Maryland Catholics) many could not read, or, if they could, were destitute of books, which, if to be had at all, must come from England; and in England the laws were excessively rigid against printing or vending Catholic books."‖

Had things changed, or was it by extraordinary efforts that only a few decades later, when Father Flaget departed from Vincennes to return to Baltimore, he left "a well selected library for the use of his successors"?¶

However, a beginning was made, and Catholic books were for the first time printed, not anonymously, as in England, but openly. Apparently the first book thus issued was a prayer-book entitled *A Manual of Catholic Prayers*, Philadelphia. Printed for subscribers. By Robert Bell, Bookseller, in Third Street, MDCCLXXIV!**

Those curious to know about early publications can find them given by Rev. Joseph Finotti, in his *Bibliographia Catholica Americana*.

* Campbell's *Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll*. † *Id. opus.*

‡ Shea, *opus citatum*. Vol. I., p. 405. § Shea, *loco citato*.

‖ Shea, *History of Church in United States*. Vol. II., p. 49, and in Brent's *Archbishop Carroll*, p. 64.

¶ Shea, *opus citatum*: Vol. II., p. 486. ** *Id. Op.* Vol. II., p. 139.

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In this connection one item of interest to every Catholic is the fact that our American Catechism was adopted by Bishop Carroll from that used in England.* A successor of Bishop Carroll's, the fertile and prolific apologist, Bishop England of Charleston, published a Missal in English. He also established a book publishing society and a Catholic paper, the United States Catholic Miscellany. †

In 1844 Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, "began a circulating library." ‡ This was doubtless done in accordance with the decree of the First Provincial Council of Baltimore, urging the establishment of a society for the diffusion of Catholic books.

The Fifth Provincial Council of Baltimore commended the recently established tract societies intended to popularize the position of the Church on religious topics. To-day almost every one may read. If Ruskin's words in the "Kings' Treasures" are true of books in general, that "no book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read and re-read and loved, and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the pages you want in it"; surely they are truer still of holy books of faith and virtue.

In "Queens' Gardens" again Ruskin writes: "The best romance becomes dangerous if, by excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which they shall never be called upon to act." A century and a quarter ago, when Rev. Dr. Carroll, the future Archbishop of Baltimore, was sending to Rome a report of the condition of religion in Maryland, one evil that he noted was the too common reading of romances and novels. If Ruskin's counsel is true of good books, what care should be taken to avoid positively bad ones!

In or about the year 1810, Archbishop Carroll and the other bishops held a conference in Baltimore, and agreed that pastors of souls "should warn the faithful not to read any books in which the integrity of their faith or the purity of their morals could easily be corrupted; and especially that they should not indiscriminately read those love stories which they call novels." §

* Shea, *Catholic Church in the United States.* Vol. III., p. 96.

† Shea, *Idem opus.* Vol. III., p. 315-17.

‡ *Opus citatum.* Vol. IV., p. 70.

§ See Vols. I. and II. Plenary Councils of Baltimore, No. 9.

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Again the Second Plenary Council warned against bad books, and as earnestly encouraged worthy ones. If, then, many books are positively to be avoided, what books, on the other hand, should be in every Catholic's library? That is a difficult question to answer universally, as aims and methods and needs and means differ for different individuals. Yet well-meant counsel is generally helpful. Where one intends to make a considerable collection of rare or expensive books he "should acquire such books as Lowndes' *Bibliography*, Brunet's *Manual*, and as many priced catalogues as he can secure."* Recently one of our great daily papers declared that the Bible is printed in 492 different languages, and each year 14,000,000 copies of the Bible in English are sold. This shows that *The* Book is still loved and popular: the more so when we are told that each year there are 2,500 new novels published in the United States, while their average sale is about 500 copies each.

Rightly, then, the Bible is well in its position, not only in the hearts, but also on the tables and book-shelves of the people.

No theme can ever become so important as that which forms the subject-matter of *The* Book; nor can any author hope to equal those writers who had eternal truth *revealed* to them, and who wrote under the *inspiration* of the Holy Ghost.

Next after this collection of the Law and Prophets in the Old Testament, and the Apostles and their associates in the New Testament, altogether forming our Bible; after this book, *par excellence*, naturally come the various commentaries on the Bible, and other writings by the great Fathers and Doctors of the Church. These have been gathered into two vast collections, the one of the Greek writers, in one hundred and sixty ponderous tomes, called the Greek Patrology; the other of the Latin writers, in two hundred and twenty tomes, called the Latin Patrology; both edited under the general supervision of a priest, Abbé Migne, about the middle of the nineteenth century. Various translations of certain of these Fathers have been published in English.

Nor should we fancy that these two great collections contain only commentaries on Scripture. They treat of almost every topic that could interest the serious Christian in one way or another.

And who has not heard, even if he has not read, some-

* Andrew Lang, *The Library*. Chap. ii.

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thing of that deep, sweet, altogether lovely soul, St. Augustine? In his wonderfully frank, even humiliating *Book of Confessions* one sees how truly great its author must have been, to lay bare to all mankind both his secret sins and his most cherished hopes. This same great Doctor wrote that monument of philosophy and religion, the *City of God.*

A work more easily produced, that should be well-read in every Catholic's study, is the *Lives of the Saints*, in one form or another, with its forceful and appealing object-lessons of Christian benignity and refinement of character.

What each should do is to have a few favorites, at least, among truly good books, and read them often and meditatively. Imitate St. Francis de Sales, who carried Father Lawrence Scupoli's *Spiritual Combat* in his pocket fifteen years, and read something in it each day. It is said that this work ran through nearly fifty editions before the death of the author.

Great and popular as is the *Spiritual Combat*, yet one other surpasses it, of which it is said: "The *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis, is the most excellent book that ever came from the hand of man—the Holy Scriptures being of divine origin, and the *Spiritual Combat* may be called its key or introduction."*

Of course this is not the place to mention books on the natural sciences, etc., but only those more or less bearing on or connected with religion.

In philosophy, dressed in a popular garb, may be recommended Cardinal Gibbons' *Christian Heritage;* Father Hecker's *Questions of the Soul;* Father Aveling's writings, Schanz's *Christian Apology;* Thein's *Anthropology;* Shanahan's *John Fiske on the Idea of God;* and the whole Stonyhurst series by the Jesuit Fathers.

In sociology there are the writings of Sir Thomas More, Father Cathrein, Rev. Dr. Kerby, and Rev. John Ryan's *A Living Wage.* On doctrinal subjects one would do well to have Addis and Arnold's *Catholic Dictionary*, learned, concise, and inexpensive. Then there is Berington and Kirk's *Faith of Catholics*, though once out of print now edited anew; Bossuet's *Variations;* Archbishop Spalding's numerous lectures and essays; Brownson's various writings; Chateaubriand's *Genius of Christianity;* the three great English Cardinals, Wise-

* Introduction to *Spiritual Combat.*

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man, Manning, and Newman, who have written so well on such a vast field of subjects; and Cardinal Gibbon's *Faith of Our Fathers*. Perhaps no better treatises on the Sacred Scriptures can be more easily procured than those of Father Gigot. Certainly the writer knows of no more happy combination of erudition and style on the life of Christ than that of Abbé Fouard. Also his lives of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John.

For an account of the catacombs, Northcote and Brownlowe's work combines happily the popular and scholarly. Father O'Brien's small volume on the Mass is a jewel. Bishop Hefele on the Councils of the Church is dry, yet authoritative and solid. Only the first six Councils are translated from the German into English. Pastor's *History of the Popes* is a strong, plain statement of facts on the subject of the great rulers of the Church in the late Middle Ages, and beginning of modern times. Digby's *Mores Catholici* is a storehouse of facts for churchmen. Montalembert's monumental *Monks of the West*, as well as his *Life of St. Elisabeth;* with Bishop Hefele's *Life of Cardinal Ximinez and of Queen Isabella the Catholic*, should be charming reading for cultured Catholics. So, too, Martin Rule's *Life and Times of St. Anselm*, is a fascinating work for pious scholars. The *History of the German People*, by Mgr. Joannes Janssen, is detailed and hard reading, but full of data. Bellesheim's *History of the Church in Scotland* is still the authority on that subject. Joyce on Ireland is readable and learned. For England, there is first, of course, Bede's *Ecclesiastical History;* and Rev. Dr. Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, a delightful little work; and the *History of England*, by the same author. Then, too, a very readable and reliable history of the Church in England is that of Father Flanagan. For a history of painting perhaps Vasari is still most popular. For the literary history of the Middle Ages Father Berington is erudite, though now out of print. As to American history, in part or in general, there are Brownson, McSherry, Scharf, and Father Russell, the last three from Maryland, and John Gilmary Shea's monumental *History of the Church in the United States*. For general histories Bossuet and Fathers Vuibert and Fredet are all good in their particular way, and Cardinal Hergenroether and Dr. Alzog for general Church histories. On education Fénelon's *Christian Counsels*, Cardinal Newman's *Idea of a University*, and the works of Bishop J. L. Spalding are

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well-known and strong books. For introduction to literature Brother Azarias, Father Jenkins, and Father Coppens should be recommended.

Among Catholic fiction writers whose works are popular perhaps the following are the best: Conscience, Crawford, Dorsey, Reid, Finn, Keon's *Dion and the Sibyls*, Manzoni's *The Betrothed*, Newman's *Callista*, and *Loss and Gain*, Wiseman's *Fabiola*, and the works of Sienkiewicz, Father Sheehan, Mrs. Ward, Katharine Tynan, Miss Sadlier, Henry Harland, Rene Bazin, and Charles Warren Stoddard.

Many more names might be added to the list, if our readers had sufficient means and time at their disposal. There will, of course, be disagreement as to the merits of those mentioned. But to most these hundred or so volumes should be servicable and pleasant.

Catholics who are capable should realize what a vast, fertile field for good seed is the broad prairie land of the press. Catholics who are able to, should write, for, what is written remains. But pecuniary remuneration should not be the motive, else the vast majority will never reach their aim. Although Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, was indeed erudite, and "although he had for more than thirty years been a writer of Catholic books, he had in all that time made only two hundred dollars by all his labors." *

Nor is the field much more lucrative to-day, if we may believe a recent writer in one of our prominent and conservative prints, for he stated that: "The field of letters is by no means one in which there is fairness and impartiality. It is one that is to-day, with the exception of the ministry, the poorest in material reward, and the most difficult in which to gain a footing." †

* *Cathedral Records*, Riordan, Baltimore, 1906, p. 75.

† Guy Carleton Lee in *Baltimore Sun*.

(THE END.)

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MAMICHEE.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

I.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best."

SHE was just the most sympathetic, tender "Little Mother" in the world, with a heart large enough to take in every one of her numerous family, no matter how bad, wicked, or ugly the new child might be. One and all soon fell under the charm of the little coolie girl, whose quaint Dutch name, "Mamichee," or "Little Mother," so truly expressed her life and character. Heaven alone knows from whom she got her loving heart, most certainly not from her own experience of mother-love, or mother-care, for she had worse than none.

"Thrown away," the term so commonly used in Cape Town, and so expressive of those unfortunate children abandoned by their unnatural parents, was true enough of poor "Mamichee." She was left in the Cape Town Female Prison, usually called the "Tronk," by her worthless mother, and when her time expired—at seven years old—the poor mite had no home but the prison.

For, some twenty years ago, there was no other shelter for unhappy little children, unless some friends came forward and offered them a home while the mothers were "doing time."

Mamichee had no such friend. There were not many coolies in the Cape; and with no one is the feeling of caste or race more strong than with the colored population.

Picture to yourselves a quaint old parlor in semi-darkness, and intolerably hot in spite of large open ventilators, a party of six or seven English and Irish ladies trying to keep awake by the aid of iced lemonade instead of orthodox tea. Very little conversation was going on, when the door was suddenly opened and a grinning, black-faced orphan announced:

"Missis, the white Baas to see the missis."

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"The missis," for once, was not very well pleased to see the "white Baas," even though in this instance it was our good friend the magistrate, Mr. R——. She felt she had been caught in rather an *infra dig.* attitude. However, *he* was very well pleased to find us resting, and apologized very much for breaking in upon our slumbers.

"The truth is, ladies, that I want you to do something charitable at once. Though I know you will say you have not even room for a fly more in the 'ark,' you must take in at once a poor little coolie girl who is left in the Tronk. It is a shame for such a nice little thing to be brought up in a prison."

There could be but one answer to this appeal, though most true it was that the Industrial Home, or, as it was called, "The Ark for Waifs and Strays," was as full as full could be, almost impossible to shut down the lid and let all shake into their places.

I must not go into details about Cape Town of long ago, when English, Dutch, Afrikanders, and innumerable other races, somehow managed to live alongside of each other in harmony; and I will only explain that the "Ladies" were a party of Englishwomen living in a queer old Dutch house, in a still queerer old street, rejoicing in the appropriate name of "Keroom" or Turn-round-the-Corner Street.

We were brought together by our good Father and Bishop, Dr. C——, to help in the arduous task of endeavoring to civilize the cosmopolitan society. We were young, we were ambitious, and we were very much in earnest to lead noble lives and to do some good in our generation.

The Home was so conveniently near to our own house as to make it advisable to secure it for our purpose. There were many large rooms which could be utilized for dormitories, a good garden, and so near the beautiful oak avenue of Government House that the children could be turned out to play there with little trouble. But, and this was a very considerable *but*, for many years it had been the abode of twelve or more distinct families of Malays, and those followers of the Prophet had left their traces behind them.

The children were of every nationality and every shade of color, from pure European type to the very blackest of Africa's black diamonds. These we separated into two classes;

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the very roughest and blackest belonged to the "kitchen pot" black; there were others much fairer and smoother, more genteel altogether, and these were the "tea-kettle" family. It was impossible sometimes to distinguish the "kitchen pot" black except for the glitter of the eye and the gleam of the very white ivories in the wide mouth.

But I have strayed from Mamichee, and must now hasten on to say that we quickly agreed that one of us should go that evening and rescue the Little Mother.

Since I was Captain of the Ark, it was decreed that I should go. The prison matron was quite pleased when I explained the object of my rather late visit. I followed her into the large room set apart for female prisoners. About twenty or thirty were squatting about: it was their free or idle hour. Some were asleep on the earth floor, some smoking; tongues were going; and, you may be sure, some were quarreling. In the centre of the bare, cheerless place sat a huge, forbidding-looking black woman, a heavy scowl on her face; either a "tantrum" was coming on or just going off. And sitting on her lap was the sweetest, prettiest little coolie girl. Her slender, olive-colored fingers were stroking and caressing the bad, ugly face, and her soft voice whispering: "Poor, poor!" These were the first words I ever heard our sweet Little Mother say, and they were also the text, the key-note of her life—compassion.

"There, ma'am," said the matron, "that is how it always is. No one but Mamichee can manage Johanna."

However hard may be the heart, there is a soft spot somewhere, and this woman, who was the terror of all around her, and who was in for life—she was a murderess—had utterly fallen under the spell of the tender, innocent little coolie. I really felt it almost sinful to take Mamichee away from these poor, unhappy women; it was like destroying their one chance; but, then, we had to consider the child, and though tears fell fast as she said "good-bye," they all generously agreed. "Yes, take her, missis; we are not good for her."

Mamichee was not long in packing up her possessions, for she literally had nothing but the clothes she stood up in—an old cotton petticoat and a worn tie-behind pinafore; yes, there was *one* thing more, her much-loved though headless treasure, an old rag doll. She hugged it to her breast with one hand, while she

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clung to my skirts with the other, and trudged on with me as if she had known me all her life. No hat or sun-bonnet protected her shapely little black head, so well set on her long neck. A quaint yet graceful little figure, the active little bare legs and feet trotted along very contentedly; no misgiving crossed her mind.

And when the doors of St. Michael's Home were opened to receive the new little "wreckling," a smile of delight spread itself over the sweet little face; she felt she was indeed entering her first happy home. She was our only little coolie girl, and her graceful Indian physique stood out in clearly defined lines; her complexion was a pale, clear olive; the sensitive little mouth, with its thin lips, very different from the blubber, wide-projecting, true African type. It was not so much that she was a pretty child, but that grace and refinement marked every movement and feature.

I think the first days in the Home must have been a kind of fairy life to the poor child, whose little feet had already trodden very hard paths. The daily swim in the fresh, cold bath, the clean new clothes, especially the Sunday uniform, with its smart pink frock and white pinafore, were as delightful in her eyes as a young woman's first ball-dress is in hers.

But the crowning joy of all, the treasure beyond price, was the red cotton pocket-handkerchief, adorned with a donkey or a church and some lines of poetry. Bliss could not go beyond that which was in Mamichee's eyes, when this precious gift completed her toilet. She never lost sight of this wonderful thing. Every evening it was washed and carefully folded and put under the bolster, to be mangled and dried by her own little body.

Mamichee was a born nurse, as the saying is. I do not know if she could have passed an examination and gained a certificate, but I do know there could have been no better or happier being than Mamichee as nurse to some sick child. Then, indeed, the handkerchief was in full play; tears were dried, aching heads were bathed and bound up in its wet folds, wounds tied up, and even "winter feet," the special torture of the barefooted tribes, were comforted and consoled by Mamichee's handkerchief; some special virtue went out of the donkey variety; you never knew where you would meet with it next.

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The next great event in Mamichee's life was her baptism. We thought the name of the tender St. Monica a very appropriate one for the little motherly being, who indeed did not confine her consolations merely to physical woes, but was very earnest in striving to console and comfort the deeper wounds of the soul. Indeed, the day of tribulation and punishment was a sort of field-day for Mamichee. The next great episode was the keeping of her birthday, quite an imaginary epoch in her life. So we decided St. Monica's day should also be her birthday.

Four or five years passed in busy but uneventful routine. There were the usual variations of bright and cloudy days which mark all lives, so we will only say that as time went on "the Little Mother" increased in stature and goodness, in favor with God and her neighbors.

She was a happy, simple little girl, not without minor faults; perhaps she was a little indolent; certainly she was not clever, according to school ideas; it was never her proud lot on prize-day to go up to be crowned by the good Bishop with the wreath of roses, as a mark of talent or proficiency, whatever this last word may mean. But there was a universal chorus of assent when Mamichee was elected "Mother" of the big family.

One evening, when I was alone in my room, Mamichee knocked and asked if she might come in; permission being given, she joined me at the open window. I was star-gazing with a very sore heart, for our good and noble founder had gone to his eternal rest. In him we had lost our father and friend.

The grand starry vault of heaven, studded with those mysterious brilliant witnesses of so many of earth's sorrows and desolations, was a consolation to me. Mamichee's poetical temperament answered to my unspoken thought.

"Mother," she said—for once using the softer name—"Mother, is it not true that when a very holy saint dies God puts a new star into the sky? See, *there* is the Bishop's star; it was never there before. See how beautiful it is!"

And the little hand pointed to a great glowing light, some far-off world shedding long rays of golden fire in an empty space of the vast vault of heaven. Whether this was a new star or no, the rays of glory lightened my weary soul, and the words rose to my lips—

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"Who are these like stars appearing?
These before God's Throne who stand?"

And my heart was comforted.

I have spoken of her attachment to her earthly treasure, the red pictured handkerchief. The spiritual treasure, the Pearl of great Price, that spoke to her soul, was the crucifix given to her on her baptism.

It was beautiful to watch unseen her devotion and reverence, when, the last thing before sleep and the first act of the morn, the kneeling child tenderly lifted the image of the Crucified and kissed the pierced Feet. Then out would come her earthly treasure to wipe those Feet, while her loving voice murmured: "Poor, poor Jesus!"

II.

"Ban, Ban, Cal, Caliban,
Get a new master, be a new man."—*The Tempest.*

There is always a "but" in the lot of all mortals. And poor Mamichee found it. One day there was an arrival which filled even the most stolid heart with amazement.

"Is it human, or is it a demon?" burst from my lips when I was called upon to say whether the "ark" could find space for a most extraordinary inmate. In the entrance hall various groups of "Ladies" were standing in attitudes of astonishment, and our kind Superior was hesitating as to her answer to the new applicant.

We were all looking at a most truly pitiable and repulsive object. Her name was "Eva," surely a cruel irony that gave the name of the "fair mother of all living" to the hideous black being now before us. We hesitated whether to call her a child or an old wrinkled woman of eighty.

She was crouching in a sitting posture, her keen, bright eyes gleaming at us like some hunted animal taken in a trap; and when our Superior tried to lift her, she sank again into a heap. The respectable woman who had brought her to us said that the poor thing could not stand, her bones were all soft. The pitiable story was this—Eva had been found one evening crawling about Bishop's Court, and the violent barking

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of the dogs attracted attention to her. Good Dr. G—— had taken her in, and inquiries were made; some native women who lived on the property came forward and said they knew who she was, and that a wandering, very degraded bush tribe had been about, and had gone some twelve years ago, leaving a child "thrown away." This miserable being had crawled about since then, living like and with the animals; she sometimes appeared in the huts, and she had been baptized "Eva." How she had managed to exist all this time was a mystery; my own belief is that she was so hideous that even wild beasts and birds were afraid of her.

Her chest was emaciated to a fearful degree, and so were her legs and arms; the latter were so long and wrinkled, that when she was made to stand, the long withered fingers, armed with formidable talons, touched the ground. But her poor body was swollen and misshapen. Her head and face were shaped like a cocoa-nut. Her head was covered with thick black wool, growing down to the eyes, which were small and keen, with a most malicious expression; unlike the usual flat, squat nose, a huge parrot-like beak took its place, and the thin-lipped, cruel-looking mouth stretched from ear to ear. On the top of each ear, as if to add the final touch to the universal horror, rose a sharp small horn, a real horny growth. No hideous gargoyle, no demon of Doré's most fantastic creation, could surpass the living reality that confronted us. Baboon like, yet human. Demoniacal, yet a living soul. Marvelous mystery!

It was quite impossible for the first few weeks to put Eva with the other children, so unearthly and repulsive were her habits, and so savage her outcries on the least provocation; besides, the poor creature was almost a cripple from neglect. It was one of those wonderful instincts given even to the lower creation that made Eva crave for lime or earth; she sought a natural remedy; just as the hen eagerly swallows lime or mortar in order to harden the shell of her eggs so did nature prompt Eva to devour the same thing. The doctor told us to supply her with all bone-making material, and after about six weeks of proper treatment she was able to stand and walk. It was curious, but there was certainly an attraction between our refined and delicate head nurse and this poor outcast of humanity. Such a contrast the pair made!

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One Sunday afternoon our Superior came in looking quite elated.

"Now," said she, "own that I am right. You all declared that I was only wasting my time with Eva, and that she would never be any better. Here is the proof that she is becoming civilized. She actually refused to eat a lettuce I gave her, unless it was washed; only a few days ago she would just as soon have eaten a mouthful of dirt as a ripe orange! She can go to the other children to-morrow. I am rewarded for my trouble." We were all overcome by this extraordinary progress. And no more objections were made to Eva taking her place under the shadow of the wings of the great Archangel and being enrolled as a St. Michael's child.

But the subdued hush that fell on the noisy groups in the playground, and the look of fear on some of the children's faces when I introduced Eva on the morrow, was a sure and certain proof that there was still much to be desired. For once, even Mamichee forgot her usual duty of coming forward, in her capacity as "Little Mother," to welcome and console the stranger.

I called her, but she was not to be found for some time; and when she did appear, and I had put Eva into her care, the poor child actually shivered and turned perfectly white, her fawn-like eyes dilated with fear; and she looked like a child struck with a mortal terror. There was a marked antagonism from the very first between the two children. Mamichee could not conceal her fear. Eva did not try to conceal her hatred and ill-will. With the advent of Eva our Little Mother ceased to be a happy child.

What a mystery is human nature! Here between two children, not so very far apart in outward circumstances, already a great gulf was fixed. The divine breath that had breathed on Mamichee so that she became a "living soul," seemed in Eva's case utterly wanting.

Troubles, quarrels, wickedness, all seemed to spring into activity with Eva's arrival. We stood almost appalled by such an outbreak; and yet it was difficult to convict the imp of any very decided evil-doing.

She was clever in a sort of way, "as slim as a slow," as the black people say, meaning hereby "as sly as a snake." Nothing seemed to soften her heart; she was full of spite, espe-

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cially against poor Mamichee, who seemed as fearfully fascinated by the glitter of those evil eyes as is some poor bird by the cruel serpent.

Often when an interesting book was being read aloud, during the work lesson, the silence would be broken by a sharp scream from some unfortunate child sitting somewhere near Eva, and when the schoolmistress would investigate, with a stern rebuke for the disturbance, the sobbing urchin would tell how Eva had pinched her black and blue. Eva, meanwhile, with a leer, would deny the accusation, and would point out that it was impossible, for she sat ever so far from the victim. True, but Eva could quickly pass her long arms behind four or five children and fasten her formidable nails on some far-off victim. Her special delight was to seize on Mamichee and hold her in some dark corner. Even if she did no bodily harm, she managed to completely terrify her, so that the poor Little Mother would weep and wail even in her sleep.

It was our custom, when the heat of the long summer day was a little over, to take most of the children for a walk from about 7 to 9 P. M. We often went to a beautiful pine-wood not far from Cape Town. I do not know if it is still there, but in those days it was an ideal spot. To be deprived of this walk was one of the most severe punishments in the Home.

Eva had been unbearable all one hot day; every kind of naughtiness and spite at last brought upon her the verdict she richly deserved—to be left behind when the others started for the much-prized walk. She did not howl or cry when the happy children started, but she favored me with a most diabolical glance as I followed my children.

It was almost dark by the time we were back. The foremost children ran eagerly into the large play-room, but recoiled with a sort of shock. "What is the matter, children?" I said, "why don't you go in quietly?" A sobbing sort of cry arose, and voices called out: "O ma'am! don't go in, ma'am! it's Eva; she is wishing you dead, ma'am!"

Mamichee clung to me, crying as if her heart would break. The children, meantime, were wildly excited, some pushing in to see the show, while those who *had* seen it, came running back to implore me not to go in. The busy ant-hill was in commotion. I must just explain that "wishing one dead" is

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a peculiar and potent rite belonging to some tribes, and especially practised among Malays. It is done in this way:

The offended party wishes to revenge himself for some injury, real or imaginary. The revenge consists of a little erection of any kind of rubbish, and is supposed to represent the victim's grave. Then the person who is wishing you dead goes round and round the grave in solemn procession, and with waving arms and mystic charms curses the object of his revenge. The spell is supposed to end in the sudden death or slow, lingering torments of the unhappy victim. This spell is very ancient, supposed to be very powerful, and therefore much to be dreaded. It was in this way Eva was venting her vengeance on me.

The children almost held their breath with awe when, after scolding them for being so silly, they saw me walk quietly into the room. I am quite sure they expected either to see me drop down dead or fall into convulsions. Poor Mamichee was nothing but a fountain of tears.

There in the gloom of evening was Miss Eva, as nature made her, her uniform thrown to the winds, marching solemnly round and round a little heap of stones and sticks—*my* grave—her long, misshapen arms waving in time to some weird, crooning notes, while she wove the mystic spell that was to compass my death.

I felt very much inclined to laugh, but I preserved my gravity; with a gesture of contempt I kicked away the erection, and in a stern verse ordered Eva off to bed. The disturbance was quelled and order once more reigned. But, as the discomfited Eva sneaked off to her bed, I noticed that she passed close to the still trembling Mamichee, and in a low voice said something that deepened the poor child's misery. What it was I never found out.

About three weeks afterwards the blow fell on Mamichee. It was about school-time when a knock was heard at the front door and Mamichee was told to open the door. She went, but she never came back. Wondering why she did not return, we called her. No answer. Search was made everywhere she was still missing when bed-time came. Everything was done that could be done; but all in vain. No trace or sign of Mamichee was to be found.

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Time went on; with a sort of dull acquiescence we bore the loss of the dear "Little Mother."

One very hot day, about a month after our loss, a very hideous old black woman called and told us she had come for Eva. She declared herself to be Eva's grandmother and that the tribe had sent her to buy her back! They wanted her, the woman said, and Eva they would have. Eva, with a hideous leer, declared she would go. We could not detain her, for we had no legal power over her. Besides, we all had a sickening impression that the rumor amongst the children was true, and that Eva had had a hand in poor Mamichee's mysterious fate.

It was as if an evil spirit departed when Eva left, and if joy and merriment did not return to St. Michael's Home for a very long time, at least peace once more took up her abode with us.

III.

"Out of the Depths."

For a time I had to leave South Africa. Some years after my return there fell upon the poor country the curse of a fearful drought; and that time is still known as the famine year. The rivers ran dry; every green thing perished; and the whole land was parched and fruitless. The people died of thirst; the beasts fell exhausted in the streets.

One morning as we went to early service at the Cathedral, we came across one of these poor dying beasts, the only consolation being the thought that soon the poor animal would cease to suffer. We were somewhat late, and, instead of taking the usual route, made for a short cut. On the edge of a deep crevice or hole we saw the evil bird (vulture or aasvogel, as it is usually called in these parts) gloating over the last moments of, as we supposed, some poor beast. As we passed my heart gave a great thump, for I was almost sure I saw something unusual lying amongst the stones at the bottom of the hole.

"Stop, stop," I cried, clutching my friend's arm. "I am sure that something strange is there. I saw the flutter of rags."

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"No such thing," said she, "it is only either an ox or a horse, poor thing; do come on, for we are late."

However, I persuaded her to look closer; the aasvogel did not even take the trouble to move, but turned its hideous head and long bare neck to gaze at us. We did look; and, sure enough, lying prone amid the stones, was a human being!

A faint flutter of the poor rags told us there was still life. We called loudly to some black boys who were on their way to their work, and we made them scare away the aasvogel and clamber down the steep sides of the fissure.

With many gutteral exclamations they re-appeared, carrying carefully the poor wasted form of a young girl. Some foreboding made me cry out: "It's Mamichee, Mamichee!" as the poor object was held out to me. And so it was. Wasted to a fearful degree, with only an old rag on, we found it difficult to believe that this was our long-lost, sweet "Little Mother"; but, as if to confirm my words, out of one skeleton hand dropped two undeniable proofs of her identity, a crucifix and a morsel of ragged handkerchief. Yes, out of the very valley of the shadow of death our child came home to us.

It did not take long to carry our fragile burden to the Home, and with tearful eyes our amazing story was heard. Needless to say with what loving care our poor Mamichee was tended. She remained quite unconscious, and our kind doctor said this might continue for many hours, nay, even days. All we could hope for was that when the stimulants had done their work, she would revive and regain consciousness; but the doctor held out little hope of ultimate recovery. She was too far gone, he said. Her poor little body was covered with the marks of many a cruel beating, and even scars of burns were plainly visible upon it.

Mamichee was not left for a minute; some one was always watching for the eagerly desired moment of returning consciousness. For three days the little sufferer slept the sleep of utter exhaustion; save for a faint moan, when we moistened her lips with brandy and milk, she never stirred; at last one afternoon the soft, dark eyes unclosed, there was a deep sigh, and a smile broke over the wasted face.

For a minute she seemed restless, and her thin hand searched for something; one of us thought of her beloved crucifix and gave it to her. She raised it to her mouth with

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difficulty, the smile grew deeper, and with a loving kiss to the Sacred Feet, the words so familiar of old fell from her lips: "Poor, poor."

Mamichee all the world over, too, in the way she tried to wipe my fast-falling tears away, her sweet look of compassion as she said: "Poor, poor Mother." Most precious to us all were the short intervals of reviving strength, and bit by bit her sorrowful tale was told. She suffered chiefly from extreme weakness and thirst; and nothing did she enjoy more than the spoonful of big glittering hailstones which were carefully caught and brought to refresh the parched throat.

"Mamichee eating diamonds," she would say, with a feeble laugh.

At length our patience was rewarded, though even now we had to be very careful; the slightest over-strain brought back the long, deadly fainting fits. She was so happy to be with her "dear White Ladies" again; this was her old pet name for us.

She was too feeble in the daytime to say much, but we gathered more of her cruel sufferings and terrors from the words dropped in her painful night-wandering talk. Then the fever of delirium revealed much. It seems that as she opened the door of the Keroom Street Home a thick shawl was thrown over her head; she was muffled in its folds, gagged, and carried off. It was all done in an instant; she could not cry out. When she awoke from a drugged sleep it was to find herself hundreds of miles away, in the heart of the most uncivilized regions of darkest Africa, and in the hands of one of the most degraded heathen bush tribes. It was the same tribe from which Eva came; and Mamichee was their prisoner. From the first she was cruelly treated and suffered much; but far worse days were to come. For soon afterwards Eva arrived; she was greeted with horrid yells of welcome, and a terrible orgie was held in her honor.

Mamichee had to witness the disgusting scene—raw flesh was eaten; and, more revolting still, blood formed the drink. Mamichee, trembling with fear, was dragged forward, given over to Eva to be her slave, and she was free to work her evil will of spite upon the poor child.

She endeavored to force the loathsome draught of fresh blood upon the shrinking Mamichee, who, however, managed

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to resist it. Her clothes were torn from her, but she found an old petticoat, and refused to be, as Eva was, covered with hideous stripes of red and white paint. "I am a Christian," was the answer to all the attempts to make her practise the revolting savage customs and habits.

"Mother, they wanted to make me be like them; but I said: 'No; I am a Christian. I will not drink blood; I will not kiss the snake-devil.' Eva did, ma'am." But she could not bear the horror of speaking even of what she had witnessed.

It was in the silence of the night that the terrified child would cry out: "Take the snake-devil away. Oh, Eva, do not put the snake-devil on my face. I pray to God, to the poor Jesus, not to the snake-devil." Then she would wake, trembling from head to foot, and the only way to calm her was to give her her beloved crucifix.

We asked her one day how she managed to keep it. Her answer was: "Mother, when they were eating or fighting or drunk, I slipped away and made holes in a safe place, and wrapped my poor Jesus in a big leaf or the bit of handkerchief and buried Him; and when night came I could creep out, and I took Him up and said my prayers and was happy, Mother."

"And these marks on your body, my darling?" I asked her one day.

"That's Eva, Mother. When I would not do like she did, and pray to the devil or be wicked, she used to tie me tight with strings of aloe, and burn and beat me with prickly thorns."

And yet with many a tear and sigh did the "Little Mother" speak of "poor Eva." Poor, indeed!

The same year that saw us in such trouble in the Free State also brought its terrible lesson of the wrath of God to many a heathen tribe. Small-pox, that awful scourge to all black races, fell heavily on the part of Africa where the bushmen lived. Eva's tribe was nearly decimated by it. They fell in hundreds, and the few who were left wandered far and wide in search of water and food. Eva was one of the first to perish.

From various sources Mamichee heard that the "White Ladies" had come not so very far away, and had medicines good for sickness.

Then came a ray of hope. She took advantage of the dispersion of the tribe; she hid herself in the bush; and she

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managed every evening to get farther and farther away from her persecutors.

How she survived and was not devoured by wild beasts is known to God alone and His holy angels. She would say to me: "Mother, I looked every night for the Bishop's star, and for the one you told me was the Southern Cross; and they showed me where the White Ladies lived."

Then came the end. Her strength was utterly spent, and just as she came in sight of Bloemfontein, and could hear the White Ladies' church bell, she fell into a deep "sluit," and clasping her crucifix felt she was dying. A great longing to be able to see us all again, even for a moment, come over her.

Out of the deep she cried unto her Lord, and He brought her out of her distress "unto the haven where she would be."

The heavens were all alight with glory, the most beautiful lambent flames, coming and going every instant; it seemed as if the Golden Gates were opening very wide to receive the sweet Little Mother whose gentle life was ebbing fast away.

We held our breath, it was almost more than human nature could bear, the exceeding glory and beauty, for the whole Infirmary was lighted with a dazzling flood of golden light. Our sweet Mamichee opened wide once more those eyes, which we never thought to see unclose in this world again. Her trembling fingers found her crucifix. With one supreme effort she raised it to her dying lips; and the old familiar words, fell for the last time upon our listening ears: "Poor, poor Jesus!" as her last kiss was given to the Pierced Feet.

Farewell, Sweet Mamichee, the Southern Cross shines bright, high over your quiet grave.

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PUBLICITY AND SOCIAL REFORM.

BY JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.

THE question of social reform, so widely agitated to-day, is essentially connected with the question of publicity. Every department of life, every detail of contemporary history, every minute particular, even with regard to private, personal matters, and private and personal motives, are to-day the subjects of publicity. Publicity means the publication, the making known in some sort of public way—in a way that is accessible to all men or the great majority of men—of particular data concerning an individual, an institution, or a nation. This data may be true or false. For the present we will suppose that it is always true, and we will define publicity as a making known, in a way accessible to all, of certain truths, certain actual conditions, habits, acts, with regard to an individual or an institution, a state or a nation.

The greatest agency in publicity to-day is the press; and by the press we mean the printed word which includes the book, the quarterly, the monthly, the weekly, and the daily newspaper. Whatever other agencies of publicity there may be—and such agencies are almost innumerable—the curious gossiper, the ordinary talk and conversation of the individual, private social committees of this kind and of that, legislative inquiries, city, state, and national investigations and reports—whatever other agencies there may be, the press, and in particular the daily newspaper, is the most efficacious organ of publicity that we possess.

The daily press gives to the individual the food for nourishment, the flesh and bone, the soul and the heart, we might say, that make him the kind of social being that he is. Morning and evening, and some days quite oftener, the newspaper goes to him with word of what the world is doing and thinking and aiming at. True, it reflects various schools of opinion, and in this respect the reader will be influenced by the editorial page or the manner in which news items are presented

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by his own particular newspaper. But, apart from all else, the press is the great world-wide, trumpet-voiced organ of publicity. There is no human activity of any kind which it does not report. Everything, without exception, is grist to its mill. It has its representatives in every part of the globe. It has destroyed privacy. Nothing is sacred to it, at least as far as the sacredness of silence is concerned. It is the creator of publicity. Of necessity, almost, it must run into license; and oftentimes abuse its power. But it has been an immense power for good. Every movement, every society, every school, must to-day have its printed organ.

And yet this very power of the press, at times the creator and always the index of publicity, must itself be governed by the laws of effective publicity—if it is to achieve good. For publicity in itself is merely publicity. It simply means the making known of certain conditions concerning individuals or institutions. And as we are to treat of publicity as an agent of social reform, we must lay down the conditions essential for publicity if it is to be an effective agent in social reform, in the bettering of social conditions, in the cure of social evils, in the offering to larger and larger groups of the better opportunities of life.

The publication broadcast of evil, unjust, illegal conditions is in itself sterile. Having done this, we have not by this alone advanced one step towards the removal of evil conditions or towards social reform of any kind. Members of a political organization may know for years of the corruption, the vice, the moral degradation, which said political organization encourages and promotes, and never utter a word in protest. Extend this membership to thousands—yea, to hundreds of thousands—the knowledge of evil conditions, the publicity may be there, and yet social reform is never thought of; rather the abuses and the evils are allowed to increase. How many thousands of our citizens know well to-day the needs of our crowded city districts; the needs of mothers and fathers and children; the needs of the hungry; the unemployed; the crippled; the homeless and the physically and the morally helpless; know all these things, and yet do nothing? Publicity has made them known, and publicity can go no further.

Not only is this true, but publicity may, in some ways, and in very effective ways, be the enemy instead of the agent,

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of social reform. How often, when you plead with one who has been dishonest in business, do you receive the answer: "Oh, well, every one does it. We've all got to do it, else we would never get along." Uncover the sins of well-known men, of such as were esteemed leading patriots and statesmen, of legislators; and, in many cases, they who read the exposures will learn to look less fearfully upon evil, and in their own dishonest course console themselves with the thought that they have such famous companions. Uncover the depredations, the conscienceless piracy of a number of great corporations; tell the crowd that the traffic manager of a great railway, in reply to the question: "Why did you violate the law of the United States?" answered: "For business reasons," and there will be many who will conclude that business is a more important thing than the law of the country. Uncover ruthlessly the story of debauchery, of license, and of murder; picture the criminal as a hero; and such publicity will make of many moral and physical wrecks, the worst enemies of social reform.

The great corruptionists of the business and political world whom publicity has exposed have, through this very publicity, won many imitators. Murderers have been made murderers, because they were taught by the organs of publicity how murder was committed. "Raffles" has had his real children, who, after his manner, became thieves. The publicity given to the easy way in which marriage may be dissolved has broken up many families; and alluring pictures of ease, of pleasure, of indulgence, have won many captives.

The first essential requirement of publicity as an effective agent in social reform is that the data given to the public must be *true*. The individual and the corporate body resent nothing more rigorously and more justly than a lie. It is the first claim of all of us that we be presented to others as we really are; that our claims, our purposes, our doctrines, should be truthfully stated. And this is a natural right belonging to every one. The American spirit of fair play champions no spirit so loyally as it does this right of every man and every institution.

And as it is a right, so is there a corresponding responsibility upon the part of every individual and of every corporate body—even of the newspapers—to see to it that in their statements they tell the truth; that they make themselves

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certain, with evidence morally certain, at least, that what they publish is the truth. The crusade against vivisection has oftentimes been responsible for many exaggerations, falsehoods, and misrepresentations, and has at times really injured the fight against unnecessary cruelty to animals. How idle it is for a particular newspaper to champion the cause of anti-vivisection simply because this same paper has been restrained from publishing certain medical advertisements by a medical society? If we resort to lies, then social reform is out of the question, for whatever we may achieve for the moment will ultimately be of no avail. The unsparing justice of time will exact payment either from us or from our children.

Secondly, publicity to be effective must be *organised;* and it will be effective according to the measure of organized effort behind it. An individual may have knowledge of serious social evils, of evils that cry to heaven for vengeance. He may shout the evils from the housetops and his voice may fall as ineffectively as snowflakes upon a warm pavement. A small social body may be championing a most worthy cause, but unless it can, through organized methods and means, make the evils known, it can never achieve success. On the other hand, a newspaper or a magazine, because it is organized, not only in the sense that it has a large circulation, but also in the sense that it has organized brains back of it, can appeal in a way that will attract the attention and excite the interest of the public.

It is known that *The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair, led eventually to the national Meat Inspection Bill. It is not generally known that the contents of that book appeared first in the columns of a Socialist paper in Chicago, and that the publicity there had no effect. The disclosures were still-born. The book was brought to publishers in New York, who put two investigators on the task of verifying the statements. The book was published, but still its disclosures had but little effect. Later it was brought to the attention of ex-President Roosevelt. He sent two investigators to Chicago, and in a short while the revelations aroused the country.

The terrible condition under which the men and women and children lived in Painter's Row, Pittsburg, were exposed by *The Survey*, the organ of the Charities Organization Society. But the exposé had no effect. Conditions remained

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the same until a weekly journal of large circulation published an account of these conditions—and in a short while Painter's Row was altered for the better.

The long hours of the steel workers—that every one of five had to work twelve hours a day for seven days of the week—were known for a long while. Not until a writer of note exposed the outrageous wrong in a monthly magazine was justice done to these laborers.

Brains are more essential to effective organization than money. And the reason that so many campaigns of publicity in a good cause fail is because they are not intelligently conducted or because they are opposed by campaigns of publicity in an evil and tyrannical cause with shrewd organizers behind them—organizers and champions that know how to present specious arguments, and how to color as they wish the presentation of facts or of so-called facts. Worthy publicity must, then, be shrewd and tactful, must employ, as far as is legitimate, the wise ways of this world, must be organized in leaders, in money, in followers, in centres of distribution; and in so far as it is thus organized will it achieve success. The National Civic Federation, for example, has just begun to found branches in every State of the Union for the adoption of uniform laws with regard to matters of social reform.

Publicity must not alone concern itself with the truth, it must not alone be well organized in its measures, its agencies, in the manner in which data is presented to the public; but it must be unbiased, or, at least, it must come from sources that are not prejudiced, that are not working for an ulterior purpose. We do not say that it is not the duty of a society or a social body to expose the very evils which such a society was organized to correct. It is not ineffective for a labor organization to expose the injustices of anti-labor legislation. But publicity is most effective when the evidence is presented strictly and frankly as evidence, when it is put out dispassionately, coldly, to tell its own attractive or repulsive story. Too much of the "stuff" presented to us to-day is exaggerated, and exaggerated for a sinister purpose. The newspaper controlled and owned by the capitalist will exaggerate the disastrous consequences and the terrible rioting with bloodshed and murder of a railway strike. Newspapers that claim to represent the laboring man will exaggerate and misrepresent

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the men and the ways of capital. Socialist papers will conceal the good work of many present-day institutions and paint in extravagant colors what the future is to be. All who are guilty of these things, in so far as they may be guilty, are the enemies, not the agents, of social reform. And it is true, indeed, that we have, by our extravagance, overstepped ourselves. We have overstepped ourselves in our impatience, in our zeal for a party cause. It is known to every one versed at all in the newspaper business that there are a number of news agencies throughout the country that can be subsidized to manufacture whatever news is desired, to "write up" according to order.

During the coal strike some years ago the reporter of a great Eastern daily was warned by the head of his paper to write up the news in such a way as not to injure Mr. Smith, who was a director in one of the roads that carried coal and also a stockholder in that particular newspaper. A similar message was sent to the editor of another daily by its owner after a railway accident that was caused by the company's carelessness and that resulted in the loss of many lives. "Don't write anything that will injure Mr. Jones"—Jones was a director of the railway and a stockholder in the paper. If we are true members of the democracy, we will be emphatic; we will be angry, but we will sin not; we will keep at the good cause day by day and lay bare the multiform evils that to-day cry for reform; but in our work we will be honest, fair, impartial, willing to take what we give; and if the desired success does not come to us in a day, we will be willing to commit our cause to truth and to justice, for in their hands are we ever safe. He that lies for the sake of a cause is the worst enemy any cause can have.

Take a publicity that embraces these characteristics—publicity that is truthful, organized, unbiased; subject to it almost any evil condition of society, and that condition will be remedied. It may not be cured radically and absolutely, but it will be cured in the sense that no one will publicly stand sponsor for it. It will, in most cases, give way to a correspondingly good social reform.

Publicity in itself is ineffective. But publicity works on the souls and hearts and minds of people. These are the springs that it excites to action. And the souls and hearts

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and minds of the people—and by the people we understand the intelligent, thoughtful, responsible portion of the community—are radically and naturally good and not evil.

The root of effective publicity is planted deep. It shows itself only in action. It is tremendously delicate and sensitive. But its strength is essentially the strength and the only strength of the individual both in himself and as a member of society. Its growth is something like the upbringing of a child, for into a child's growth and make-up a thousand agencies enter that we scarce know of. The slightest wind from this quarter or that quarter affects him. The root lies down deep in the spiritual nature of man. It is his soul. The soul makes the man and the souls of men make society. Upon the soul of man publicity plays. The men who to-day are advocating principles that will sap the individual of all moral and all spiritual worth, are the worst enemies of mankind. Degrade the community; tell the growing youth and the growing girl that they can feed upon nothing but the husks of fruitless materialism; tell them that this world is all the world that they will have; tell them that there is no difference between virtue and vice; and immediately you drive them back to savagery, where the only law is self and the survival of the fittest.

On the question of publicity we must deal with human nature. Men can never be angels when we deny the existence of the angelic world. Neither can we falsify history and cut this present generation off from its fathers. We cannot deny social continuity any more than we can deny the mothers who bore us. The present power of publicity, the reason why it has achieved the reforms it has, is because it worked upon souls and hearts that had a sense of moral righteousness, that knew good from evil—the sons and daughters of a race that has been civilized by Christianity. And the agency that will ever rob human hearts and human souls of that religious sense, of that moral sense, that will deny it to the children of our race, are the enemies of human kind. They are greater tyrants than the slave-drivers of old, because with their merciless whips of materialism and anarchy they are seeking to drive the human race back to that primeval gloom of ignorance and of savagery.

To quote from Bryce's *American Commonwealth*: "In the formation of public opinion the ethical principle must not be overlooked. Moral responsibility is not outside the sphere of

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politics. Let free peoples hold fast, then, to the great truth: that communities are responsible; that without unspotted purity and public faith; without sacred public principle, fidelity, and honor, no political government can give dignity to political society."

Publicity is effective because the public body of men and women to whom the real facts have been presented, the public body educated, intelligent, moral—as the public body as a whole is to-day—will rouse itself and demand the reform of a publicly known social evil.

To-day, organized, employed with great intellectual skill, publicity is very powerful. All political and social endeavor rests upon it. It dictates the platforms of political parties; it frames legislation; it creates legislators. Under its seething condemnation no man can live with comfort in the community whose public opinion is against him. It makes and unmakes governments. Its power is becoming more and more apparent and government itself is calling upon it to furnish the evidence that is government's own salvation against the dishonesty, the corruption, the secret lawlessness of great powers. Yet the truth remains that, like all other powers, publicity also may overstep itself. For, indeed, when we come to consider what it has effected in the last five years, we are tempted to believe that in itself it is a panacea for all social evils.

One of the greatest benefits and examples of publicity was the appointment, in 1903, of a Commissioner of Corporations. To this Commissioner, who was under the supervision of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, was granted the same power with regard to corporations as was given to the Interstate Commerce Commission over its particular field. We say the most beneficial example of publicity, because first: the appointment of such a commissioner was the result of public agitation for years previous; and, secondly: because the work of that Bureau has made public a mass of information concerning the conduct and management of corporations that has led to widespread knowledge of their methods; led in time to the successful demand for public control of them—a demand that is meeting with more effective success every day and that won its greatest success in the recent Corporation Publicity Act.

And the worth of publicity, apart from what remedial legislation it may effect, may be judged from the words of the

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Commissioner of Corporations who, in his report of 1906, said: "The work of the Bureau during the past year presents very strikingly the power of efficient publicity for the correction of corporate abuses wholly apart from the penal or remedial processes of the court."

Publicity has exposed the piratical and conscienceless methods of some great corporations. In 1905 it affected an investigation of the methods of Life Insurance Companies, and led to radical changes for the better in the state laws governing their conduct and their obligations. To-day publicity is revealing the sins of Fire Insurance Companies, and will eventually achieve a like reform in this field also.

Publicity has made known to the people the social evils of great monopolies and caused them to give way more and more before public control. In this city of New York the fight for eighty-cent gas was distinctively a fight of publicity.

Five years ago public exposure was made of the evils of patent medicine and of what are called "canned goods." The result of such publicity was the national "Pure Food Law," because of which the people now know what they eat and drink. The public campaign against tuberculosis has, by mere publicity, done more than all the medical fraternity ever did to turn back the tide of this dread disease.

Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, of the United States Marine Hospital Service, discovered the hook-worm seven or eight years ago, perhaps more. He knew the symptoms of its victims, and how to cure them. He tried to get his superiors to take some action or to allow him to. Nothing happened. A discovery that held hope for two million sick slumbered for lack of publicity. The Country Life Commission was appointed by President Roosevelt. Mr. Walter Page, a North Carolinian by birth, and editor of the *World's Work*, was a member of the Commission. He was, and is also, a member of Mr. Rockefeller's General Education Board. The Country Life Commission took Dr. Stiles on its trip South. The *World's Work* published the first comprehensive article on the subject. It was a dramatization, as it were, of Dr. Stiles statistical and terribly convincing account. This article was the opening wedge. Dr. Stiles secured an audience with Mr. Rockefeller, and the latter, seeing the facts, established a $10,000,000 foundation devoted to the hook-worm's destruction and to an active health

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campaign in every Southern state. All this might just as well have been done eight years ago. The situation existed. Dr. Stiles had made his discovery. He knew the people were sick and he knew how to cure them. Nothing was done until effective publicity turned the wheel.

The work of the Committee of Fifty did much good work in making public the evils of intemperance, and of the saloon evil. A weekly journal is now carrying on a campaign for a worthy liquor law, and such a law has, we believe, been already adopted in Iowa.

The loan shark, the usurious villain who lives on the wreckage of homes, has long been a great social evil in every large community. Publicity campaigns have been waged against this evil in Baltimore, Boston, Omaha, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Detroit, and New York, and have met with much success. The public exposure of this evil gave rise to the National Association of Remedial Loan Companies, whose whole campaign is, in turn, built upon publicity.

To take one city as an example, and to show what may be accomplished there in the way of social reform by the power of publicity, I would select Pittsburg and the work of the Charities Organization publication—*The Survey*. *The Survey* was backed by only $35,000, and a small band of energetic men. But *The Survey* took hold. Its trained investigators revealed many phases of the life and the living conditions of the wage-earners, racial, social, industrial. The publicity of *The Survey* has secured the founding of many classes for the education of immigrants, and at such hours as the immigrants may attend. *The Survey* secured the appointment of the Pittsburg Civic Commission. One of the most noteworthy acts of the Commission is its championship of a recent bond issue of $7,000,000 to be devoted to the improvement of the waterway system, parks, playgrounds, bridges, sewer, tuberculosis hospitals, etc., etc. Its work stopped the ravages of typhold fever in Pittsburg and the high rate of typhoid fever dropped to almost normal in 1908. It secured for Pittsburg an independent Health Department; it has reformed tenement house inspection and wiped out some of the worst shacks of Pittsburg. It has revealed the neglect of law on the part of the traction companies. It has reorganized the juvenile court work and reformed the juvenile reformatory.

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This successful publicity work of *The Survey* has led to the establishment of "*Surveys*" in other cities.

Example upon example might be enumerated, did space permit, to show the tremendous power of publicity—from the attempt of a few earnest citizens, lovers of social welfare, to do away with a disreputable saloon in this corner of a large city, to the reform of great national abuses.

Publicity has by no means succeeded in securing all—yea, it has not succeeded in securing half the legislation that it has demanded. But it has perhaps done better than this. It has, through its agitation, aroused the people to a sense of their power; to a sense of their personal duty as citizens of the democracy; it has deepened the sense of human brotherhood and has shown and is showing more emphatically every day that our brother's welfare is our own welfare. And the victories that it has attained are but happy prophecies of the greater ones it has yet to achieve.

Its greatest agency is the press and the need, therefore, of a conscientious, upright press—a press that cannot be won, or swayed, or influenced by money is more apparent than ever. And more apparent than ever is the blessing that we enjoy of the liberty of the press—a liberty that surely often runs into license, but a liberty that the moral sense of the community will guard and preserve and keep from anarchy.

That liberty must be kept within the bounds of law, for law is, in turn, the safeguard of liberty, and without law liberty would be impossible. Any agency that would destroy the liberty of the press is, therefore, a deadly enemy of the democracy. It is an enemy of the best interests of a people. There is such a power at work to-day, and it is working strenuously to inculcate its doctrines and to increase its adherents. That power is extreme, radical Socialism. By Socialism we mean that body of doctrine which champions a complete socialistic and communistic state. At the very [illegible] of the well-being of a republic lies liberty of thought and of discussion concerning all matters relating to the political life of the republic. We must have individual initiative and the right to push individual initiative. The great victories of publicity have been won by the voice of the few that appealed to the many, and the power of the many to make the state and the nation hear and answer their demands. That power must ever

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flourish. As we have the right to make legislators, so must we have the right to unmake them. The voice of the few raised in a righteous cause must never be hushed.

Under a Socialistic State liberty of the press would be dead. In order to be brief in supporting this charge, we will but say that while the champions of radical Socialism are amazingly free in giving their opinion on all other questions under and above the sun, they are, as a rule, unanimously silent on the important and urgent question of what would become of a free press under a Socialistic state. The reasons why a free press would be an impossibility under the rule of such a State are, we think, obvious enough. Socialistic writers who have ventured to write on the matter, admit the impossibility.

H. G. Wells says: "It is still open to the anti-Socialist to allege that Socialism may incidentally destroy itself by choking the channels of its own thinking and the Socialist has still to reply in vague, general terms."*

Mermeix writes: "The press under a Socialist government could publish nothing beyond the official dispatches which were forwarded to it by the Society. The government would rule the public mind."†

And Karl Kautsky admits that "Papers as well as books would be under the censorship. The people would read nothing except by permission of the government."‡

From these quotations it will be evident that we are in no way unjust to extreme Socialism when we charge it with being the deadly enemy of popular government.

The foundation stone of popular government is the individual. The virtue of publicity is that it gives to the individual the facts of every case: the arguments pro and con. It is for the individual to sit as a judge. Upon him rests the welfare of his country. The popular ballot is the government. More and more is this truth becoming apparent not alone to the social student but to the man in the street.

Publicity with its power has taught us this—that we as citizens of our country should take an intelligent interest in public affairs; we should realize that such a seemingly far-off

* *New Worlds for Old*, p. 293.

† Quoted from *The New Socialism*, by Jane T. Stoddart, p. 151.

‡ *Idem.*, p. 153.

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thing as the tariff effects our pocket-book; that under the present woolen duties, for example, the clothes of the workingman are costing from 35 to 50 per cent more than they ought to cost. Whether it is profitable for him that they should cost so much he must decide for himself in his use of the ballot. The illegal monopoly, the forced labor of women and children, the campaign for better homes, for a more equal distribution of the opportunities of life, for the suppression of tuberculosis —all these things should be known by him. He should realize that his vote is the effective power to remedy them. He sits as a judge, and not only as a judge but as an executive also. In all the measures of life there is a moral purpose. And if he sits not as a moral, upright, honest, pure judge, then popular government is a failure.

It is eternally true that publicity would bear but evil fruit unless it worked upon a power that directed it to good. Its ultimate appeal is to human nature and to human nature in the great majority, the great crowd. At the very basis, then, of all popular effort for good and for progress is the doctrine that in human nature there is a power that makes for good rather than for evil.

Tell the growing boy that he is good-for-nothing and, as a rule, he will be good-for-nothing. Tell the community—the nation—that all its people are evil, that their tendencies are to evil rather than to good, and they will lose faith in their power of betterment and of reform. Preach the doctrine that human nature is radically and intrinsically evil, and publicity will produce no good, for publicity works on human nature. Present the doctrine that there is no such thing as sin—that evil is simply a mistake; that the good man and the bad man will eventually share the same fate before the eternal God—and any such thing as reform and progress or social betterment will be an absolute impossibility.

The seeds of publicity would then fall upon a rock and a rock never grows the living grain, nor bears the good fruit. Through the ages and to-day the Catholic Church states the fundamental doctrine against those who have denied it—that human nature is not essentially bad; that man's tendency is to good rather than to evil—and when we look at it deeply enough and honestly enough we will find that if we believe in the fruits of publicity we must believe also in the potential

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power of human nature to achieve goodness through the divine help and guidance of Almighty God. That man, whatever sins he may be guilty of, will, if an evil condition—of dishonesty, of injustice, of tyranny, of slavery—be presented to him; if he finds a shameless traffic in girls, or a denial to men of the right to a living wage; or to his children of the right to education—that man, in the face of the evil, will rise, with a heart made strong by the teachings and the love of the Incarnate God, our Savior, Jesus Christ, and fight for goodness and justice and purity.

We have an abundance of power in our hands. If we are too indifferent to use it; if we sit back at our ease, selfishly satisfied because things go well with ourselves; if we leave it to others to monopolize the cry of humanity's welfare; then they who so monopolize it, who night and day cry it from the housetops, even though their principles be wrong, even though in the name of humanity they will eventually draw down humanity to ruin and to chaos, they will, for the present, lead the community, and in the eyes of the community be heroes and leaders.

As we have the power and the right principles so must we be ever alive; alive to every social evil and every social wrong; alive to the evil that exists next door to our home; that flourishes on the very street where we live; alive to the evils that are affecting our social circles; our city, our state, and our nation. And if we be so alive we, who have the power and the principles to guide us, will not only rob the enemy of glory, yea, we will be the greatest of victors, because we will win that enemy to our own standard and make them what we wish them to be: loyal disciples of Christ and of His Church; and energetic, faithful citizens of the democracy of America.

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THEODORA AND THE PILGRIM.

BY MARIE MANNING.

IT seemed when people wanted anything very much, and there was a strong probability that they were not going to get it, the thing to do was to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint—barefoot if need be—and "vow" things to him, like building a cathedral in his honor, or presenting him with a new tomb.

Of course, when one was only "seven goin' on eight," these things might be a little difficult to manage by reason of one's pocket money being only five cents a week. But the saint about whom Theodora had been reading—one Thomas à Becket by name—seemed to be a person of very catholic taste and open to conviction along lines of argument within reach of the humblest means. Thus he seemed to grant a great many favors to people who walked barefoot to Canterbury. Theodora was quite willing to walk barefoot anywhere—the weather was still comfortably warm—it would make a beautiful "vow"; in fact, she would have liked to start immediately.

The favor Theodora was seeking was all but a lost cause—she was going to be sent to boarding-school. Thus would end her reign as: "Lady of the House"; which sovereignty, with attendant privileges and perquisites, had lasted since the death of her grandmother some six months before. Things called "prospectuses" were in her father's desk upstairs, and Aunt Winship was having made shiny black alpaca dresses that she was to wear at this hateful reformatory with the primmest of little white aprons. It will readily be seen how pressing was the business of the pilgrimage—if this calamity was to be averted.

Like most great discoveries, Theodora happened on the account of these wonder-working pilgrimages quite by chance. She had wandered into the shabby old library—a very haven

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for the unappreciated—and decided to indulge in a little well-earned melancholy. Musty smelling brown books climbed tier on tier to the ceiling, except where there were gaps in the shelves like teeth missing from a comb. There was an old desk in the corner—an ever-welling fountain of mystery and delight—alleged to have a secret drawer.

This morning, for the hundredth time, she stood in front of the desk repeating a really imposing, if ineffectual, rhyme, beginning:

"Hickory, Hickory stick—
Point out the treasure quick—"

when her attention was arrested by a bar of light that streamed through a broken slat of the shutter and pointed a golden finger at a certain book on the shelf standing out a little from its fellows. Theodora, who lived in a world peopled with fairies who transacted a vast amount of business entirely by signs and omens, saw in this a summons not to be disregarded.

The book was full of the most delightful colored pictures—people really taking advantage of their position as grown-ups and doing nice things. "A company of squires and dames hawking," was the line beneath one. Here they were, in the most gorgeous costumes—really as handsome as the ladies and gentlemen had worn in the circus parade—a bird was wheeling through the sky in pursuit of a smaller bird, a man with puffy cheeks was blowing a horn; she fancied she could almost hear it, clear and thin, coming from far away.

A little further on was another picture: "Group of Canterbury Pilgrims." This was the nicest of all, they rode such square, chubby little horses, and there was something about them, as they jogged along, that made Theodora feel she should like mightily to join their company. The reading was not hard. True, an occasional monster of a word appeared to contest her further knowledge of these goodly folk, but she had at command a sufficient verbal retinue to turn the odds against a chance four-syllable behemoth.

Why had she not been told about these things before? Why had she been forced to glean such arid information as: "Seven times seven are forty-nine"; when real people came and went on pilgrimages and had their wishes granted like

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people in fairy stories. Canterbury might be in the next county for aught she knew—"Jogafry" came next to tables in her educational inquisition. Such information as she boasted belonged chiefly to the "rag-bag" order of things—odds and ends grasped from much hungry reading.

It seemed, if you couldn't afford to build cathedrals, you could do things like cutting off your hair when you were a lady and extremely proud of it; or, let it grow if you were a gentleman and it promised to be in the way. Oh, there were lots and lots of things one could promise—Thomas à Becket seemed to be a very open-minded saint indeed!

Theodora closed the book, her mind was made up—she, too, would go on a pilgrimage. In the meantime it was just as well to arrange the details out of doors; the weather was a standing invitation to one's soul. The whole world was full of sunshine, crispness, and joy. She could close her eyes and still hear, in imagination, the clear, thin blowing of the horn that she had seen in the picture. The fallen leaves rustled silkily under foot and bright scarlet and yellow ones fluttered down to join them like heralds in motley—gay messengers 'twixt earth and air.

Theodora ran down the back porch steps, made her way through the kitchen garden, and flung a handful of corn-bread to the doomed fowls imprisoned at the cook's pleasure. A little foot-road that connected their place with Aunt Winship's was her objective point. This road was private property, and no one was supposed to use it but the two families; this morning, however, it was not without its wayfarer—a dirty, trampish looking fellow with close to a week's growth of beard on his face. A yachting-cap shoved on the back of his head revealed a countenance not unlike a weather map, the growth of beard on the lower half indicating the storm centre, the cloudless upper half that fair weather might be expected. He was clad in an assortment of garments that, in their lack of congruity, had something of the effect of a sentence that will not parse—the frock coat, as subject, could never be made to agree with the bicycle trousers, which stood in the relationship of a predicate; a pair of patent leather pumps—jaunty even in old age—was the ill-adjusted contributory clause.

A few days before Theodora might have been frightened, but "reading maketh a full man," and in the meantime she

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had added to her store of human knowledge tales of pilgrims and pilgrimages.

Here, undoubtedly, was one of them—even to the staff he carried. True, his clothes were not as becoming as those of the ladies and gentlemen in the print, but that only proved he was pilgriming harder—had done something worse, or wanted something more. Theodora was delighted to have found an authority on the subject then engrossing her thoughts.

"Good-morning," she said with her most ingratiating smile. "I'm very glad to meet you."

The pilgrim seemed surprised at the cordiality of his reception. He gave a little prefatory growl and brought out his "good-morning" a little awkwardly, as if, perhaps, it was quite a while since he had used it.

"It is a beautiful morning for a pilgrimage," she continued genially. But her companion did not seem inclined for small talk—perhaps silence was part of his vow—or at least he might have sworn not to talk any more than necessary.

"You ain't got anything about you in the way of a 'hand-out,' have you?"

"A hand-out—what's that?"

"The hand-out is a local issue—in New England it's apt to be cold fish-balls and mebbe pie; if it's ben a failure, round-about here it's corn-pone. Sometimes it's a shot-gun and sometimes it's dish-water. Oh, it's got plenty of aliases."

"Dear me, I'm so sorry I gave the corn-bread to the chickens; but they have to be killed, you know, and I try to make things as pleasant for them as possible while they last."

"You run and ask your mother if she's got anything for a poor man to eat—I'm hollow as a drum, I am."

"My mother isn't living, neither is my grandmother—I am the lady of the house now."

"Then you run and see how well you can do for a poor man."

"If it was only me I'd love to; but our cook's so cross, if you can wait till lunch I'll give part of mine—they let me eat it out of doors."

"Oh, I'd be dead before then, starved to death at your door, an' you the lady of the house, too. There was a little girl up near Winchester, an' she gimme a regular parlor-car

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meal, she did, she was a lady of the house as knowed her place."

"And she walked right in and got the things and wasn't afraid of anything?"

"She was as brave as a lion," affirmed the wanderer.

"You walt here and I'll be out presently." She hadn't gone more than a dozen steps before she turned: "Are you sure that other little girl had a cook?"

"On my honor as a gentleman, they kep' a cook."

"Had she lived with the little girl's family a long time—years an' years?"

"She had been with 'em so long," said the pilgrim solemnly, "that the fambly theirselves seem to have butted in."

With an absence of noise, almost professionally burglarious, Theodora gained the kitchen. Aunt Sally was in the storeroom beyond, singing:

"Mount Nebo's given away O, Lord,
Mount Nebo's given away—"

Aunt Sally pronounced it, and Theodora understood it to be: "My knee-bone's given away." And both regarded it as a petition singularly appropriate to scrubbing, or duties that called into requisition that particular joint of the system.

The chatelaine helped herself nervously and quickly to several rashers of bacon, a couple of kidneys, corn muffins, and coffee sweetened redundantly, and was leaving at a lively tempo, when Aunt Sally called: "What you-all doin' wif Unc' Josh's breaffust?"

"Please, Aunt Sally, I'm only taking a little something to a holy man who is goin' on a pilgrimage."

"What you-all mean by a holy-man?—dat he am ragged or dat he am righteous?" demanded the cook sharply.

"Now Aunt Sally he's kinder both—"

"He aine' got no business to be bofe, de bible hit say dat cleanness am nex' to gawdliness,' an' dat doan' mean to stop wid washing yo' face—hit mean dat you is to keep yo'se'f as aristocratish as succumstances pummit."

"But 'deed, Aunt Sally, the best pilgrims ain't stylish—they put on their old clothes to mortify the flesh."

"Dey soun's powerful like po' white to me."

"But you don't understand, Aunt Sally, 'deed you don't;

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a pilgrim is awful good—better than the minister—an' when he gets through his pilgriming the Lord 'most always gives him what he wants."

If Aunt Sally could be "conjured" the word minister could be relied on to do it. Her reverence for the cloth amounted to idolatry. "I des' take a look at dish-yere holy man myse'f, I will"; and instinctively she straightened the handkerchief on her head to make as good an impression as possible.

The wanderer, who sorely felt the need of the coffee that had been cooling during these polemics, was at his most unclerical ebb when Aunt Sally appeared—he was sitting on the ground with his back against the fence. Peradventure, he dreamed—for his mouth gaped wide and his chin looked ungodly in its field of stubble.

"Does you hav' de owdaciousness to say you is a minister an' sen' into white folks kitchens fo' breaffust on false pretenshuns? You aine' nuttin' in dis Lord's worl' but a tramp—a nasty, low-lifeted tramp!" And Aunt Sally turned and went back to her kitchen. The pilgrim looked after her and muttered a word that Theodora knew to be worse than "doggone."

She looked at him deeply apologetic. "Oh, please don't mind her, Mr. Pilgrim, she don't understand—she can't read, so she don't know anything about saints and shrines; but she makes the nicest layer cake in the world."

He reached a shaking hand for the coffee and gulped it. Theodora noticed that he turned away from the food as if he had been to a party the night before.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked.

"This here fresh air cure kills the appetite when it's pushed too far; but I kin eat after I've coaled up on coffee. You just try me—"

She hesitated, then took the cup. "That other little girl got me two cups," he called after her. This time fortune was favorable—Aunt Sally was nowhere in sight. The pilgrim drank his second cup of coffee, ate his breakfast, and thanked his hostess. "You're an all right lady of the house; I wish there was more like you."

He groped in his pocket and produced an abandoned looking pipe—his grimy hand bestowing an unconscious caress on the blackened bowl before he filled it with shavings from a plug of tobacco.

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In the meantime Theodora had studied the details of his dress and recorded them with the fidelty of a camera. He didn't look much like the Canterbury pilgrims in the picture —they all rode chubby horses much too small for them, and their heads were wrapped around with cloths something like the way Cindy wrapped hers before sweeping a room. Perhaps he was too poor to have one of those little Canterbury horses—a most fascinating order of beast to Theodora—or, she thrilled with the magnificence of the idea, perhaps he was a king who had done an awful crime and was walking to the shrine of the saint, too humble to ride or even tie his head in a duster!

What had to be done? She felt her imagination kindle at the magnificent choice of iniquity presented. A splendid panorama of historical atrocity began to unfold itself before her enthralled vision—had he slain nephews in a tower? Had he beheaded a cousinly pretender to the throne? Had he shut his wife up in a fortress, where she had pined away and died? Theodora found difficulty in fastening on him any specific crime, perhaps because it precluded the luxury of believing the others.

Whatever had been the nature of the heinousness, the unhappy monarch was not without his moments of content; sitting humbly on the common dirt of the road, with the fence palings for a back-rest, he seemed to enjoy a momentary surcease of pain. Theodora hung over the gate and looked at his shabby habiliments and looked again, in the hope that they might furnish a clue to his identity, perhaps a crown jewel or two might peep from a ragged pocket—one that he contemplated leaving at the shrine of the saint for an offering; but time was passing, there were things she must learn about pilgrimages from an authority.

"Now," she deprecated, "I know it ain't polite to ask questions; but if I said 'scuse me' first, would you mind very much?"

He took his pipe from his mouth and waved it with a gesture of conferring leave.

"I'm thinking of going on a pilgrimage myself."

"A pilgrimage?" he repeated vaguely.

"Yes, walking somewhere like you, and leaving all my things at home; but mebbe Pickey—she's my dog—I know dogs

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can't get holy like people from going on a pilgrimage; but don't you think God would 'scuse her if she kept on being the same as she is now, even after we came home?"

"Sure!" He took his pipe from his mouth and watched a smoke cloud whirl and eddy. "I think He excuses a lot of things when we try, and slip. But, what put trampin' in your head—ain't the folks good to you at home?"

"Oh, yes, indeedy; an' I've got very few folks besides."

"Then what do you want to tramp for? Besides, the business ain't what it used to be—the nap's wore off'n it. But you was sayin' as how you wasn't much of a family man." Unconsciously the tramp straightened up a little as he awaited her reply.

"My father's a circuit judge and that keeps him away from home a good deal—"

"Who's home with you?" the pilgrim interrupted.

"There ain't any one home with me but the servants. My Aunt Winship lives next door, and she comes in every day to see that I'm washed and behaving like a little lady. She's nice, but she's not like my father—did you ever have an aunt?"

"Had 'em to burn," said the pilgrim, bitterly reminiscent.

"Oh," and Theodora's breath came a little more quickly at the discovery of the object of his pilgrimage—he had burned his aunts! Perhaps—she tried to think as extenuatingly of the circumstances as possible—they had sought to usurp the throne.

"You was sayin' as how most of the time you hadn't no home ties, barrin' a long-distance aunt."

"Aunt Sally and Cindy, the housemaid, stay in the house, Uncle Josh and Tommy sleep over the stable; but we ain't ever afraid, 'cause all the people round here are honest—half the time Cindy forgets to bring the silver upstairs."

"And I suppose she's careless about fastening up sometimes?"

"Aunt Winship is always getting after her."

"And p'raps some of the ketches ain't as good as others?"

"If any one wanted to get in 'twould be dead easy—the springs on the back porch windows are loose. I often come in an' out that way myself."

The pilgrim smoked on silently. Theodora noticed that his expression had changed, he looked almost happy.

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Loud calling came from the house—the uncouth music of a negress' voice: "Tee-doah—you, Tee-doah—come into de house dis instance—yo' aunt am waiting fo' you-all."

"That's Cindy, and I must go. Aunt Winship's come over; but—I'll be out again soon, don't go away; I haven't finished asking you about the pilgrimage yet."

"All right," the pilgrim answered, and he went on smoking.

But when the auntly inspection was over and Theodora hastened back for a final word with him on the all-absorbing subject, he was nowhere to be found. This left the decision of several weighty questions entirely to her own discretion—search from cover to cover of the pilgrim book as she would, there was no data on such an important issue as this: should one take a toothbrush on a pilgrimage? or did it savor of pomp and ceremony, and would it please St. Thomas better to leave it at home? In the matter of Pickey—should she wear her collar—or abandon the gaud, temporarily, for the same reason?

And then, quite unexpectedly about a week later, Theodora had another encounter with her pilgrim. Pickey, the faithful black-and-tan, whose wants on the proposed journey were no small source of anxiety to her little mistress, was in the habit of sleeping in her room when she could evade the watchful eyes of Cindy and Aunt Sally. Failing of this, she courted slumber, more or less indifferently, on an old sofa downstairs. Theodora had gone to bed, on the night in question, at the usual hour, but all the strategic gifts of Pickey had not enabled her to escape the vigilance of the guard; a depressing night on the sofa confronted her. There was a slim chance that she might reach the back stairs through the cellar—Pickey took it—and found herself locked out into a cold world. She prowled about for a while, chased a cat or two, but found it rather slow; then settled herself beneath her mistress' window to whine piteously.

Presently, from the little foot-road at the back of the house, came a man; Pickey knew him to be an intruder, or he would not have stooped and crouched to keep within the shadow of the fence; and being of the fair sex, and of an emotional temperament to boot, the little terrier threw back her head and had hysterics. The lady of the house heard the yapping

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wails and concluded that her confederate was baying the moon. It was not the first time that Pickey's miscalculations had cost Theodora a trip downstairs, and, grimly dutiful, she lighted a candle—the undertaking had no terrors for her.

She raised the sash in the library—Pickey had undoubtedly sought shelter on the porch—pushed back the shutter cautiously, it flapped against something that had a human feel. Limp with fear she shook in every limb. The shutter swung back against her hand and the pilgrim confronted her.

"Oh, you frightened me so—I thought mebbe it was a robber?"

"You did, did you? What are you doin' up at this hour of the night?"

"I came down to let my dog in—here Pickey, Pickey—she won't come, she's afraid of you. Oh, Pic-a-lums, don't be a silly doggy; please grab her and give her to me."

The pilgrim grabbed her—he would have enjoyed doing more. Theodora patted her into a state of reassurance and stood holding her clasped in her arms. They were a strange trio—the lady of the house and Pickey inside the library window, and the pilgrim without, like the traditional peri.

"Are the darkies asleep?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, indeedy; nothing ever wakes them. Sometimes Pickey howls worse'n this when she's shut out; but I'm so glad you came back, there are so many things I want to ask you. You've been on your pilgrimage, haven't you?"

He nodded. "But, say now, I ain't got no time to talk about that, you g'long upstairs"—he glared at her—"mind now, if you tell them darkies I'm here, some'pun terrible's goin' to happen to you."

"Oh, I know why you came back, it was because you said a bad word the day you were here; an' now you've got to do your pilgrimage over again, from this place."

"Yes, that's it; but you g'long upstairs now, an' remember what I told you."

"Please don't ask me to go upstairs, Mr. Pilgrim, I want to ask your advice about lots of things—will it make God angry if I run away, even to go on a pilgrimage?"

"Of course it will, what do you want to run away for?"

The quaint little face, with its big brow that seemed to dwarf the rest of it into insignificance, grew absolutely grave.

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"I'm going on a pilgrimage because I want God to grant me a boon."

"A what?"

"Oh, well, you can say favor if you like, but I say boon, because Robin Hood and lots of nice people in books say boon. They're going to send me to boarding-school; then I sha'n't be the lady of the house any more, and there's no telling what'll happen."

"An' you're going to run away from them?"

"I'm not going to run away for fun; but how can I go on a pilgrimage without running away? An' you being a holy man, I want you to tell me."

"You want me to tell you how to be good and bad at the same time." The wayfarer made a sound that was something between a laugh and a grunt. "It can't be done, little girl; besides, there ain't nothin' in this runnin' away; it seems brim full o' glory when you're a kid, but there ain't nothin' in it."

"But I want to leave my offering at the shrine of the saint—it's a little coral hand with a gold bracelet on it. I got it in the grab-bag of a church fair, and I think St. Thomas'll be real pleased with it, and do what I want him to."

"You think you could fix it up with him for the coral hand?"

"Oh, yes, indeedy; to begin with, he was devoted to pomp and splendor—I read all about him in my English history."

"But you said he got converted."

"So he did."

"Then you couldn't do nothin' with him for graft."

"Graft—?"

"Yes; that coral hand's graft; an' you'd make him mad as—as anything, offering it to him; besides, how d'you think he'd like gettin' mixed up in your runnin' away? That's wicked to run away an' scare folks, and mebbe get killed—"

"But ain't you pilgriming yourself?"

"Lord! it don't matter what I do—nobody cares—"

"But I'm sure St. Thomas is glad you're pilgriming, and he'll ask God to forgive you. He does wonders with sinners," said Theodora warming to her task.

The wayfarer groaned. "I'm afraid he'd give out on me."

"No"; she said with passionate conviction, thinking of the aunts he had burned. "It's the wickedest ones he takes

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the most pains with. If I had the pilgrim book with me I could read you about it. Why he forgave the king that had him killed."

She was so eager, standing there in her little white night-gown, with the shivering Pickey in her arms, that the wayfarer smiled; not his usual sardonic grin, but a smile that had something of youth in it: "Say, you're the oddest kid I ever struck; now, don't you go runnin' away, somethin' might happen to you—"

"If you tell me not to, I won't; do you want me cross my heart and promise?"

He, too, could remember when he had been young enough to cross his heart and promise. "Yes; I'd kinder like to have some one gimme a promise."

She put down Pickey to perform the cryptic rites and repeated: "I promise to stay home and not run away, even to go on a pilgrimage. But you'll tell St. Thomas when you get to Canterbury, won't you, that I wanted to go, only you said I mustn't?"

"Yes, I'll tell him; an', say, I hope your game won't be queered by your messenger." He threw his shoulders back and looked her straight in the eye. "Say, it's good to have some one believe in you—even if they don't know what you are."

Theodora, who took this to be a reference to his royal rank, replied: "I think it was so kind of you to come back here to-night. I might have been very wicked if you hadn't."

He groaned. "O Lord! you're worse'n a trust for crowdin' a poor man out of business. I'm goin' now. Good-night. I'll push the shutters to real easy; an' you fasten 'em quiet on the inside—"

"Good-night," she held out her hand, the wayfarer took it. "You don't need to go to no heathen country a-missionaryin'—you don't."

"Good-bye," she called through the closed shutters, not understanding his last remark in the least. She took up the candle and began to climb the stairs, Pickey following.

The pilgrim quietly left the back porch, made his way to the little foot-road at the back of the house where he had first met her. "It's a wonder," he soliloquized ironically, "that you don't take to bein' a solid citizen. What do you

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want if that job wasn't slick enough to suit you? Do you want people to press the family jools in your hand and tell you they're tired of them."

He could get a view of the house now above the tree-tops. For a long time he stood looking at it—that uncouth, indeterminate figure that Theodora had sped forward toward her ideal Canterbury. With such sweet, innocent vigor had she dispatched him that new impulses seemed to guide the feet of the wayfarer along dark lanes; and as he shot a last whimsical, puzzled glance toward the roof under which Theodora now slept he spoke, softly, a phrase by no means unworthy of a godly pilgrim.

"MANE NOBISCUM DOMINE!"

BY VERA M. ST. CLAIR.

"STAY with us, O Lord!"
The length'ning shadows purple on the hills—
The night-dew cools the lips of thirsty flowers—
Nay, go not hence until the day-break fills
Our hearts with gladness, and the golden hours
Smile upon our way.
'Twas thus the twain at Emmaus spoke that day,
While burned their souls with rapture at the board:
"Stay with us, O Lord!"

Stay with *me*, O Lord!
When stealthy months have crept into the years,
And full upon mine ear Life's vesper chime
Doth break in sudden melody. The fears
That yawn upon the border-path of Time
Wait my tired feet—
Nay, let us go not hence; 'tis, Master, meet,
That at Life's farth'est Inn we sit at board—
Stay with me, O Lord!

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ARE COLLEGE PLAYS WORTH WHILE?

BY THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE.

O say that the average college theatrical performance of to-day is of educational value, is to invite a smile. Musical comedy, at its best, is but a poor and flimsy thing, and the skill and cleverness of even masters of the craft have never succeeded in raising it above the level of mediocrity. What, then, of the college performance, the product of youths still in the rawness of their nonage, and the happy illustration of the proverb about fools and angels? And what of its educational value? Yet who can say, in these revolutionary days, what far-seeing design is behind it? The drunken Helot played his part in the training of the Spartan youth of old; and why not the college burlesque in this year of grace? In justice be it said, however, that if we view college life as it is pictured in the current magazines and newspapers, we may be forgiven if we accept the college performance as an adequate reflection of undergraduate habits of thought. The constant exploitation of the accidentals of college life has resulted in obscuring and relegating to the background what to the serious-minded are the essentials. It is the order of the day to emphasize the trifling and the inconsequential. What wonder, then, that college theatricals, which in their most serious aspect are in the nature of recreation, should take on a frivolous character. A high standard of taste supposes an element of seriousness, and youth, left to itself, especially in matters of entertainment, is not prone to seriousness. Hence the gravitation of college theatricals toward the lower levels; hence the epidemic of musical farces, more or less—and rather more than less—inane, and verging perilously near the vulgar; hence the crudities, the buffooneries, the pitiful attempts to ape femininity in its least engaging aspects.

It may be argued that these performances are not intended to be educational; that they are frankly mere frolics, the diversions of undirected youth, having no other end than to beguile the lazy time that popular fancy attributes to college

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life. One might say with Sir Toby: "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" But, then, even the most ardent sympathizer with Sir Toby would hardly maintain that this rejoinder is a conclusive argument, apt and appealing as it is. Life, even college life, is not all cakes and ale. Nor is Sir Toby competent authority. He is a very engaging blackguard, to be sure, but he is a blackguard nevertheless, and though we may enjoy him, we need not commit ourselves to his philosophy of life.

But is it necessary that college dramatics should be altogether a matter of cakes and ale? Or, if not—if we be virtuous, need the cakes and ale be banished? Must college dramatics be confined to the lower level? Or, can they serve a higher purpose than mere foolery, without loss of interest to the players? And if so, is this purpose worth while? Here we have a wide divergence of opinion. On the one hand is your learned pedagogue to whom education is a thing of tasks and text-books; who can see no virtue in anything outside of the deadly routine of the class room; who frowns at every turn from the straight and narrow path. On the other is your student for whom college days are days of dalliance; who refuses to take his pleasures seriously; to whom a play is a play and nothing more. And, as usual, truth and reason walk in the middle course. There is a measure of justice in each extreme. But both are blind to the real purpose of a college training. Education is not a mere matter of text-books and lectures; it is not a treadmill to which a student is bound and driven to labor through four grinding years; nor is it a prolonged holiday, a thing of gaieties and diversions, a round of varied pleasures. It has its tasks, it is true, its obligations, and its solemn duties. It is no royal road. But a score of lesser activities go hand in hand with its serious duties. And these, each in its own way, share in the work of formation. Body and mind are benefited, an added zest is given to the set tasks, and lecture hall and class room are brightened by the side-lights thrown in on them. The student who goes through his course with mind and eye and ear on the alert for everything that makes for culture is getting the best his college can give him. There is no Procrustean bed for him.

Not the least of the benefits to be derived in this indirect manner is to be found in the dramatic training, when properly conducted and kept free from vulgarity and inanity. One might

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go farther and say that there is not one of the many activities at the student's hand from which so many and such varied benefits can be reaped. The mere appearance before an audience, to cite the least of them, gives him an ease of manner and grace of bearing that fit him to face any gathering. It breeds in him, too, a confidence in himself that is of inestimable value. In the mere externals, the use of voice and hands, the bearing of his body, unimportant as these are, he acquires an ease and grace which he could acquire by no other means. And where the enterprise is carried on in a manner and with a judgment fitting the dignity of a college production the study of even one masterpiece of dramatic art with the care and research necessary for an adequate interpretation, brings a knowledge more thorough and intimate than any amount of class room analysis. Add to this the effect on the character of conceiving a notable enterprise and carrying it through to achievement, no matter how small his share in the undertaking. And above all there is the inestimable benefit he derives from being lifted out of the rut of everyday events; from the inevitable rousing of his emotions and the stimulation of noble impulses. The impersonation of the character, the delivery of the poet's impassioned lines, lifts the player above the common level into a world of lofty imagination, and stirs and quickens in him emotions that the world of reality knows not of. One hour of this is worth days and weeks of class room drudgery

Such work as this brings to the student a two-fold reward. It not merely instructs, but pleases while instructing. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it instructs by pleasing. In this respect the dramatic art does not differ, in kind at least, from other arts, but the difference in degree is what makes this particular mode of training most valuable. From its very inception the modern drama has served this two-fold end of pleasing and instructing. When St. Gregory Nazianzen, or whoever it was who wrote "The Suffering Christ," the earliest mystery play of which we have any record, set himself to his task he had this two-fold end in view. So, too, had the host of learned clerks who followed in his footsteps through the succeeding centuries. Their primal purpose was to teach, to spread the gospel, to quicken the knowledge of the doctrines of religion in a dull-witted and unlettered generation. It was a generation that knew not books, that hearkened not willingly to sermon or homily, and other means were needed to stimu-

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late its interest in the essential truths of religion. Hence the device of visualizing these truths, tricking the senses by pageantry and show and making vivid and real to them what would otherwise have been poured into unheeding ears. At Christmas it was the Incarnation that furnished the theme; at Easter it was the Passion; and at other seasons subjects equally appropriate. And when out of this type of elementary drama grew another—the miracle play, which dealt with incidents in the lives of the saints or prophets or patriarchs—the same two-fold end was in view.

The underlying purpose in all these plays was instruction, but the element of entertainment was not forgotten. In fact, the practical purpose was attained through the instrumentality of the diversion furnished. Our wise elders realized the effect of the combination and used it to every possible advantage. Nor was this two-fold end lost sight of in the later development of the drama.

Even when it had become secularized in the fifteenth century the didactic purpose and the means by which it was attained were not lost to view. With the introduction of the morality play came an extension of the field of instruction. The drama came down from the heights of theology to the lower plain of practical ethics. The aim was still to instruct, and though a greater license resulted in the introduction of a deal of clowning and buffoonery to please the groundlings, the serious character of the plays was not affected. Even the interludes, which followed in the line of development, were made to serve a purpose, which was, in a measure, educational. They flourished at a time when religious feeling ran high, and in the hands of Bale and Heywood and others of their day proved effective weapons of controversy.

It was with the beginning of the drama as we know it today that the first radical change is to be noted. The development of the drama had been slow before the middle of the sixteenth century. As an art form it had been subsidiary and was looked upon merely as a means to an end. But with the appearance of the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," came a new departure for the drama. It was no longer consciously didactic, and in the plays that followed we find the same disregard of the purpose of the drama of an earlier and less sophisticated age. But, though it had abandoned the didactic pose, it had not severed its connection with the cause of education. On the contrary, the new drama was actually

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born in the school. Nicholas Udall, the author of "Ralph Roister Doister," was head master of Eton, and the play was written for presentation by the pupils of the college. So it was with all the plays of that day. They were written for presentation in the schools or universities or inns of court. Moreover, their inspiration and, to a certain extent, the models on which they were constructed were classical. From this time until the beginning of the era of professional writing and the birth of the native English drama, in the reign of Elizabeth, the drama was practically a diversion of the schools. Even the court pageants were often performed by the boys of Westminster and other schools, and sometimes, though rarely, by the gentlemen of the inns of court.

Here, then, we see the drama serving another educational purpose. It is not, as in the days of its beginning, a conscious teacher. Its end is cultural rather than directly didactic. And this is the tradition that has come down to the present day. Throughout Europe the cultivation of the drama in schools and colleges has become almost universal and the custom has long obtained in this country, too. In our Catholic colleges, particularly in the Jesuit colleges, the tradition has been assiduously preserved. Indeed, the Jesuits have gone farther than any other educational body to keep alive this wholesome and valuable custom. Where others have depended on the mere devotion to tradition to perpetuate the custom they have provided for it by legislation. The rule is laid down in their institute and provision is made for faculty supervision of every play. With them the production of a play is not a mere student diversion, but an integral part of the college work, carried on under the direction of a member of the faculty designated as Moderator.

But, whether fortified by legislation or dependent on established custom, which in some quarters is almost as secure a safeguard, the college drama is a firmly rooted growth. Its roots have sunk centuries deep, and its growth is almost coeval with that of the school itself. Seeded in the desire for the spread of knowledge it has found congenial soil in the schools, and while the one endures the other will flourish. It has grown with the ages and, though with its growth it has altered its aspect, it is essentially the same. The destiny foreshadowed for it in its first uses it is fulfilling to-day.

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METHODIST PIONEERS IN ITALY.

BY JOHN F. FENLON, D.D.

WHY are the Methodists, of all sects at work in Rome, singled out by the Vatican for reprobation?

The Vatican account is quite naturally regarded as partisan by a section of the public; let us, then, go to a source of information that will not be suspected of unfairness to the Methodist propaganda in Italy.

I.

An old-fashioned Methodist minister, brought up in Maine, firm in the faith, not weakened either by modern difficulties or lurking tenderness for Rome, scorning delights, in good old style, and willing to live laborious days, militant and missionary in spirit, is unexpectedly called by his bishop to the Italian Mission. He accepts the call as the voice of God and sees in his new work the career for which "years of enthusiastic study" had furnished him "a graciously providential preparation." He starts for his post, going by way of London, where "new inspiration was gained by listening to some of the living prophets and visiting the tombs of the dead," as well as the hallowed spots on which "Christian heroes had suffered martyrdom" under Queen Mary. At last he reaches Rome and surveys the Eternal City from the Pincian Hill. "Towering in the distance across the Tiber is the massive pile of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Here at last is the citadel of the hostile forces. Here is the centre of that huge system of error and superstition that we have come so far to spend our life in opposing. The might of ancient Rome vanished before the presence of our northern barbaric ancestors. Why may not this new and mightier Rome be conquered by weapons of Gospel truth? Not in our day, to be sure, but it is a great privilege to have even a small part in the beginning of the mighty contest. Such thought," our missionary adds, "in the midst of such scenes and associations, inflames enthusiasm."

We like the spirit of the man and forgive his prejudices.

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We remember that John Henry Newman of Oxford once shared in them and had more bitter thoughts than this preacher from Maine. A sincere character we feel him to be, and zealous for the truth as he sees it.

For four and a half years he lives and labors in Italy at his appointed task, the creation of a theological school and the raising up of a native Italian Methodist clergy. That sturdy, uncompromising champion, Bishop Vincent, commends him for laboring "most faithfully to promote the spiritual life, to train the heart and conscience" of the young men who are the hope of Methodism in Italy. He attends conferences; he becomes acquainted with the work and the workers; he travels throughout the country and sees the actual condition of the missions. The result? He becomes disillusioned, not to say disgusted; disapproves of the entire policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy; his school breaks up; he returns to Maine and tells his brethren they can do nothing better than to work on where they are.

What was wrong? What quenched this ardent enthusiasm? Our missionary wrote a book to inform us. He tells the truth, according to his knowledge, but not the whole truth. He dare not. "It is of course quite improper," he says, "to state in public print all the facts that the authorities need to know. They would be disgraceful to all concerned." The story is unfolded in the volume: *Four and a Half Years in the Italy Mission: A Criticism of Missionary Methods.* By Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D."

Of another work of Dr. Stackpole, Bishop Vincent says: "There is no creak of the crank in it." There is none in this volume. It is calm and measured; it creates the conviction that the author desires to be just and merciful in his criticisms. He is evidently and avowedly reticent, not revealing more than is necessary for his purpose, the reform of the missionary methods of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which he considered sadly in need of reform. His disclosures might tempt one to conjecture about the hidden. We shall be content with the facts revealed. They suffice.

II.

The first great need of the Methodist propaganda in Italy was a corps of native preachers. Without them this foreign religion, strange to Italian eyes and preached by Americans

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who spoke the Italian language imperfectly, could hope at best for a very slow and uncertain success. To dispense entirely with native preachers and endeavor to form a little congregation here and there; to pick out a few promising candidates for the ministry, to instruct and to train them; to wait for the gathering of a richer harvest by these new preachers and the recruiting through them of a native clergy; all this seemed to the Methodist pioneers an interminable process. A short cut to success must, if possible, be found.

As there were no Italian Methodists (except perhaps a few Wesleyans), the difficulty of getting Italians to preach Methodism might have seemed formidable. How could it be overcome?

The men in charge of the Methodist organization hit upon a solution which, however, was not original with them; they would draw preachers to spread the Gospel in Italy by the attraction of large salaries. This, they believed, would appeal powerfully to the Italian nature. Accordingly, it became the settled policy to pay their preachers better than those of any other denomination in Italy. They receive in most cases, Dr. Stackpole shows (pp. 130, 131), from two to three hundred dollars per year more than other preachers, which is counted there a very considerable sum. House rent, moreover, is free. This recompense compares more than favorably with the income of other professional men. "Reckoning house rent," says our author, "our preachers in the larger cities have received more than twice what a College Professor receives in the same city" (p. 131).

III.

By this winning financial policy, preachers of various kinds were procured and Methodism established in Italy. Dr. Stackpole tells us from what ranks they were recruited. "The policy and practice from the first have been to choose our own preachers mainly from two elements, *viz.*, ex-priests and ex-Waldensians. There is a heterogeneous remainder that comes from other denominations and is picked up at random. . . . Not more than three of our preachers have been converted under the auspices of our church" (pp. 58, 59). This was in 1894; probably some of their converts since then have become preachers.

The tiny sect of the Waldensians, as most of our readers know, traces its rise far back into the Middle Ages, and amid

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many vicissitudes and despite cruel persecutions—or because of them—still survives with a certain vigor. A pertinacious, simple peasantry, they have been unyielding in their opposition to Catholicism, but fluctuating in their theological ideas. Migrating from Piedmont, they established churches in several cities of Italy. They maintain a propaganda among Catholics; but with the poverty and coldness of their creed and worship, their lack of intellectual culture, and their immemorial insignificance, they have made little headway. They are, however, more respected in Italy than the denominations which foreigners are endeavoring to establish. "Thus far," Dr. Stackpole confesses, "we [Methodists] have simply a poor and feeble imitation of Waldensianism, and any careful and candid observer can but prefer the original article" (p. 63). If the Waldensians had the vast wealth of the Methodist organization at their command, they might—unless wealth corrupted their simplicity—become more formidable.

The Waldensians have always shown a certain readiness to ally themselves with other Protestant sects, and in Italy many of their preachers have joined themselves to the Methodists. Though the two churches differ considerably in creed and worship, the Methodists have welcomed these ex-Waldensians and sent them forth to preach Methodism and to convert Catholics. "They are simply Waldensians with the name Methodist," we learn (p. 63), "and while they may be very excellent Waldensians, they are, for the most part, very poor Methodists. They retain the spirit and form of the mother church and, we think, still respect and love that church more than our own, for which we cannot blame them." Neither can we; but we feel, and probably Dr. Stackpole feels also, that in such a case they cannot escape blame for quitting their own church. Our author continues: "They have not been converted and trained up by our church. They have simply been employed to serve us as best they can." Though the remuneration offered for their services is relatively very high, most of the Waldensian pastors (be it said to their credit) have remained in their poorly paid charges. Those whom the Methodists obtain, it is stated, are "preachers who, for various reasons, could not obtain a pastorate in the Waldensian chr
or have not wished to accept such pastorate as was offe
Some have not been sufficiently educated in the schools of
church" (p. 62).

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A mild and mitigated praise is all that Dr. Stackpole feels able to bestow upon this element of his Italian Mission. He far prefers it to the ex-priest contingent. At this none of us will wonder—*corruptio optimi pessima.* "They have never disgraced our ministry by immoralities," he says in his comparison. "They have, as a rule, more sympathy with the common people. They are more spiritual and less addicted to plots and scheming" (p. 62).

Besides the Waldensians, there is, as we have seen, another Protestant element in the Methodist ministry in Italy; or, as Dr. Stackpole puts it, "a heterogeneous remainder that comes to us from other denominations and is picked up at random." There seems, in fact, to be a wide freedom among preachers in Italy in passing from one denomination to another; and the head of a church, longing to be rid of an undesirable minister, does not always feel bound, in recommending him to a sister church, to tell the whole truth about his departing brother. "More than one superintendent in Italy," according to the testimony of Dr. Stackpole, "has a way of recommending to another denomination men whom he does not want. . . . The preacher who, on being turned out of one denomination, cannot find acceptance in another, must be a poor thing indeed. We never knew such a case; and the preachers that have belonged to two or three denominations may be counted by the score" (p. 116).

Here and there, in the book, the edge of the veil is lifted a little to permit a half glance at the character of these changes of allegiance. We get a glimpse of Signor Bracchetto, for instance, who was in charge of a Free Italian Church, at Turin, during many years. When accused of "constantly compromising his church and committee and the honor of Christ," he withdrew and was able to carry his congregation with him; they were received into the Methodist Episcopal Church. "The action of the pastor," Dr. Stackpole comments, "cannot be considered as anything better than a treacherous secession" (p. 98). And he hints at the reason for his welcome by the Methodists. "He reported 97 members and 125 hearers, and our annual statistical report was increased by so much." Another instance is that of a Modernist born before his time. "He had been educated by the Wesleyans, but was unacceptable to them." He was welcomed by the Methodists, apparently on the recommendation of the Wesleyan superintendent.

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"After he had preached five years in the Methodist Episcopal Church, we became aware of a book published anonymously by him in the first year of his ministry, in which he avowed the rankest pantheism. He denied the personality of God, the divinity of Christ, the efficacy of prayer, the need or possibility of regeneration, and conscious existence after death. Yet the committee on examinations had reported him sound in the faith. When charged with being the author of the book, he at first denied it; but when the proof was presented, he confessed his authorship, but declared that those were his opinions five years before, when he thought that 'Methodism might be thus philosophically interpreted.' Now he had changed his mind. He was, however, asked to withdraw from the Conference and did so. We were told that he wrote to a friend soon after, reaffirming the opinions of that book. He was, however, soon received into another evangelical church in Italy on the 'warm recommendation' of the Presiding Elder" (pp. 115, 116). The Presiding Elder at this time—the one, we presume, who gave such a warm recommendation of this pantheistic preacher—was William Burt, D.D., later made bishop, and at present charged with the responsibility of the Italian Mission.*

There is the story, too, of the preacher "who brought over a Wesleyan flock to us in Florence and this was duly tabulated as an indication of the progress of our Mission in Italy." He was, our author judged, "the ablest minister" at the Milan Conference. Remaining with the Methodists for fourteen years, he "located and . . . asked for a bonus of six months' salary, *i. e.*, $480. He had already made arrangements to return to the Waldensian Church as pastor, and, in fact, directly after the session of Conference, withdrew from our church, taking with him to the Waldensian fold, nearly our entire congregation at Rome. . . . Some blamed the preacher for his act, which had the appearance of treachery, but long reflection has convinced us that he did what any other preacher would naturally have done under similar circumstances. He had become thoroughly convinced of the inability of our Mission to accomplish the work needed, and so could not be expected to urgently advise his congregation to remain in the Methodist fold" (p. 82).

* *Cf. Europe and Methodism*, by William Burt, D.D., whose narrative of the Italian Mission is summarized and briefly commented upon in the March issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, pp. 858-862.

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Instances such as these illustrate how the Methodist organization in Italy recruits its preachers—and how, sometimes, it loses them. As the wealthiest corporation engaged in this field, it seems willing to take over any struggling Protestant church, finance it, and add its membership to the statistics it presents to its American contributors. It was thus, we see, that the Wesleyan churches at Pavia and Florence, as well as the Presbyterian Free Church at Turin, were gained; while, on the other hand, Dr. Stackpole records various instances of Methodist ministers and even congregations passing over to another denomination. Catholics, with strict ideas of dogmatic truth and of the binding character of church allegiance, are not apt to view these changes very charitably; but we must remember that one form of Protestantism must appear to the Italian mind very much like any other form. Dr. Stackpole will inform us presently as to the real nature of Italian Methodism.

IV.

And now we must touch on the disagreeable topic of "the ex-priest element" in the Methodist ministry of Italy. It has been, we are told, not only the practice but the policy of the Methodists to employ ex-priests to preach Methodism. It is not at all surprising, however we may lament it, that they have always been able to secure the services of a certain number. Ex-priests there always have been since the days of Judas, and there will be till the coming of Antichrist. That in a large Catholic country like Italy, where there is much poverty, a certain number would creep into the ministry through worldly motives; that some of these and certain others who began with higher spirituality would fall by the wayside; that some, for one reason or another, would lose the faith; all this is expected by any student of history or of human nature. Viewing the matter abstractly, and from their standpoint, we cannot blame Methodists for receiving an ex-priest, as such, and employing him among Catholics any more than they can blame us for ordaining an ex-minister and sending him forth to preach to non-Catholics. But the question, a concrete one and not at all abstract, is this: what kind of men, as a matter of fact, are employed? Now some Catholics would condemn all ex-priests as about equally bad; but they have no right to expect this view to be taken by non-Catholics. The name perhaps should only be bestowed on those who trade upon the sacred

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character they have renounced, who are ex-priests by profession. And, truly, men who have forsaken the priesthood vary all the way from Döllinger, a man of clean morals and of personal dignity, down to that unprincipled rascal and marvel of depravity, Achilli. Two things may in justice be demanded of a Protestant organization before it engages an ex-priest for its ministry: first, that it be reasonably certain he truly believes the doctrines he is expected to preach; and, second, that he is a man of correct life. If these essential qualifications of a Christian minister were to be in all cases exacted, how many ex-priests would be preaching Protestantism? Nowadays far more caution and decency are observed than formerly; but one indelible shame imprinted on the face of Protestant history —which has by no means blushed for its shame as it should —is undoubtedly this, that it has frequently shown itself willing to welcome any one coming from Rome with vile stories, caring little or nothing about demanding guarantees of their truth, and that it has been ready to engage such a one without reasonable certitude of the sincerity of his belief or the fitness of his character. Baptists and Methodists, far more than other organizations—some of which have acted with decency—incur this shame. Too often the only question has been: can he damage the cause of the Papists? If he could, then he was engaged, even as the unspeakable Achilli and many another before and since. Moreover, Protestantism has very rarely been able to enlist the services of those former priests, whom, in a measure, we can respect, while we mourn their loss of faith. On the other hand, who ever heard of the Catholic Church welcoming into its priesthood an ex-minister of unsavory reputation or questionable sincerity of belief? And when has she commissioned any one to attack and vilify the ministry or the church which he has abandoned? No, not by such means are truth and charity communicated from soul to soul; and it is because such a policy deserves only the loathing and contempt of all decent men, and yet has been pursued by the Methodists in Italy, that the Holy See has condemned them while keeping silent about other Protestant denominations in Rome.

"From the first," says Dr. Stackpole, "it has been the *policy* of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy to employ ex-priests as preachers" (p. 58). Does the abandonment of the Catholic priesthood by an Italian qualify him for the Methodist ministry? What becomes of the cardinal Methodist doc-

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trine of conversion? No one is a true Methodist until he has "experienced conversion"; yet of all the preachers employed during more than twenty years, only three, according to Dr. Stackpole (p. 59), were converted under the auspices of the Methodist Church. Probably it is not rash to conjecture that not one of the three was an ex-priest. Men of this stamp simply cease to be Catholics; they do not become Methodists. And so Dr. Stackpole avers: "We have no Methodist preachers among the Italians" (p. 121). It is not hard to know the type of Methodism among those who, our author states, are "*ex* necessarily. They have quarreled with their superiors, or been guilty of some immorality, or they want more salary or to get married" (p. 60). The entire story of this book shows that these men are seeking, not the Methodist assurance of salvation, but the assurance of a good salary and little work. Concerning those of whose character Dr. Stackpole thinks more highly, he says: "They do not make good Methodist preachers, for the simple reason that they know nothing about Methodism; and when it is explained to them, they either do not understand it or they do not like it" (p. 60). No wonder he concludes that "a full-blooded Methodist . . . cannot be found at present among the Italians. It will be a long time before he will be produced" (p. 120).

By what process do these men become Methodist preachers? They are not converted; they do not undergo years of theological instruction and moral training, as a former minister must among us; they simply offer themselves and are accepted on trial and begin to draw a good salary. They have no more faith in Methodism than they have in any other form of Protestantism; and the sole reason why most of them are attached to Methodism rather than to any other form of Protestantism, according to Dr. Stackpole, is the larger salary it pays (p. 132).

Dr. Stackpole, happily, refrains from any detailed account of the lives of these preachers of Methodism; stray hints there are and broad statements regarding the scandalous conduct of several, but we have no heart to weave them into a picture of this group. The shame of it, that a Christian denomination should pick up these poor weeds from the Pope's garden, call them Methodists, and expect them to diffuse around an odor of virtue and a perfume of sanctity. But, alas! a weed by any other name will smell as rank. They have no spiritual

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life and they communicate none. Dr. Stackpole says in general of the ex-priests whom they employ: "The spiritual condition of their flock and the salvation of sinners give them little concern" (p. 62). Our good Doctor, who evidently got many of his impressions and ideas of Catholicism from these derelicts, attributes this to their Catholic training. We may remark that he lost none of his anti-Catholic prejudices in Italy, and is frequently very sweeping in his condemnation; but this may to a certain extent be excused because of his disheartening experience of the characters who swarmed around the Methodist Mission—the only persons, no doubt, whom he came to know intimately. His conclusions are eloquent of the judgment he formed upon their character and work. "The ex-priests, on the whole, have done us very little good and very much harm" (p. 61). Elsewhere there is the same story to tell. "The experiment of utilizing ex-priests had been tried and had failed in Mexico and in South America" (p. 59). And he ends with this earnest admonition to his brethern: "We wish this matter might be laid seriously to heart by our own and other churches, that genuine Protestantism cannot be built up in Italy or elsewhere by means of ex-priests" (p. 62). A wish to which we say a fervent amen, not because these men harm us, but because the policy is so disgraceful. Sixteen years have passed since this wish was uttered. Ex-priests are still employed by the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy. We have not the knowledge, however, which would warrant us in affirming that they are of the same stamp as the pioneers of Italian Methodism.

V.

Ex-Waldensians and ex-priests failed to create a satisfactory Methodism. "All our authorities," we are informed, "became at last convinced that a Methodist Church could not be established by means of such preachers" (p. 59). A training school to raise up genuine Methodist ministers became a necessity. Dr. Stackpole himself was the man named to establish and direct the work. His story of the enterprise is not lacking in interest and deserves space. The preachers had spread the good news abroad. "Applications for admission fairly poured in. Sixty-five applicants wrote to us in the course of three years. . . . All who wrote told the same story. They were absolutely penniless. Only one of all the sixty-five felt

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able to do so much as clothe himself. The rest wanted board, clothes, books, lights, fuel, washing, tuition, and even railroad expenses. . . . Some with family asked to be supplied with a furnished house outside the school and a salary of 300 francs per month. . . . At first, money to pay traveling expenses to Florence was sent to accepted candidates. Enough was sent to purchase a second-class ticket. . . . The result was that the hopeful candidates bought third-class tickets and put the balance in their pockets, and soon one to whom we had sent money for railroad fare, failed either to appear or to refund the money" (pp. 65–68). Henceforth railroad fare was not paid.

Of the numerous applicants, nine, the most promising, no doubt, were selected. "It might be interesting," Dr. Stackpole continues, "to know more particularly the *personnel* of that first class in the school in order to get a little insight into Italian character" (p. 69); or, rather, as we would prefer to say, into the character of the Italians who aspired to the Methodist ministry. Number one was "expelled from a Roman Catholic Seminary for vagabondage. He professed conversion and united with our church at Turin. He was warmly recommended by the pastor and had been employed by the Presiding Elder about a year as assistant pastor at Milan and elsewhere. At Milan he was also President of the Young Men's Christian Association and is said to have left the city with some of the funds of that society in his pocket. . . . He was about the plainest specimen of a rascal that we ever had anything to do with. He could pray and exhort with what passes for 'unction' with some. . . . By cheating and borrowing from other students he succeeded in taking away with him about one hundred francs. Lying and swearing were his daily pastime. We gave him money enough to pay his fare to Turin" (pp. 69–70). Number two came highly recommended by his pastor and wife. "He had wasted his substance and well-nigh his body in riotous living. He could wear a meek and devout look and could almost cry at will. But he would lie and break the rules of the school. He had to be dismissed for general worthlessness" (p. 70). Number three was dismissed for stealing books from the library and selling them to second-hand book stores. Number four captivated Bishop Burt "by his readiness of utterance and apparent earnestness." He was suspended as an untrustworthy character, but to the

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Faculty's surprise was appointed, we presume by Bishop Burt, as assistant pastor. Number five "lacked gifts, grace, and usefulness." Number six, "general worthlessness . . . with a marked tendency to deceitfulness." Number seven was in love and neglecting his studies. Told to choose between the ministry and the girl, he chose the girl. He married, and struggled with hard luck till he was appointed pastor of a Methodist Episcopal Church in a large city. Number eight "was called prematurely into the ministry. His heart was impulsively good, but he lacked stability of character. He was a poor scholar and could say all he knew in a very few noisy sermons." Number nine finished his course of study and was, up to 1894, the sole graduate of the school. Dr. Stackpole says nothing of his character (pp. 71–74). This completes his report of the first aspirants to the Methodist ministry in Italy; it speaks more convincingly perhaps than he was aware concerning the sort of characters whom Methodism attracted in Italy and the degree of influence which it exerted upon them.

The result was discouraging, but more students must be secured. "We searched the land through and got all that were at all hopeful cases." Bishop Vincent visits the school and is charmed; he writes a most glowing and edifying letter to the New York *Christian Advocate* all about the dozen young men, selected out of fifty-six applicants, who "are Methodists in theory and experience and choice" (p. 156). They "filled me with large hope," the bishop says, "for our work in Italy." And Dr. Stackpole, who has a low opinion of the Italian character, for which he cannot be greatly blamed, since he came into close contact chiefly with worthless or rascally preachers and would-be preachers, records his "conviction that it will be impossible to gather so good and promising a company of young men as candidates for the [Methodist] ministry in Italy for many years to come" (p. 158). Soon a conspiracy was formed by all the other students against one who proved to have a good character. As a consequence, all but four left. "We discovered that every one of these [twelve] students, except the one accused, had been secretly breaking the rules of the school . . . by getting in or out of the window late at night, by improper associations, etc." (p. 161). "Some declared their readiness to abandon Methodism and at once sought admission to other denominations. . . . We

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found they had no love for Methodism, for which we could not much blame them, since the so-called Methodism of Italy has manifested few amiable qualities" (p. 162). This school, which was at Florence, was discontinued. "Dr. Stackpole having retired from the field," as Bishop Burt writes* in a laconic style that makes Cæsar appear verbose, a theological school was later established at Rome under Rev. N. W. Clark, its present head. So far as we know, the inner story of the new school has not yet been published by Dr. Stackpole's successor. Bishop Burt is silent about its success or failure. From our author we merely learn that it started with three students; these three foundation stones were an ex-monk, an ex-priest, and an ex-seminarian (p. 164).

VI.

Jam satis. Let us turn now from this study of the clergymen and clerical aspirants of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy and, under Dr. Stackpole's guidance, take a brief glance at the organization's work among the people.

Who constitute the Methodist laity of Italy? Let our guide answer: "The better and nobler class of Italians we have not reached. Our system attracts the mendicant class, just as molasses draws flies" (p. 177), which, by the way, throws light upon the character of the young men from whom we have just parted. A vivid sketch is drawn of the working of the system; how the community has no interest in the new movement, which they regard as a foreign importation thrust upon them; how some come at first out of curiosity, when a semi-political subject is announced, and applaud when the preacher chimes in with their political views, but leave him empty pews if he preaches religion; how persons of noble character and social influence stay away, out of self-respect, while a lot of mendicants, hearing that a very wealthy society has domiciled among them, flock to the church; how tramps and beggars expect the pastor to furnish them money for all their wants and, if refused, desert his church for another similarly organized but

* *Europe and Methodism*, p. 73. The bishop's concise narrative omits the entire story of this theological school at Florence, which fact speaks volumes about his method of writing history.

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more liberal in the distribution of money, clothing, and soup; how the congregation looks to the wealthy organization to provide Yankee gold to pay the pastor and nearly all current expenses; how some are shamed, for the sake of appearance, into throwing something, the smallest coins, however, into the collection basket; how the very small sums which the Methodist Episcopal churches of Italy contribute come chiefly from American and English visitors; how, in some places, a few persons become sincerely attached to the church, while the rest are ready to sever their connections for the slightest cause; how one sort of pastor dare not rebuke sin, for fear of diminishing his congregation, and another doesn't care a green fig whether his people come to church or stay away.* No fancy picture this, Dr. Stackpole assures us. In a few instances "some favorable modification" would have to be made; but for a true picture of the organization as a whole, he avers, "such is the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy" (p. 142).

No wonder the whole basis is pronounced unsound. "Not the least of the evils of our financial system in Italy," he declares, "is that it tends to diminish piety and to develop a selfish dependence upon others" (p. 148). If any of these converts ever had any zeal, this system kills it. "In Italy," he says, "the laymen do almost nothing unless paid for service, and then they do but little" (p. 108). It is to them a plain matter of business and they regard themselves as working for the society (p. 150). In fact, according to Dr. Stackpole, most of the workers in Italy, as in Bulgaria, are under the impression that the Methodist Mission exists "for the financial benefit of the workers employed" (p. 113). This view is shared by the women workers as well as by the men. Not infrequently the service of the employees has to be discontinued. It is the "rule without exception, so far as we know," says Dr. Stackpole, that "whoever has once been in the pay of our mission as preacher, Bible woman, janitor, organist, etc., and has, for any cause, been discharged, has become at once a bitter opposer of our church, proving thereby that his motive for uniting with us was a mercenary one" (p. 54).

How these unprincipled rascals must have laughed among themselves and chuckled in their sleeves at our poor Methodist

* Chapter on "Self-Support."

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brothers and their Yankee shrewdness! Imagine, for instance, the twinkle in the eye of the editor of the *Nuova Scienza*, sometimes called the Italian *Methodist Quarterly Review*. For six years he extracted from the Methodists both his salary and the funds for printing his magazine, "which had not the remotest connection," it appears, "with any work of Methodism in Italy." It was a philosophical review, and the philosophy it taught, as judged by several members of the Conference, was . . . pantheism. The editor "accepted the compliment of being the best recent exponent of Giordano Bruno" (p. 84), which possibly explains why he was paid by the Methodists. Shrewd schemers, high and low, from philosophers and preachers down to janitors and Bible women, they have all gleefully gathered in the golden eggs laid by the Methodist hen.

The financial policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church ruled also over their educational institutions, at least to a great extent. Free elementary schools were established. "It was thought that by getting the children into our schools, the parents could be drawn into our church services; but the results in this direction have not been encouraging. As soon as the children are able to earn a few cents per day, they are put to work and we see them no more" (p. 167). In Rome there was established a Boys' Institute, which was advertised as "semi-gratuitous." "The word semi-gratuitous, with the emphasis on the last part of the compound, expresses the present policy of the administration. Everything must be furnished either for nothing or less than cost. This is the shortest way to apparent success" (p. 171). It opened with eight pupils: three were expelled for stealing (p. 170). Since Dr. Stackpole quit the field the educational work of the Methodists has grown greatly; and we believe the claim is now made that some of the institutions are self-supporting.

The final judgments of Dr. Stackpole upon the system are well worth noting and weighing. "We fear that much of the money poured into Italy by Protestants of every name and land has become unintentionally a corruption fund" (p. 133)—this he declares in relation to the effect upon preachers. "A corrupting financial policy" (p. 113) is his characterization of the method of dealing with the workers in general. And when we remember its influence upon the people and the children, we are prepared to hear him sum up the system in this final word:

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"It is an attempt to build up the Kingdom of God by a judicious use of money alone" (p. 142).*

VII.

Sad chronicle of shame! What object could tempt men of a certain religious zeal to stoop to so low a policy and to enlist the aid of rogues and mercenaries? Only a rare and alluring prize—the conquest of Italy, the Pope's own country, of Rome, his very city! What but this could prove so fatally bewitching to the Methodist heart, so dazzling to the Methodist conscience? Here lies the secret of the warped hearts and twisted consciences with which American Methodists have attempted to carry out this brilliant enterprise. Elsewhere indeed, in the pursuit of their propaganda among Catholics, we do not observe in them any nice scrupulosity in the choice of means; witness their missions among the Italians of our large cities. But when Catholicism is not their game, their native sentiments of honor and decency seem to have full play. Then, with something higher than hatred to inspire zeal, their efforts are more worthy of respect and crowned with greater success. In contrast to their Italian missions, Dr. Stackpole outlines their policy in Germany. Here we see none of those characteristics which are so salient and sinister in his sketch of Italian Methodism. There are no ex-priests, no ex-Lutheran ministers, hired in Germany to attack or vilify the church they have ceased to serve. Soup is not regarded as

* Here would be the appropriate place to speak of the results of these missions; but perhaps that has been done sufficiently in the March CATHOLIC WORLD, pp. 858 *sq*. The only trustworthy account is kept by the recording angel, and the secret is safe with him. Dr. Stackpole repeatedly asserts that the reports of the Mission, at any rate, are not at all trustworthy, because falsified by the pastors. The great apparent aim is to produce a good impression on the society in New York, from whence cometh their aid. The Americans in charge of the Italian Missions are not accused of fraud, however; but, apparently, Yankee shrewdness has been beguiled by Italian diplomacy into believing in very highly exaggerated numbers. The Mission at present makes far bigger boasts; we cannot say how great a discount should be deducted before the truth be reached. Is there one Methodist among them all? Perhaps one; possibly fifty; but many, no doubt, become good Pope-haters. Bishop Burt, if quoted correctly (New York *Times*, Sunday, April 10), has abandoned the hope of converting Italy to Methodism, but expects great things from it in the fight for religious liberty. It will be remembered that the providential Dr. Tipple, who in one crowded hour of glorious life revealed to the world all the sweetness and light of Italian Methodism, also strongly advocates religious liberty and the destruction of Popery. So does *L'Asino*. [See remarks in the department of "With Our Readers."—EDITOR.]

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the universal, divinely appointed means of salvation. The American Methodism of Germany appears—if, as we believe and trust, Dr. Stackpole's picture is faithful—what we should like to see it everywhere—decent and respectable, with a soul of piety and fervor and love. But what a marvelous magician is religious hate! It waves its wand and, lo! men of ordinary honesty and cleanness of life see rascals transformed into helpmeets for the spread of God's kingdom, they see the light of sanctity rest upon ways and means of propaganda from which, in their sober senses, they would shrink as too vile to touch. All is fair and good when the Pope is the foe. In his presence latent antagonism is aroused, and hate, and the determination to conquer at any cost. The priests and the scribes of Methodism have vowed to undo him. They seek out Judas and buy him with silver. They join hands with Herod and Pilate, with men who scorn them and hate all religion, in order to compass their ends. They encourage the rabble to shout for Barabbas, and join with the cohorts of evil that revile and spit upon the Vicar of Christ.

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New Books.

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It is a constant source of wonder to us why, with the large number of very excellent books issuing from the Catholic press, Catholics are not more alive to the benefits and the joys of spiritual reading. Nothing would so efficaciously create the "new man" within them; nothing would so wondrously transform their lives from a dull, monotonous succession of days, than a faithful devotion to healthy spiritual reading. It is idle to say that the devotional books written for Catholics are poorly written.

In truth, with all the active, energetic forces about us that constantly seek to deceive us by false vaiues; that constantly endeavor to lead us to compromise with the world-spirit; that insidiously blind our soul to the vision that God would grant it and shut us from the knowledge of our power and our inheritance; it is absolutely necessary for every Catholic, if he is to keep the flame of divine love aglow within him, if he is to keep, by freedom from mortal sin, at least, the reign of the Holy Spirit within the temple of his soul and body, that he should, by spiritual reading, preserve fresh and living the basic principles of the Christian life. If the soul does not by prayer, by reading, by instruction, recall these to its active consideration, it will abandon them altogether.

Call after call is being sent forth by unselfish souls who have given themselves to the highest service of humanity; who have, by study and by personal consecration, learnt the precious secrets of the real Christian life; and who, with further labor, have written for others in a delightful, appealing way of that life and the principles that must guide one in it. Books of this sort are issued frequently by the Catholic press. What they treat of is the very warp and woof of the Christian character; and every Catholic—for we are all sufficiently educated—should welcome them, read them, and, because of the food which under God's grace they will give, lead the life which is not of this world and which they must lead if they really hope ever to reach the kingdom of God.

These words will be appropriate for many of the volumes

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reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD month after month. For there is not space always to exhort. Most frequently we must confine ourselves to a few lines of exposition. We wish to call special attention here to a book* which, though written especially for those who were studying for the priesthood, contains chapters that will be joyfully welcomed by every intelligent and pious soul—cleric or lay. Cardinal Mercier treats of great lofty themes, themes that appeal to every soul, and yet which many souls abandon because they hopelessly believe that such things are not for them. The Cardinal exposes in a masterly way and with simplicty of expression intelligible to any one the steps and the methods, and, better still, the principles of the spiritual life. He is thorough, solid, thoughtful, competent. He has written a book which has this mark of distinction—that it may be employed with profit by the simple and the learned; by beginners and by experts. It is composed of seven conferences. And among the subjects are Retirement and Recollection; the Voice of God; Intercourse With God; Peace of Soul; and Emanuel: God With Us. The layman who reads it will be able to see what is for him and what is not, and he will find here a fullness of instruction, of guidance, and of inspiration that will enlighten his mind and gladden his heart. We need not speak of its excellences for clerics. The translation is unusually well done.

IRELAND.
By Sutherland.

Mr. John Redmond, in his preface to this book,† gives a brief account of the way in which it came to be written. "Some seven years ago, when the Irish movement was passing through one of its most exciting and critical stages, the proprietors of the *North American* (of Philadelphia) sent one of the ablest members of their staff, Mr. Hugh Sutherland, over to Ireland to describe, for the information of the American people, the Irish situation as he found it. The result was a series of brilliant and illuminating articles. . . . Mr. Sutherland was again deputed this summer (1909) to visit Ireland and record his impressions

* *Cardinal Mercier's Conferences.* Translated from the French by J. M. O'Kavanagh. With Introduction by Canon Sheehan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Ireland Yesterday and To-day.* By Hugh Sutherland. With an Introduction by John E. Redmond, M.P. Philadelphia: The North American.

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of its changed conditions, and this he did in a second series of letters no less remarkable than the first." To these two series of descriptive letters Mr. Sutherland has appended an historical sketch which shows the reasons for Ireland's miseries and the justice of the claim for self-government.

The work is well done. Mr. Sutherland is a wide-awake American reporter, with an eye to see and a tongue to tell, and a camera, too, to prove his descriptions true. His investigations were made in the congested districts, mainly in Western Connaught. The first series of letters paints a dismal picture of poverty and distress, but the second series depicts conditions which have already been vastly improved, and which will, no doubt, continue to grow better as the new peasant proprietors acquire complete ownership of their farms.

Incidentally, Mr. Sutherland describes for us three fine types of Irish patriot, and describes them well. One is that of a political leader, in the person of Mr. John Fitzgibbon; another the practical reformer, quiet and effective, Mr. Henry Doran, chief land inspector of the Congested Districts Board. He is most enthusiastic in his appreciation of Rev. Denis O'Hara, parish priest. "It seems to me that the 'P. P.' which he writes after his name is as noble a distinction as any string of letters to be found in the peerage. It is the Distinguished Service Order of Humanity."

There is an interesting chapter, by way of postscript, in answer to critics. Most of them were moved to write to him by anti-Catholic bias. "One indignant person . . . dismissed my labors with the charge that I was a narrow-minded bigot, hopelessly enslaved by the Church to which he assigned me. Perhaps this will be sufficient apology for the very personal disclosure that back of my Americanism is an ancestry of double-dyed Ulster Scotch-Irish, and that the nearest approach to a saint in my church is John Wesley." Concluding this topic, he says: "If religion was 'dragged into' the Irish question, the dragging was done by Elizabeth, James I., William III., James II., and their Parliaments; but there's no use writing peevish letters to them, because they're dead. And if it is kept in, the keeping is done by those who denounce the idea of self-government upon the ground that it would confer equal rights upon citizens of a different faith."

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POLITICS AND HISTORY. By Dewe.

It is cheering to see Catholic writers who have the courage and initiative to blaze their own way through the virgin forests of a new science, instead of following after, as we so often do, picking brushwood. The science of sociology, though it occupied, in some of its phases, the minds of Plato and Aristotle, of St. Thomas and Dante, of Locke and Rousseau, is still, in many important respects, a new science.

The present volume,* by a Catholic priest, the Rev. J. A. Dewe, M.A., of the University of Ottawa, is an inquiry into the principles of social development and decay along the lines of the nature of man himself. The author is convinced that the attempts to explain the rise and fall of nations on the basis of climate or of geographical conditions, or of economic opportunities, leave out the most important factor in the problem—the psychology of individuals and communities. Outside of this one contention, he can hardly be said to have any pet thesis to defend. He approaches his task with the manner of one who has an investigation to make, not a point to prove. This is a proper scientific attitude to take, and his taking it gives one confidence in his treatment of the problems.

His plan is stated in the Introduction (p. 4) as follows: "It is the human element that counts, and the object of our research must be to consider scientifically the constituents of this element in the individual, and then to see how its workings affect the condition of society." This plan is beset by the difficulty that is always present when one endeavors to follow a single thread through a tangle, and the author does not always stick to his proposed method. He often takes the easier way of discussing social changes from the standpoint of the historian rather than of the psychologist. For the rest, his conclusions are drawn from a wide knowledge of human nature and human history; they are well-balanced and sane, and in accordance with Catholic views of life.

Two of the most valuable chapters are the third, on "The Harmony between the State and Extra-State Elements," and the seventh, on "The Influence of Christianity on the State." In the former he shows the relation between "extra-state" elements, *i. e.*, individual rights and family interests on the one

* *Psychology of Politics and History.* By Rev. J. A. Dewe, M.A. New York, Bombay, and Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co.

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hand and the claims of the general social organism on the other. His conclusion is that men are best off in a middle condition between mere family clannishness and the sort of State domination which Socialism proposes. The chapter on Christianity is an excellent analysis of the social value of the Gospel teaching, with a brief but lurid sketch of the relations between the Christian Church and civil society down to our own day. The author looks with equanimity upon the present tendency towards separation of Church and State.

We shall venture to quote one passage which is interesting to American readers, and which will serve as an example of the author's clearness and fairness of view. In his chapter on "The Connection Between the Speculative Thought of Individuals and the Thought of the Masses," he says that in countries where democracy is all-powerful, as in the United States, "it is only with great difficulty that individual genius can assert political influence." He quotes De Tocqueville to this effect, and then goes on to say: "What commanding influence has there been in the States but owes its power and origin to the people themselves? And what instance can be quoted of any commanding individuality that ever came into collision with the strength of the masses and was then able by sheer intellectual force to lead them along?" This has a good and a bad side, as is evident, but to offset the evil in it, as he remarks: "The American people have reached generally a high level. Even the ordinary workman is fairly well educated and is able to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of his country." The author's summing up of the conditions is really a testimony to the vitality of our democracy. The power exercised over English opinion by individual thinkers and leaders "stands out in remarkable contrast with the state of things in America, where reforms and changes have almost invariably arisen from the people themselves, or from persons who owe their influence entirely to the people."

THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY.
By Canon Sheehan.

Canon Sheehan's work in fiction could be published under a general title borrowed from George Eliot, *Scenes from Clerical Life*. He has been criticized for this by some well-intentioned people, who would like to have inscribed over

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the door of every rectory the legend "Foris estote, profani." Of such it may be said that they are more reverent than judicious. When men are as prominent in the minds of the people as the Catholic priests are, their lives and characters are constantly under review. And, necessarily, the estimate is made, to a large extent, on the basis of externals. The best portion of a priest's life, being hidden with Christ in God, is unknown.

The leading character of the present novel* is an Irish parish priest, who was educated under the old semi-Jansenistic Irish school, "a rigorist in theology, a rigid disciplinarian, who never knew what it was to dispense in a law either for himself or others, . . . a grave, stern man, . . . inflexible in the observance of statutes, . . . with the fury of a revengeful deity on any infraction of law, or any public scandal." A type to be respected, but not loved. In the end he discovers the truth that "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

The book is not, however, a mere study in sacerdotal psychology. It contains a well-handled bit of romance; together with scenes of gypsy life and smuggling, which bring us back to *Guy Mannering;* the unending, miserable, Irish land squabbles; and scenes of Irish domestic life, painted with tenderness and humor. And the still deeper note, so prevalent in all his work, is not wanting here. His deepest interest seems to be, not in life as led by this or that individual, but in the great problem of life itself. He has sympathy for various views, but over and over again there comes out his own Celtic Christian mystical view of life. His work is the work of a priest. It is priestly in its broad and generous view of man, his passions and aspirations, and priestly also in its steady insistance on the claims of God.

INDUSTRIAL AMERICA. Because of the limits of our space it is impossible to give reviews such as we would wish to many important publications. In fact, with regard to many new books an article of ten pages would scarce do justice. The Arthur H. Clark Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose unselfish labor as publishers is worthy of all praise, are just now issuing a work entitled *The Documentary History of American*

* *The Blindness of the Very Rev. Dr. Gray.* By Canon Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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Industrial Society,* to which the much-abused adjective "monumental" may be justly ascribed. The work will cover in a documentary way the labor, industrial and generally sociological history of our country from pioneer to present day. The American Bureau of Industrial Research and the Carnegie Institution of Washington have gathered information through years of labor, at an expense of over seventy-five thousand dollars, and have carefully prepared and edited the work.

It must be apparent at once that any one who wishes to make a study of America; of the beginnings of its political institutions; of the courses that shaped its history and guided the actions of its people—for nothing is in a practical way more close to the people than their daily occupation—any one who wishes to speak or write upon social or industrial America must be acquainted with these volumes. They give detailed, documentary evidence which is otherwise inaccessible; and evidence such as this is, one must know and digest if he is to speak with authority. From these volumes one may really know at first hand the beginnings and the growth of industrial America and of the great forces within it that are surely making the America of the future. No student of social reform, no student who seriously looks out upon the horizon and asks himself anxiously what mean the clouds that are gathering there, will remain unacquainted with this thorough, painstaking work. The volumes so far published deal with the Plantation and Frontier, and the Labor Conspiracy Cases from 1806-1842. The work will be completed in ten volumes, and will recite by documents the history of the labor movement up to 1880.

No doubt the documentary history of later years will subsequently be added, and we will have what we absolutely lack —and what no other country lacks—a detailed record of our industrial and economic life. THE CATHOLIC WORLD earnestly hopes for the publishers the success and support which their labors deserve. Every library in the country worthy of the name will have on its shelves this work; and the individual able to afford his own personal collection will do well to secure it.

* *The Documentary History of American Industrial Society.* With numerous illustrations and facsimiles. Complete in ten volumes. Cleveland, Ohio: The Arthur H. Clark Company.

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THEOLOGY OF THE SACRAMENTS.

The translation of this volume* was a work worth doing and is a work well done. Of late years liberal Protestant and Rationalistic theologians have declared that the Catholic dogmas concerning the Sacraments are purely human inventions and that these Christian rites have been borrowed from Paganism. With an array of historical facts that would startle the uninitiated, and aided by an unscientific criticism, these scholars have triumphantly given their biased and exaggerated doctrines to the world as the latest results of scientific and critical investigation.

In the present volume Father Pourrat submits these same historical facts to a rigorously impartial and scientific criticism. The result has been to show "that an exclusively Christian inspiration presided over the origin of our dogmas regarding the Sacraments and over the origin of those Sacraments themselves; and that between the scriptural and patristic data in this matter and the sacramentary definitions of the Council of Trent there exists a conformity sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mind."

The various chapters of the book deal with the questions usually handled in the treatise on The Sacraments in General; The Definition; Matter and Form; Efficacy of the Sacraments; The Sacramental Character; The Number and Divine Institution of the Sacraments; The Intention in the Minister and Subject.

But besides being treated from the ordinary doctrinal point of view, they are all subjected to an exhaustive historical study. For this purpose the author divides the matter into four periods: from the beginning to St. Angustine; from St. Augustine to the Twelfth Century; from the Twelfth Century to the Council of Trent; from the Council of Trent to our own day. And he shows how the doctrines have been deduced from the sacramental practice of the Church, how the sacramental theology has grown out of the Church living by her Sacraments. The process can be summed up in the consecrated phrase "Lex Orandi, Lex Credendi." In the earlier centuries, the Fathers were absorbed by such doctrines as the Trinity, Incarnation, Redemption, Original Sin, and Grace; there was no doctrinal development of the Sacraments; writers were content with a

* *Theology of the Sacraments.* A Study in Positive Theology. By the Very Rev. P. Pourrat, V.G., Rector of the Theological Seminary of Lyons, France. Authorized Translation from the third French Edition. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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mere description of the existing customs; hence the theology, as distinct from the practice of the Sacraments, was incomplete and vague. It was only later that Christian thought turned to the formal consideration of the Sacraments: the theologians of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the representatives of Catholic Tradition in their time as the Fathers were in the first centuries, gathered together and synthesized all the traditional data relative to the Sacraments and constructed therefrom a complete theological system.

The Council of Trent (1545–63) defined the traditional doctrine of the Sacraments which Protestants were casting aside; we say the traditional doctrine in order to distinguish it from the theological opinions which the Church has never sanctioned and which have been subjected to change according to the results obtained in late centuries from a more profound and more critical study of history. It is to this work of positive theology, as distinct from scholastic theology, that modern theologians are now devoting their efforts in accordance with the desire expressed by Pope Pius X. in his Encyclical on Modernism.

Such in brief is a summary of a volume which should be in the library of every English-speaking priest and seminarian. The field of positive theology has been exploited by German and French Rationalists for their own purposes and their works have found abundant translators into English. But it is a field that has as yet been but little explored by Catholic scholars of any nationality. Of late years something is being done, but as yet our English literature on positive theology is limited to such volumes as the one under discussion and the translation of Riviere's *History of the Atonement.*

We trust, then, that this volume of Father Pourrat will have the circulation and success it assuredly deserves.

THE COURAGE OF CHRIST.

We welcome this little book on *The Courage of Christ.** In it Father Schuyler sets an example and presents a model. In the first place, the work is based on a sound theological foundation. There is a complete avoidance of the danger into which pious Protestants often fall, of getting to view our Lord as if he were a mere man, "the Master," indeed, but not

* *The Courage of Christ.* By Henry C. Schuyler, S.T.L. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly; London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.

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(at least not with due emphasis) "the Lord God." Secondly, the study is based strictly on the Gospel record, and there is no attempt to push description beyond the legitimate ground of imagination working on the data of the Gospels and knowledge of the customs of the times. The style is manly, direct, simple, sincere. The object of the author is to present the actions of our Lord so as to produce a moral effect on the readers. This he does by revealing the attractiveness of Christ as a model of courage and patience, and by well-timed and brief moral disquisitions and exhortations. We are glad to be told that "this little volume is the first of a series, in each of which, circumstances permitting, one of the virtues of our Lord will be treated."

THE HOLY PRACTICES OF A DIVINE LOVER. The daughter of a great-grandson of Blessed Thomas More, Helen More, was the head of that group of nine young women who, in about 1623, left inhospitable England and founded a Benedictine community at Cambrai. Miss More's name in religion was Gertrude. She possessed many of the gifts of her illustrious and saintly grandparent. She was well educated, talented, and of quick and ready wit. Yet she suffered from the defects of a too-high spirited and enthusiastic temperament. The first years of her religious life were, in a great measure, unhappy, and at length the clouds of doubt settled upon her soul and she seriously questioned her religious vocation. But her soul was not to be lost to the high service of God. She was to be taught that hers was a nature that must possess all or nothing; must climb to the highest perfection or not seek to climb at all.

Under Divine Providence, a master of the spiritual life of prayer was sent to her. Father Augustine Baker was at that time already renowned for his learning and his spiritual insight. Under his skillful, holy guidance Dame Gertrude advanced rapidly. Her soul grew strong in prayer, and interior peace settled upon her. She was in religion only nine years; yet when about to die, and asked if she wished Father Baker to come to her assistance, she answered: "No; only thank him a thousand times for having secured the peace I now enjoy." Dame Gertrude died in the odor of sanctity on the 17th of August, 1633, in the twenty-seventh year of her age.

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Her life, which was written by Father Augustine Baker, is, we are pleased to say, to be republished in the very near future.

Dame Gertrude was the compiler of this small book of *Devotions*. They were prepared by order of her confessor. They are not always original, for Dame Gertrude drew upon any source near at hand—the writings, for example, of St. Augustine, particularly his *Confessions*, and of the Abbot Blosius. The title, *The Ideot's Devotions*, was not an uncommon one in that age and means simply "Devotions of a Plain Man."

The book* breathes throughout the spirit and the teaching of the great Benedictine master—Father Baker. It will be a source of much profit and great joy to every lover of prayer; and a special help, as Dom Fox says in his introduction, to those "who by nature are unfit to practice meditation in the sense in which that word is usually understood by spiritual writers in these days. For many souls this is a most salutary and necessary practice; but for others such discursive prayer, as it is called, is a distraction and a hindrance."

The work gives first a summary of perfection; then careful directions as to the use of these devotions; then follow the devotions themselves—practices of contrition; exercises on the life and passion of our Savior, Jesus Christ; acts of resignation; holy practices of divine love; holy exercises of pure love of God; certain amorous aspirations; and at the end is added the Top of the Heavenly Ladder—which is really a development and completion of the *Devotions*. Dame Gertrude tells us that they were written for persons of "every state and condition—religious, single, or married people." She prays that all may make use of them to the honor of God and their souls' good—and we heartily re-echo her prayer.

SOCIALISM.
By Spargo.

Saint Thomas Aquinas, in that article II., II.ae, q. 66, a. 2, of his *Summa*, which is devoted to the discussion of private property, presents as his chief argument in its favor the fact that it is in accord with the best interests of the community. A similar principle is affirmed by Catholic teachers when, in consid-

* *The Holy Practices of a Divine Lover; or, the Saintly Ideot's Devotions.* By Dame Gertrude More. London: Sands & Co.

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ering the limitations of the right of private property, they reprobate that use which is inconsistent with the best interests of the community largely considered. In a word, private property is justified on the one hand, and is limited on the other, by the common welfare.

Now if, accepting this principle, one were to reflect upon the abuses prevalent in the industrial and commercial world to-day; and if, reflecting thereupon, one were to outline a method for the permanent bettering of conditions, it is possible that he would produce a volume resembling in many respects the little book which Mr. Spargo has been pleased to name *The Substance of Socialism*.*

In Mr. Spargo's vocabulary, Socialism is a principle—a principle which calls for the elimination of the power of an idle class in society to exploit the wealth-producers (p. 84). It is not opposed to private property. Subject to the superior right of society as a whole, the individual possession of private property might be "far more widespread under Socialism than to-day" (p. 89). The form of ownership "is relatively unimportant according to the Socialist philosophy" (p. 92). "Socialism is not hostile to private property, except where such property is used to exploit the labor of others than its owners. The socialization of property in the Socialist State would be confined to (1) such things as in their nature could not be held by private owners without subjecting the community to exploitation or humiliation; (2) such things as the citizens might agree to own in common to attain superior efficiency in their management" (p. 94). What Socialism wants, in a word, is "equal economic opportunities for all" (p. 33). Moreover, if a change be effected in the existing order, "it is the duty of the State to give an indemnity to those whose interests will be injured by the necessary abolition of laws contrary to the common good in so far as this indemnity is consistent with the interests of the nation as a whole" (quoted from Liebknecht in the *Foreword*).

Critics of the author have charged that he is not an "orthodox Socialist"; he vindicates his claim in the Preface. But to what avail will men continue to quarrel about this most unfortunate word! The important question is this: Can we trust the Socialist? There are thousands of us who think much as Mr. Spargo does about many things, and who suffer quite

* *The Substance of Socialism*. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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as keenly in our souls because of the cruelty and injustice rampaat in the present order; and yet we are deterred from making common political cause with "Socialism," because we do not feel that we can trust its influence in the moral and religious field. This timidity is unfortunate for the cause of economic reform, no doubt; but will Mr. Spargo say that it is without foundation? Tell us, Mr. Spargo, if we were to put you and yours in power, would you confine your activity strictly to the economic territory, speaking no word and lifting no hand against the moral principles, doctrinal truths, or religious institutions that we hold sacred?

We have already called the attention of our readers to the volumes of De Ponte's Meditations; and we wish now to speak of the excellencies of three additional volumes of these same meditations published by B. Herder, of St. Louis. The volumes are in Latin; exceptionally well-printed and bound; and the merits of De Ponte's writings need no comment—any words on the merit of these meditations would be superfluous. Learned, solid, inspiring, they should be heartily welcomed and read and re-read by every priest. The third volume of the meditations treats of the active and the contemplative life; the birth, childhood, preaching, and miracles of our Lord; the fourth of our Lord's Sacred Passion and Death; the fifth of the Resurrection, the work of the Holy Spirit, the conversion of St. Paul, the ascension of our Blessed Lady, and the joy of the elect. To the editor and the publishers of this most worthy *Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica* our sincere gratitude is again extended.

This small brochure* was accompanied by a request for a favorable review. If we could possibly do so, it would have been a personal pleasure for us to oblige the author. Truth and justice to our readers compel us to say that a more inexact, thoughtless, and altogether foolish pamphlet than this has never in our memory, which extends over many years, come to us for criticism.

This novel† gives us much of novelty and of humor, and its serious side deals capably with the struggles of a man, weak

* *The Esoteric Meaning of the Seven Sacraments.* By Princess Karadja. London: Messrs. Wooderson.

† *The Up-Grade.* By Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

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in will power, but in a measure ambitious to overcome that weakness and achieve better things. The love of a good woman helps him to success.

The confusion and uncertainty regarding the title and authorship of this book* are explained in the Preface. The work is divided into two parts: one historical; the other critical. The first part begins with the preaching of Christ and summarizes the principal phases of the history of Christian belief and unbelief. The second part explains the meaning of faith and of unbelief, and seeks to analyze the causes and principle forms of contemporary infidelity. The book concludes with a chapter by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, on "Paganism Under a New Name."

Among the recent works of fiction we wish to mention particularly: *Trammelings*, by Georgina Pell Curtis, a volume of short stories attractive in style, wholesome in tone, and agreeably presented. Two of the short stories particularly recommend themselves: "A Romance of Guadalupe" and "Castle Walls." The volume is published by B. Herder, of St. Louis.

W. Woodruff Anderson gives us a delightful book in *A Strain of White*. He tells charmingly of the unselfish labor of an old curé in the spiritual training and development of a half-breed Indian girl, and how through various vicissitudes and temptations that training proved successful. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The heroine of *So As By Fire*, by Jean Connor, is a magnetic little soul, blooming like a wild flower amid adverse circumstances. She gives to the book vivacious action and is at once its heroine and its villain. With the trials and struggles of a perfectly candid nature interestingly presented as a background the story is attractive and capable and has throughout a distinctly Catholic atmosphere. The volume is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

* *The Causes and Cure of Unbelief.* By N. J. Laforet. Revised, enlarged, and edited by Cardinal Gibbons, with a chapter by the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Son.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (19 March): "The French Liquidation Scandal." An editorial on the "affaire Duez." M. Duez, one of the three liquidators of the property of the dissolved religious communities, has been incarcerated on the charge of enormous defalcations.——Fr. Thurston, S.J., contributes the first of a series of papers on "The Dark Ages of English Catholicism." This deals with the "No-Popery Alarm of 1734-5."——The Roman Correspondent gives the views of the Italian Press on the new Code of Canon and Marriage Laws.——Another step in the process for the canonization of Ven. Oliver Plunket.

(26 March): "The Joy of Achievement." Bernard Whelan describes the new Westminster Cathedral.—— The House of Lords has completely vindicated the claims of the monks regarding the Chartreuse Liqueur.

(2 April): Fribourg and its University," by Wilfred C. Robinson. "The University of Fribourg, while national and Catholic, is also international in its character. Both its professors and its students are drawn from many lands besides Switzerland."

(9 April): "The Easter Festival," by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., deals with the ancient tradition which teaches that the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord are this year commemorated on the dates upon which they actually occurred.——In "Economic History for Catholic Women," Mrs. Philip Gibbs thinks a knowledge of this branch of history indispensable to those who wish to fulfill their duties to their Church and their country. She suggests certain Catholic and non-Catholic works with which to commence, and makes a plea for an insistence in our convents upon the economic aspect of history.——"In the Footsteps of Some Martyrs," by the Comtesse de Courson. An account of thirty-two sisters put to death in Bollène during the Reign of Terror.

The International Journal of Ethics (April): Charles R. Henderson, in "The Ethical Problems of Prison Science,"

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comments upon the questions to be considered by the International Prison Congress at Washington, D.C., in October next.——"Nature in Morals and Politics." W. J. Roberts.——F. C. Sharp and M. C. Otto, in "A Study of the Popular Attitude Towards Retributive Punishment," by the State or individual, describe an elaborate questioning by them of one hundred agricultural freshmen students. It appeared that only two out of the one hundred utterly opposed the principle of retribution—that is, punishment not as a deterrent, but simply for the sake of getting even.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (March): "The Irish Pastoral College at Antwerp," by the Very Rev. P. Boyle, C.M. ——"Peter, Prince of the Apostles," is an account, by Rev. James P. Conry, of St. Peter's connection with and martyrdom at Rome, based on the testimony of the Fathers and tradition.——W. H. Grattan Flood sketches the life of "John Walker—a Forgotten Maynooth Professor."——The Editor contributes an article on "Modern Socialism." He deals at length with the life and work of Karl Marx, the author of modern scientific socialism. The writer denies Marx's fundamental economic principle "that manual labor, estimated in terms of time, is the sole source and measure of economic value or of wealth," because it takes no account of the mental endowments, the energy, and thrift of the laborer, nor of the difference in value of the objects worked upon. Dr. Hogan also exposes "the principle of atheistic materialism which underlies the whole system of the famous socialistic philosopher."

Le Correspondant (10 March): Gustave gives an account of the "Risings of the Seine."——"The Sentiments of Alsace," by Pierre de Quirielle, reviews the recent discussion of the Chancellor of the German Empire, M. de Bethmann-Hollweg, and the answer of the Parliament of Alsace-Lorraine upon the political conditions prevailing in these provinces. In view of the sentiments shown, at the recent unveiling of a monument "to the French soldiers who fell for their country" at Wissemburg, and at the releasing of l'Abbé Wetterle, who had been imprisoned for affirming his French sentiments, the author thinks

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that this section is still French at heart.——C. Looten writes of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, "whose novels are a school of virility and energy."

(25 March): Under the title "Shall we have a Navy?" L. de Saint-Victor de Saint-Blancard decries the decline of France as a naval power, which he attributes to "France being entirely abandoned to the power of an ignorant and blundering oligarchy, who are indifferent to the general interests."——Prince Louis d'Orleans et Bragance gives an interesting account of the ruins and natural beauties of "Peru and Bolivia."——Fernand Caussy narrates the happenings of March and April of 1810 that resulted in "The Marriage of Napoleon and Marie-Louise."——"Souvenirs of Assisi," by Johannes Joergensen.

Études (5 March): In a number of unedited letters of de Lamennais to Father Ventura, we find the former to be a determined opponent of Gallicanism, and a strong defender of the Pope.——H. J. Leroy maintains, amongst other things, in defence of labor unions, that they are misunderstood by the clergy. This explains the manifest hostility of priests towards, and the lack of sufficient interest in, the movement.——Jean Aicard, the poet of Provence, is compared to Coppée.

(20 March): "The Psychology of St. Francis of Assisi," by Lucien Roure. The writer maintains that history gives the lie to Paul Sabatier and the whole Protestant school who try to see in Francis a reformer of the Reformation type.——"Aviation," by Pierre de Vregille.——"The Social Status of Catholics in Holland," by P. Muller.

Études Franciscaines: P. Egidio M. Guista discusses the question as to who was the "True Architect of the Basilica of Assisi."——"Mental Prayer and Contemplation," by P. L. de Besse.——"The Franciscan Spirit," by P. Eugene, the second of a series of conferences for the Third Order. "There is no essential difference between the Franciscan spirit and the Christian spirit."

Revue du Clergé Français (1 March): "The Primacy of Peter and the Coming of Peter to Rome," by Ch. Guignebert, is reviewed. The author tends towards denying the

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strength of the Petrine texts, and attributes the tradition of St. Peter's visit to Rome to a desire of the Judaizers to exalt St. Peter above St. Paul.——E. Evrard reviews the works of Robert Hugh Benson, treating in particular the qualities and defects of the novel entitled *By What Authority*.——Mgr. Amette, writing of "Education," considers the necessity of religion in education and the *rôles* which the family, the State, and the Church respectively fill therein.

(15 March): "Orpheus and the Gospel" is the reprint of a lecture by P. Batiffol, in which he adduces numerous evidences to show that, contrary to the theory of M. Reinach in his work *Orpheus*, St. Paul's teaching closely depends on the teaching of Christ.——P. Conveilhier treats of the "Principal Results of the Excavations of Susa and Their Relations with the Bible."——"New Letters of de Lamennais" are reviewed.

La Revue du Monde (1 March): In the first of his articles on "France and the Holy See," Abbé Péret treats of the preliminary negotiations, confidential and public, respecting the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon the First.——Discussing the "Question of the Orient," Marcel Joran gives a *résumé* of the "Treaty of Berlin," signed July 13, 1878.——"Alphonse Daudet and Provence," by J. Hugues.——"A Robber at the Grand Chartreuse," a brief history of Dom Leonis, by Eugène Griselle.——"A Literary Memory and the Art of Cultivating It," by Albert Robichon.

(15 March): "Man and God," the first of a series of conferences by M. Sicard.——"The History of Canon Law in France" deals with the "collation of benefices."——"Father Jean Amoux, S.J., Confessor to Louis XIII.," by Eugene Griselle.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 March): H. Lesètre writes on "The Annunciation." The Church, in recalling in its office the Gospel narrative of the Mystery, concentrates attention upon the great things done to Mary and the manner in which she responded to her sublime vocation, He incidentally comments on the "Ave Maria Stella."

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (*II.*): "Russian Mysticism," by J. Overmans, S.J. Professor Zdziechowski, an authorita-

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tive writer, thinks that Russian genius, with its sentimental mysticism, could teach us a truer valuation of sentiment and thus enrich the powers of our soul. All Russians have the same mystical faith and glowing patriotism for "Holy Russia." It is unshaken by the darkest clouds. But such enthusiasm does not stimulate towards definite political goals. Successful action is based on calm deliberation and Russian mysticism is opposed to this.

Civilta Cattolica (19 March): "A False Concept of Religion in Dante" thinks that Karl Vassler, in his study of the *Divina Commèdia*, in its genesis and interpretation, has falsely conceived the idea of religion therein. Vassler lays down, as requisite for the right understanding and just appreciation of Dante, the history of Christian dogma as Harnack and the German Rationalistic school portray it.——"Accusations Against the Catechism" shows how the state of affairs in Italy is growing more like that of France in the desire to destroy everything that savors of Christianity in the schools.

La Scuola Cattolica (March): A reply to "An Objection Against the Miracles of Lourdes," by Fra Agostino Gemelli. The instantaneousness of the cures, it was said, is only apparent," for the influence of the nervous system upon the sick person during the time he is thinking of the future cure, during the time of preparation for the pilgrimage, is more than sufficient to determine a very rapid process of restoring the diseased tissues. This, it is claimed, is opposed to biological principles. A second objection is that the cures of Lourdes are but the result of natural causes; the proof is the fact that scars remain after the cures have been effected. The answer is given that the cicatrices correspond in no way to the gravity of the maladies, and that they are entirely unlike those observed in similar cases; several cases of cures are cited to substantiate this statement.

Razón y Fe (March): A hitherto unpublished article by Balmes, entitled: "Persecution and Opposition Suffered by the Clergy." He attributes this to three causes: the Church insists upon faith; she will not submit to any external authority; she fearlessly reproves the wicked.

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——H. Gil contributes some notes on "Catholic Missions Among the Heathen."——"Modernism and Social Action," by N. Noguer, discusses the letter of our Holy Father to the "Social and Economic League" of Italy, pointing out how this League is really opposed to the Church.——"The Historical Method and the Interpretation of the Synoptic Evangelists," by L. Murillo.——C. Gómez Rodeles continues his "Footprints of the Ancient Jesuits in Europe, America, and the Philippines."——An illustrated article, by E. Ascunce, on "The Conquest of the Air."

España y América (March): "Godless Education." P. M. Rodriquez H., after outlining the results of such a system elsewhere, concludes that "Spain will never consent to destroy herself with that poison," "notwithstanding the attempts of certain anarchists and political demagogues."——P. S. Sanz discusses "Halley's Comet." After narrating the history of our knowledge concerning it, he assures us that the passage of the earth through its tail will not perceptibly affect us.——"Theological Modernism and Traditional Theology," continued, by P. S. Garcia. This number takes up Penance and Extreme Unction.——Continuation of the "Description of the Province and City of Mompós, Columbia." Marques de Sabuz is of the opinion that but for the laziness and "brahminic quietism" of the inhabitants this province would rival any section in the world in opulence.——A second article upon "Spain and the Argentine Exposition," by P. A. Monjas.——"Patriotism and Primary Education in the Argentine Republic," by P. C. Fanjul. The author thinks that the Argentine owes her strength and prosperity to a system of free education compulsory upon all children between six and fourteen. By carefully arranged books, festivals commemorating historic events, statues, etc., a fervid patriotism is instilled. This patriotism, while primarily directed to the Republic, also embraces Spain and all Spanish-speaking countries.

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Recent Events.

France. The latter half of April saw the end of the Chamber of Deputies by effluxion of time, and the first elections for the new Chamber took place on the 24th of the month; but as the second ballots are not held until the 8th of this month, the definite composition of the new Chamber is not yet settled. The prospects are that there will be a quiet election with no great change in the relative strength of parties, nor is it considered probable that M. Briand will be displaced. The Duez scandal threatened to shake his position, but he was able to show that it was to action taken by himself more than a year ago that the discovery of the delinquencies was due. The appointment of Duez and his fellow-liquidators was, of course, made many years ago, shortly after the passing of the Waldeck-Rousseau Law; and not by a government at all, but by the judiciary. Consequently, they could not be removed at pleasure, but only by legal proceedings with legal proof. A bill has been introduced to place the liquidators under the immediate control of the government, with the hope that similar defalcations in the future may be avoided; but from the many evidences of the existence of widespread corruption that are coming to light, this hope seems to be somewhat sanguine. The navy in particular seems to be steeped in dishonesty, and some years ago the army was stained in the same way. Secular upbringing works out rather in the wrong direction.

Another example of the inability of the secular system to cope with the situation is the existence in Paris of a little army of Apaches. In a certain quarter they form the dominating element of the population. A burglar leaves his kit or revolver with the innkeeper and has no fear that he will be betrayed. Hundreds of lodging houses are given up to the worst characters, male and female. Wholesale arrests have been made from time to time, but without result, for the humanitarian movement prevents severe treatment and secures their release or an amnesty. M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police, pronounces, as a result of experience, that excessive philanthropy is dangerous. "If Paris is not protected it will become a haunt of cut-throats."

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A more pleasing aspect of Paris life was presented during the recent Holy Week and Easter. Church-going, independent authorities assert, is on the increase. The Madeleine was thronged on Good Friday throughout a great part of the day, and in all the churches the celebrations were very impressive, and the congregations large. On Easter Day the services in all the churches were attended by congregations remarkable alike for numbers and for their devout and reverent bearing. The music performed does not seem to have suffered from recent legislation, for it included works of Palestrina, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Cherubini, and Haydn, of the older school, the more modern being represented by Schumann, César Franck, Gounod, Wagner, and Saint-Saëns.

The disclosures above referred to have caused in many minds somewhat pessimistic views as to the future of the Republic, and have called forth from the Duc d'Orléans some criticisms of the present state of things. He also pointed out the way in which a monarchy would put an end to existent evils. Small response, however, has been elicited by his appeal, although it is recognized that it should not be disdained, and that his censures should be treated as those of a "wise enemy," and made use of to take the necessary measures to remove the evils. If the Republic is ever imperilled, it will be by the errors of the Republicans rather than by the attacks of Royalists. This is the view held by moderate Republicans, for modern France, it is declared, has the Republic in its blood.

The Old-Age Pensions Bill has at last become law, after various modifications made in the Senate, which is allowed in France to alter even financial measures; in this case it lowered the amount of the pensions of some classes of working-men. This law is considered to be the most important measure of social reform that has been made during the Third Republic, although within the last four years no fewer than twenty-three social laws have been passed. The Old-Age Pensions Law will alleviate the sufferings of hundreds of thousands of the poorest of the French people. It differs from the English Law in that it requires contributions to be made by those who enjoy its benefits.

The Tariff Revision Bill has also been passed, and as it raises duties against Great Britain, notwithstanding the *entente*

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cordiale, proving that business is always business, it has given to the Tariff Reformers in England one more argument for the change which they advocate.

Germany. The advent of the new Chancellor has had upon the foreign policy of the Empire a tranquilizing effect. His words and his actions inspire confidence, and it is felt that he aims at doing justice and not merely defending German interests, because they are German interests. This was seen clearly in his treatment of the Mannesmann claims. These brothers had obtained exclusive mining concessions covering more than an eighth of the whole territory of Morocco. Naturally this was gratifying to Germans as a race, and when the Chancellor refused to lend the support of the Empire he was violently accused and denounced as not being patriotic. He, however, refused to recede from the position which he had taken up, because to support the claims would be to violate the agreement with the other Powers, and would destroy the confidence reposed by them in the good faith of Germany. "To a policy of treaty-breaking I will not give myself," he declared in the Reichstag. "Nothing will persuade me to break the pledge contracted at Tangier at our instance. This point of view is above every other consideration whatever." This sounds a new note of fidelity and sincerity, and tends to the purification of the somewhat pestiferous atmosphere which has pervaded European Chancelleries ever since Austria's annexation of the Provinces. Equally clear were his declarations as to the relations between Germany and Great Britain. "We build our navy not for aggressive purposes, but solely because we are convinced that we require an effective sea-power for the protection of our coasts and our trade. Our desire is equally apparent, without prejudice and in sincerity, to cultivate friendly relations with England."

Prince Henry of Prussia, who has recently been on a visit to London, made similar declarations. "I gained the impression," he said, "that sincere and honorable feeling prevails towards us in England, and that there is absolutely no idea of aggression in English Government circles. In my opinion the feeling is mutual. Every attempt should be made to strengthen mutual confidence between the two Powers. The old expres-

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sion—confidence for confidence—applies here." The *North-German Gazette*, an authoritative organ, says that the two German Socialists in the Reichstag uttered treasonable sentiments when they stated that the people who maintained that the German naval construction was directed against England were right in this contention. It declares such a view senseless, and that the German navy, while meant to be effective, will always occupy a modest place by the side of the British navy.

Alsace-Lorraine is at present in the subordinate position of a Province in the Empire governed by a Statthalter appointed by the Emperor. At one time it was widely believed that its inhabitants would never consent to any form of incorporation with their conquerors. But times have changed, a new generation has sprung up, and the representatives of the province in the Reichstag are now clamoring for their recognition as a Federal State and protesting their loyalty to the Empire. In response the Chancellor has promised the speedy introduction of a Bill for the development of the Constitution of Alsace-Lorraine. The extension of political independence was, the Chancellor said, absolutely the only way to promote the best interests of the Reichsland. It would seem that in France there are only a few who refuse to acquiesce in this incorporation, or who cherish any hope of a restoration of the Provinces. Such, at all events, is the declaration of close students of the European situation.

In interior politics the government has to rely upon the support or to yield to the opposition of a new *bloc*, called the Blue-Black. This means that the dominant power in the Reichstag consists of the united forces of the Conservatives and of the Centre. This is true not only of the Reichstag but of the Prussian Diet. In the latter this *bloc* has forced upon the government modifications of the Franchise Bill of some importance. The Bill, as introduced, abolished indirect voting, the *bloc* has restored it. Secret voting was not conceded by the government Bill, the *bloc* has introduced it, for the primary elections, the election of the "electors." The electors, thus chosen by secret ballot, must themselves vote publicly for the members of the Diet. The government has felt itself obliged to accept this compromise, otherwise the Bill would have been lost. It is far, however, from giving satisfaction to the bulk of the population,

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for many of the restrictions formerly in force have been retained. But the rulers of Prussia have not yet brought themselves to place trust in the people, and still think that safety depends upon distrust.

Austria-Hungary. The long negotiations with Russia for the restoration of the normal relations between the two countries, which had been interrupted since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, resulted in a mutual declaration that the two Cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna were, in Baikan affairs, in complete agreement in political principles. They both recognize that the era for expansion in that region has closed, and that the *status quo* is to be maintained. This declaration does not amount to an agreement, nor has it caused any large degree of satisfaction in any quarter. It does not seem likely that the visits which the Kings of Bulgaria and of Servia have been paying to the Tsar and to the Sultan have tended to give greater force to existing arrangements, although nothing but peace and its maintenance have been upon the lips of the potentates—in their public utterances, with which it is to be hoped their private utterances accord. But that Austria and Russia should again be on speaking terms is a step in the right direction.

The life of Dr. Lueger shows that in Austria a career is open for the talented son of a poor church beadle. By earnestness and sincere devotion to a great cause he overcame all opposition and won the esteem and even the attachment of his opponents. During his last illness the Jews of Vienna offered prayers for his recovery. His funeral testified to the place he held in the minds of his fellow-citizens. Fully a million reverent spectators lined the streets through which it passed. A long procession, consisting of representatives of various bodies too numerous to mention, preceded the hearse. In the Cathedral were the Emperor, the Duke of Cumberland, the Archdukes and Archduchesses, the specially delegated representatives of the Pope, the German Emperor, the President of the French Republic, the King of Spain, the King of Rumania, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, with the other members of the Diplomatic Corps, the aristocracy, and the chief dignitaries of State. Many years, it is said, will pass before the memory of the day will

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fade away. As Dr. Lueger's successor as leader of the Christian Socialist party, Prince Alois Liechtenstein has been elected.

It is impossible to form an opinion as to the probable course of events in Hungary. Not having been able to obtain even a hearing in the Parliament, the new Premier, Count Khuen Hedervary, decided upon dissolving it. This was declared to be unconstitutional; and, upon his persisting, ink pots, paper weights, volumes of statutes, and other missiles, were hurled as more cogent arguments than words. The Minister of Agriculture was wounded in the eye, while the Premier himself fell back bleeding with two wounds on the forehead and cheek. The sitting was suspended that medical treatment might be given to the victims of the enraged Magyars. Success, however, did not attend these efforts to avert the dissolution, and Hungary is entering upon an electoral campaign. The New world does not seem to have much to learn from this part at least of the Old.

Italy.

Within less than six months two Cabinets have fallen and both of them have failed to pass the measures of reform for which governments exist. The heavy taxation under which the country groans calls for readjustment, and admits of it; in many parts of Italy there are marshy plains which are capable of reclamation and drainage, while mountainous districts need to be reafforested. Social legislation is required to mitigate the conflict between the interests of capital and labor, many disputes having arisen on account of the uncertainty of the legal rights of property on the one hand and of labor on the other. Of this the strike in Parma in 1908 was an instance—a strike which inflicted very heavy loss on the province and on its laboring population. The State system of railways stands in need of development and of a complete reorganization of its management. A demand also exists for a complete change in the method of election to Parliament. To none of these things have the two governments which have recently fallen found a remedy. The whole blame cannot justly be thrown on them. They, of course, depend upon their supporters, and those supporters are more deeply interested in their own local interests, and sometimes in their own selfish personal interests, than in the well-being of the country as a whole.

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The fall of Signor Gioletti's ministry in December last was due to the unwillingness of the Chamber to accept a more democratic scheme of taxation which had been proposed by the ministry—a scheme which placed upon the richer members of the community a somewhat heavier proportion of the burden than they had hitherto borne. The taxes and the duties on sugar were to be reduced, and the loss thereby caused was to be made good by considerable increases of the death duties and the taxes on income from houses and land. In view of the rumors that are abroad at the present time as to the policy of the ministry that is just entering upon office it may be mentioned that one of the charges made against Signor Gioletti's Cabinet was that it was too clerical. This charge rested upon the fact that it displayed some degree of moderation in its dealing with the Church, and that, consequently, it had the support of Catholic newspapers.

The Cabinet which succeeded Signor Gioletti's had for its head Baron Sonnino, one of the most highly respected of Italy's politicians, and he was supported by three members of his own party, by three of the Right, and by three of the Giolettian Left. It excluded the Democratic Liberals and the Extreme Left, and was, therefore, of a Conservative type. The fact that Baron Sonnino would not admit into the Cabinet two politicians who insisted upon certain anti-Catholic legislation as the price of their co-operation shows that he was as favorable to the Church as it is possible for an Italian office-holder to be. Members of all parties accepted him as the best qualified among their number to deal practically and efficiently with the financial necessities which stand most in need of regulation, and yet within less than four months he has fallen and has not accomplished a single point of his programme. The fall was due not to any merits of the question at issue, which was the so-long debated Marine Conventions Bill, but simply to the party manœuvres of a coalition of self-seeking politicians. The Chamber has lost the opportunity of doing that service to the country of which it stands in such great need. Its members have proved themselves once more to have their own interests alone at heart and not those of the country.

The new Cabinet, which with some little difficulty has been formed, is a coalition but of a different kind. Its members belong to the Liberal Right, the Giolettian Left, and the Extreme

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Left. It has at its head a distinguished financial authority, Signor Luzzatti. One of its members is named Signor Cattolica, but, from what seems to be the probable action of the Cabinet, this is another instance of *lucus a non lucendo*. Signor Luzzatti will have to exercise all the skill of which he is possessed, for, although Italy is already the most highly taxed country in the world, there are urgent calls for results, the accomplishment of which will involve large additional expenditure. A new navy programme has been adopted; large sums are required for education; and the state railways, so far from paying, involve subvention from the taxes.

It is to be hoped that the members of the Chamber are not fair representatives of Italy's place in the rank of civilized nations. The treatment given to Baron Sonnino's ministry shows that they are destitute of public spirit, while a series of duels which have taken place shows that they have not yet emerged from a semi-barbarous period. These duels were preceded by a scandalous scene in the Chamber and by violent encounters in the lobbies of the House. One honorable member boxed another honorable member's ears. It would not be for the edification of our readers to explain the reason for this sad outbreak of uncontrolled passion. There were no less than four challenges but only two duels seem to have come off, with no fatal result.

Other schemes for the amelioration of affairs, which do not fall directly within the sphere of parliamentary control, do not meet with any better success. The Commission for the Zona Monumentale appointed for the purpose of guaranteeing and preserving in perpetuity a certain district in Rome, and the ancient sites and monuments which it contains, has, so far from carrying out its purpose, confined its energies to the making of a road, the effect of which is to obliterate the remains of the past and to destroy the whole aspect and character of the district. This has led to the resignation of one of its most distinguished members, Commendatore Boni, who gives the following description of the misery of the poor of Rome under the secular government, which has now been established for forty years, a description which shows how little they have benefited under the new *régime*.

"The pigsties dug out of the rocks in the Via Flaminia, the inside niches and the outer buttresses of the Aurelian Wall,

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the remains of the Temple of Claudius, and of the Circus Maximus, the foundations of the Temples of Venus and Rome, and the vaults behind the Basilica of Maxentius have been invaded by a gypsy race of troglodyte instincts. No need to go to New Zealand or Polynesia; the great centre from which Latin civilization radiated can now offer examples of primitive savagery authentic enough to bring burning shame to the faces of those who are preparing for 1911 an ethnographical hodge-podge of dead things and old clothes. In the *tufa* cellars, beneath the stone vaults, between the pilasters of such walls as the pickax has spared, shut in with pieces of old tins and fragments of boards, live whole families of shameless and half-naked creatures with their dirty offspring, trained to steal firewood, break street lamps, or turn cart-wheels for a half-penny. While all round Rome, on the banks of the Tiber and Anio, on the heights of the Via Cassia, or Via Prenestina, there are, still unoccupied, uncultivated lands and deserted pastures; while the banks and institutions of credit capitalize their interests; while, in spite of the rise in rents, the revenue of the commune decreases, wasted in millions upon works which are only harmful—all this time these houseless wretches, in the horrible promiscuity of their asphyxiating cabins, in the dank darkness of their cellars, are multiplying ever more precocious recruits for the country's prisons."

After this description of the state of Rome's poor under the present rule, the Commendatore goes on to indicate what the government should and could do to remedy the horrible conditions. "A systematic arrangement of existing tramway lines could easily be made to open out new suburbs, where each family would have the means to breathe and earn its living. Instead of spoiling the Villa Borghese with dens for wild beasts, let us provide wholesome dwellings for these human creatures who, deprived of light, air, water, of everything which they need, grow every day nearer beasts within refuges which are morally and physically worse than any prison."

The present Municipality was elected a few years ago on a promise for cheaper food and lower rents. It has done nothing for the poor wretches whose state Commendatore Boni describes. In fact both rents and food are higher. And the less valuable but perhaps more valued possessions of Rome,

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the ancient monuments of the city, are also suffering from the treatment of a municipality which has a Jew for its head, and for its object nothing intelligible unless it be to attract to Rome the *nouveaux riches* of the world. More might be said of the failure of the new rulers of Italy who, although they have cast aside every religious influence, have not succeeded in bettering the material aspects of life. Even the funds placed at their disposal by other nations for the relief of the sufferers from the earthquake at Messina have been so badly administered that those for whom they were given have not benefited to the extent to which they were entitled. The one set-off on the other side is that the Campanile at Venice is approaching completion, and that the International Agricultural Institute at Rome gives some promise of becoming a useful institution. The visit to Rome of the German Chancellor has been the occasion of the renewal of assurances that Italy is still loyal to the Triple Alliance. This is no doubt true of the government; but there is strong reason to believe that a large number of the people would be glad if, so far as Italy is concerned, the Alliance should come to an end. In fact, the relations between the governments of France and of Italy are becoming ever more and more intimate, as is shown, among other things, by the somewhat unwonted exchange of congratulations by French ministers on the appointment of the new Italian Cabinet.

Spain.

In Spain also there have been repeated changes of government. When Señor Maura fell in October last, as a consequence of his having allowed the law to take its course in the execution of Señor Ferrer, the praiseworthy attempt made by him to lift Spanish politics to a higher plane came, it is to be feared, to an end. What is called in Portugal the Rotavist system had for long, in a somewhat modified form, been in existence. In Portugal the two principal parties, by a tacit contract, held office for a more or less well-defined period, not for the public but for their own private advantage; and this in a gross, materialistic way. In Spain the same rotation of parties had been practised, but from motives of a higher character—the giving to opponents their fair share in the honors of office. Señor

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Maura, when he resigned, felt that he had been treated so badly that he declared that he would no longer act in accordance with the hitherto established practice, but would wage war without quarter on his successor. Indeed, on entering upon office, he had repudiated the hitherto accepted doctrine that he was to spend a quiet year without doing anything of great public utility, and then give way to the Liberals. He took a more serious view of his duty, and entered upon a comprehensive work of regeneration. He brought in a bill to reform local administration in order to take power out of the hands of the local "bosses"—for they have these creatures even in aristocratic Spain. By making voting compulsory, and dispensing with official interference at the polls, he hoped to restore to the people that power of managing their own affairs which had practically been taken from them. The list of reforms attempted or achieved by himself and his chief coadjutor, Señor la Cierva, included the institution of industrial tribunals, the regulation of the work of women and children, the enforcement of Sunday rest and early closing, the building of hospitals, the starting of anti-cholera and anti-tuberculosis campaigns, the introduction of open competition for admission to the police and other departments.

In all these efforts at amelioration he was supported by the Church, but was opposed by the professional politicians who, in Spain as in many other countries, live upon the spoils. Moreover, he entered into a contract with British firms to build in Spain a war-fleet. The mistakes which he made in the conduct of the Melilla campaign prepared the way for his fall—an event which took place shortly after the execution of Señor Ferrer, after he had been in office nearly three years.

Not being able to rely upon the support of Señor Maura and his followers, as would have been the case in former days, the government of his successor, Señor Moret, fell back upon the party which is opposed to monarchical institutions altogether—the Republicans. This gave a great impetus to the strength of this party and led to their success at the municipal elections last January—an event naturally not pleasing to the King, nor, indeed, to the bulk of the Liberal party. Somewhat suddenly and unceremoniously the King, in the early part of February, dismissed Señor Moret and his Cabinet. A new Cabinet was formed without delay, which will rely for its support upon the

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Liberal party alone, and will have nothing to do with Republicans and Socialists. The new Prime Minister is the Señor Canalejas, who is looked upon as the inspirer of the violent anti-Catholic policy adopted by the Liberal party in 1906. One of his Cabinet is, however, a strong Catholic, and so it may be hoped that the new government is not committed to a campaign against the Church, although the Premier insists that he has not changed his ideas. He proposes to extend educational facilities, giving more importance to technical education than to merely learning to read and write. He also proposes to undertake a more equitable distribution of taxation by applying the theory of unearned increment, to institute old-age pensions, but on a contributory basis; to suppress octroi duties; and to institute universal service in the army. Time will show what success he will have in carrying out this programme. A general election has to take place, and this may result in a new adjustment. The Republicans have found a leader in the person of a Señor Lerroux, who is said to be well fitted for the work of agitation, being a fluent speaker, a man of big presence, and of genial manners. He has been in exile for the past few years, and it has not improved his temper, for his style is violent, full of personalities, and of appeals to class hatred and envy. The credit due to his assertions may be judged from the declaration which he made at a recent Republican demonstration at Barcelona, that Spain was not governed at Madrid by a Spanish government, but by Foreign Powers who had their headquarters in Rome. It seems probable that there will be a more determined effort to propagate Republican opinions, to the success of which the reopening of the lay schools, which has just taken place, will no doubt contribute. During the past few months several riots have taken place, and it seems not improbable that Spain may be entering upon a period of more or less acute agitation.

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With Our Readers

THE irony of fate would seem to have decreed that the illustrious American whom the Holy Father would desire to welcome, the one whom his Catholic fellow-citizens would prefer to see honored by the Holy Father, should fail to obtain what has been freely accorded to so many undistinguished Americans. The irony is deepened when Mr. Roosevelt's published cablegrams, in which the audience was requested, show us how desirous he was of meeting Pius X. Our late President has certainly deserved well of the Catholic Church; not because he has granted to Catholics any special favor, for that he has not done and could not do without contravening his firmest principle; but because, though he differs from us radically in religious views, he has stood with us squarely on the broad ground of our common American citizenship. He has not been afraid to act on the principle that we are as fully entitled to our rights and to recognition as any other American citizens. Decided in his own opinions, no doubt, he is yet singularly free from any taint of bigotry—he is honored and esteemed by Catholics of every shade of political belief. Whether or not he was justified in his interpretation of Bishop Kennedy's message, all sensible men perceive that he merely followed his own sense of honor; and Catholics are as convinced that he acted without the slightest feeling of hostility or disrespect towards the Holy Father as they are certain that Pius X. desired to do whatever he could in conscience to grant an audience to this distinguished man whom he honored for his own character and for the high office he had filled so illustriously. That desire was defeated by a conspiracy of circumstances, to the great regret of the Holy Father and of the Cardinal Secretary of State. The issue was unfortunate, and is deeply regretted by us all; but no great harm can come of it. Honest men will despise the effort of those who try to make political capital out of it; they may smile at them, too, for Mr. Roosevelt has lost nothing by the incident. Though most Catholics, perhaps, believe he acted hastily, all recognize his honorable motive.

* * *

WE reprint here the view of the incident which the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD expressed at the time in the daily papers:

"In viewing the much-discussed matter of Mr. Roosevelt's failure to visit the Pope, every honest American will give heed to Mr. Roosevelt's own words in his cable message to the *Outlook*: 'The incident will be treated in a matter-of-course way as merely personal and, above all, as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness.'

"There can be no question of the love that the Holy Father

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bears our country and our non-Catholic brethren. That love has been proven over and over again in public act and document and in his cordial welcome of thousands of non-Catholic Americans who have visited him in Rome. To Leo XIII. Mr. Roosevelt, when President, sent a number of volumes containing the messages of the Presidents, and Leo XIII. sent in return a costly mosaic picture of the Vatican. The present Pontiff has frequently expressed his admiration of American institutions.

"The Holy Father looked forward with pleasure to the expected visit of Mr. Roosevelt. The court of the Vatican is a court, and as such is worthy of respect. Like every court, it has its conditions, which all visitors must respect. These conditions are well known, and no prospective visitor—even among the most notable sovereigns of the world—thinks of violating them. If he does so he knows that he will not be received, and he knows also that he will have no one but himself to blame. Only a few days since the Imperial chancellor of the German Empire took great care to observe the proper etiquette, and the Kaiser himself, in his latest visit to Rome, observed it also as a matter of courtesy.

"The Vatican expressed the great pleasure that it would take in welcoming Mr. Roosevelt, and, at the same time, kindly intimated that he should give assurance that he would in no way violate the etiquette of the court. Mr. Roosevelt was free to accept or reject the conditions. They were in no way dishonorable to him; in no way unworthy. He chose to assert that he would accept no conditions—that he must be left free to do absolutely as he liked. There was nothing left for the Vatican to do but to refuse the audience. The same conditions apply to Mr. Roosevelt as to any other man. Every American may rest assured that to refuse the audience caused much pain and regret to the Holy Father, who had expressed his delight at meeting Mr. Roosevelt.

"And it must be a cause of equal regret to every American that Mr. Roosevelt did not see his way to accept conditions which the Vatican out of self-respect had to lay down, and hear from the lips of the great ruler of Christendom his words of love for America and its people."

* * *

SOME of our readers may be entirely unacquainted with *L'Asino*. *L'Asino* is the title of a journal published in Rome, probably the vilest sheet printed in the world to-day, and synonymous with the most unspeakable filth and indecency. It would not be tolerated for an hour on any news-stand in America; yet it is publicly sold and exhibited in the shop windows and on the news-stands of Rome. It makes a mockery of everything that is sacred and holy in the eyes of Christians, particularly of Catholics, and is especially virulent in

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its attacks on the Pope and the Holy See, and unspeakably disgusting in its obscene caricatures. It poses as the organ of enlightened progress. The assertion has been made that the Methodists are directly connected with this publication. We do not believe it, and will not believe it until undeniable proof is furnished us. But it is beyond question that certain expressions of sympathy have passed between some Methodists and the directors of *L'Asino*. Dr. Tipple writes to the *Christian Advocate* of this city, in a sympathetic strain, about the recent Giordano Bruno celebration in Rome. The gross excesses of that celebration were graphically described by an eye-witness in the London *Saturday Review:*

"These people were one and all anarchists and revolutionaries, anti-clerical and anti-everything. The procession passed to the statue erected to the notorious pantheist, Giordano Bruno. Here revolutionary speeches of a most violent description were delivered, notably by Podrecca, the editor of the unspeakable *Asino*, and by Barzilai, a wealthy Jew socialist member of Parliament. These violent attacks on the Pope, the Church, and the monarchy were endorsed by Mayor Nathan. In the meantime . . . revolutionary chants were howled in chorus; and then came the usual cries of: 'Down with the Pope!' 'Death to religion!' 'Down with Austria!' 'Death to Christ!' 'Neither God nor Master!' 'Death to the King!' 'Death to the Queen!'

"After a sort of ritual ceremony performed before the statue of their idol, Giordano Bruno, the mob wished to pay a visit to the Austrian Embassy in the Piazza di Spagna, but here the troops barred their passage. They were, however, contrary to precedent, allowed to cross the bridge with impunity and proceed almost to the very doors of the Vatican, to within earshot of the Pope's windows. The headquarters of the demonstrators, which have been recently removed from the centre of Rome to a house near the Porta Angelica within a stone's throw of his Holiness' apartments, were decorated for the occasion from top to bottom with black and scarlet flags and blasphemous and disloyal inscriptions. In order that his Holiness should hear their approbrious cries several scoundrels used horns and megaphones, and in the course of the evening a searchlight was thrown into the windows of the Pope's private apartment the better to attract his attention to the outrageous illuminated inscriptions that appeared above their meeting house. The Italian police never interfered and the beastly crew were allowed to insult and annoy the Pontiff for over an hour in a manner which would not have been tolerated had he been a private individual, however criminal and obnoxious."

No man and no body of men with any pretense to charity, unless blinded by fearful prejudices, could for a moment prefer to

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give their sympathies to a mob of anarchists, hoodlums, and anti-clericals rather than to any Christian church upon earth. The spirit of the mob is most appropriately expressed by *L'Asino*.

* * *

QUITE the most surprising fact of the recent spring elections is the Socialist victory in Milwaukee. That party will govern the city for the next two years, through the mayor, two-thirds of the aldermen, and a majority of the supervisors. Two of the seven newly chosen civil judges are likewise Socialists. And the majority received by the candidate for the mayoralty was the largest ever recorded for that office. Everywhere people are asking how it happened, and what will be the result? The answer to the first question is not difficult. It is to be found in the corrupt government that Milwaukee has had for several years under the old parties, and in the practical character and efficient organization of the Milwaukee Socialists. In Milwaukee, as in so many other American cities, there has long existed the evil alliance, of which Lincoln Steffens tells, between political bosses, the smaller agencies of crime and corruption, such as the disreputable saloon and the disorderly house, and the "big business" that seeks to be above the law. When a continuation of this *régime* was threatened by the candidacy on the Democratic ticket of a representative of the old, bad alliance, large numbers of voters belonging to the old parties revolted, and elected Mr. Seidel. For the Socialists, though much stronger, in Milwaukee than in any other American city, are considerably less than one-third of the voting population. But they are practical and "opportunist," rather than theoretical "cataclystic." They believe in advancing step by step, and reaching their ultimate goal through partial reforms, rather than in waiting until conditions become so bad that the Socialist order will be realized almost automatically. And they have, in the city council and in other offices, fought always for reasonable measures in the interest of civic efficiency, honesty, and decency. Hence their candidates were regarded by thousands of the voters as presenting the smaller of two evils.

Both the fears of their enemies and the hopes of their friends are likely to remain unrealized. "A new broom sweeps clean," and the Socialist government will probably be a clean and efficient one—for the first term at least. But its members are too practical, and the obstacles confronting it are too great, to permit of anything like revolutionary achievements.

* * *

THE Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, it is said, will, when taking office, add to the oath "So help me God!" the words "and I hereby pledge my word of honor so to do." This, as a daily paper remarks, sounds suspiciously like: "I won't bet on it, but I'll take my oath."

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THE current issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review* contains a short letter from Rev. Dr. Selinger, of Jefferson City, on the relation of the parish clergy to social reform. The plea of the writer for more active participation by the clergy in social work, merits prompt support. The suggestion that preparation for this duty be begun in the seminary comes, with double authority, from one who has had years of rich experience as both seminary professor and parish priest. THE CATHOLIC WORLD welcomes this appeal most heartily. Possibly one further suggestion might be added to anticipate apparent difficulty. One long step ahead will be made when a specialist in Social Sciences, or at least one who has had thorough graduate training in them, is added to the seminary faculty; and a second step will be taken when students with special aptitude will be permitted to arrange seminary work in such a way as to incorporate reliable social and economic training into their theological courses.

What is needed in the main, to realize Dr. Selinger's happy suggestion, is sympathy for social studies in the clergy at large; the formation of a good number of specialists and the production by them of a satisfactory literature offering direction in the work proposed. Many of these students might be able to make university studies. The Seminary Conference two years ago devoted much sympathetic attention to this problem.

It must be admitted that many of the debated reform questions have direct moral and spiritual bearings, and that the actual leadership of the social forces making for better social conditions is not now in the hands of the clergy. It is true that these questions take on in this country a political color. But, politics or no politics, if work of women and children, unsanitary housing, constant Sunday work, oppressive conditions of labor, faulty administration of laws, insufficient wages, and a hundred similar features of modern society, affect, adversely and directly, the morals of thousands; narrow, or practically destroy, their spiritual outlook, and rob them of their spiritual birthright—and such is the case—then the clergy may speak with authority. What is needed is not more authority, but equipment that will enable them to speak with power.

* * *

IT seems altogether fitting that Mr. James Bryce should represent something of English political life to Americans, since none so well as he has represented American democracy to Englishmen. In the Yale lectures of 1909, on *The Hindrances to Good Citizenship*, he has given us a beautifully worded summary of democratic principles, together with a thoughtful though slightly academic commentary on their practical limitations. There is an introductory lecture followed by three others in which the hindrances to good citizenship are dealt with specifically—Indolence, Private Self-interest, and Party Spirit, with a final lecture on the method of overcoming these.

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DR. JOHNSON, when asked to account for a certain error in his great Dictionary, thought it sufficient to reply: "Indolence! my dear sir! sheer indolence!" Indolence, too, in Mr. Bryce's opinion, is the greatest hindrance to good citizenship. Indolence is the first mark of a man out of training, of a man not "fit" enough to play the game for all it is worth. It is as much an emotional as an intellectual failure; it is a lack of sympathy as well as a lack of intelligence, for to have good citizenship, or good anything else, intelligence and sympathy must be yoked together in active partnership. But of these two sympathy is the more important. The rich man will often, from his greater educational opportunities, be endowed with more intelligence than the poor man; but for all that his lack of sympathy, the absence in him of the sense of personal relationship with his fellows, will make him a much poorer citizen. A poor man, though perhaps much less educated, by this very gift of sympathy is much more richly endowed with the essential and positive virtue of citizenship. Just as sympathy is the bond of family life, so also should it be of civic life.

* * *

BUT, unfortunately, ever since the rise of the *laisser faire* philosophy, the first principle of business life has been intelligence without sympathy. This is the secret of profit-making, but it is also the *fons et origo* of all our civic maladies. The business man, however good a father, however exemplary in the relationships of family life, leaves sympathy behind when he goes to business and becomes at once indifferent and ignorant of the real human needs of those about him; he becomes, in fact, a bad, indolent, private-minded, party-spirited citizen, and all this, as we say, not from lack of intelligence but from lack of emotion.

* * *

THE modern Socialist, contemplating this sad state of things, professes to explain it by saying that the family is to blame. The family has made selfish, profit-grinding machines of us all by absorbing into itself all our really human sympathies, leaving nothing for our neighbors and fellow-citizens but a keen and inhospitable edge of selfishness. A similar argument is applied to religion and all religious bodies, they are other-worldly and anti-civic, and must, therefore, be discouraged if not abolished.

* * *

BUT the Catholic diagnoses the case differently. He says that the bad citizenship of to-day is due rather to the lack of religion and true family life than to the presence of it. He is perfectly willing to acknowledge that the present age has made great advance in material knowledge and invention, but in the theory and practice of citizenship we seem to fall woefully short of the past, and the bigger our cities the more marked our shortcoming.

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This cannot be because our intellectual equipment is less, it must be because our emotional life is less effectively lived, more starved and impersonal than once it was.

* * *

AS Mr. Chesterton has told us, the only way to improve Pimlico is to love Pimlico. "If there arose a man who loved Pimlico, then Pimlico would rise into ivory towers and golden pinnacles. If men loved Pimlico as mothers love children, arbitrarily, because it is *theirs*, Pimlico in a year or two might be fairer than Florence." Sympathy is the secret of good citizenship, but intelligence without sympathy is nothing. Mr. Bryce has forgotten that the only sound basis for democracy is the religious one; namely, that right feeling towards our fellow-creatures can only proceed from a right feeling towards the Creator Himself. And if we would renew that right civic feeling within us we must go back to the family which is its cradle and nursery, and to the Catholic Church which is the Mother of us all. Until Social Reformers begin to grasp the importance of a right emotional quality in citizenship theories may multiply, but practical solutions will always be wanting.

* * *

THE Twenty-first International Eucharistic Congress, which is to be held in Montreal from September 7 to September 11, 1910, is a matter of great interest to the whole of Canada and the United States, and, in fact, to the entire world. A large number of Cardinals, the great majority of the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada and the United States will attend; and thousands of priests and thousands more of the laity will gather to make this Congress a great success. The railways of Canada—the Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, and the Intercolonial—have already offered to grant reduced fare (one-half) to those who will attend the Congress; and the railways of our own country, it is hoped, will extend a like favor.

Every large diocese in the world will be represented by its prelate. Pius X. has appointed Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli to represent the Vatican. The Archbishop of Westminster, Most Rev. Francis Bourne, D.D., will represent the English hierarchy, and the Duke of Norfolk is coming as the official representative of the laity of Great Britain. Cardinal Gibbons has just written a letter to Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, accepting the invitation to participate in the services. The cardinal will be one of the preachers. Archbishops Farley, Glennon, Ryan, Moeller, Blenck, Ireland, Keane, and Riordan will also attend.

The programme makes known that not only will there be a public procession of the Blessed Sacrament at the closing of the Congress, as was the case in London in 1908, but that there will be a Pontifical Mass in the open air in Fletcher's Field, at the foot of Mount Royal.

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Cardinal Vannutelli will arrive in Montreal a few days prior to the opening of the Congress. On Tuesday evening, September 6, he will be officially received by the members of the American and Canadian hierarchies in St. James Cathedral. The following evening there will be a public reception in his honor at the City Hall. The ceremonies proper will begin with a Midnight Mass in the Church of Notre Dame, one of the oldest edifices in North America, and probably one of the largest. Its dimensions are such that 15,000 people can comfortably stand in it. This Mass will be for men only, and the entire congregation will receive Holy Communion. At nine o'clock there will be a Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral. The rest of the day will be given to sectional meetings of the congress, which will be conducted in both French and English. In the evening there will be a public meeting at Notre Dame Church, which will be addressed by bishops, priests, and laymen. On Friday, September 9, will occur the solemn service in Fletcher's Field, which will consist of Pontifical Mass and sermons in French and English. At night the Cardinal Legate will hold a reception. On Saturday, September 10, there will be a Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Church, to be followed by sectional meetings. On the last day of the Congress, Sunday, September 11, there will be a Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral, and the congress will be brought to a close at two o'clock with the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

* * *

WHILE we are not unreasonably regardful of the purity of the English language, we confess to having experienced a shock the other day from a brand new expression. Our friend, the professor, remarked of some one: "He tipples in his speech." "Where did you get that?" we inquired. "Why," said he, "from Doctor Tipple of Rome, to be sure; the Methodist minister who made that extraordinary pronouncement. 'To tipple in discourse' is to be intemperate in your use of language, to be emotional, violent, inflammatory; to be lacking in intellectual poise or moral balance; to shout against persons you hardly know, but whose face you dislike; to shake your fist at them; then, after storming and stamping, to close with the remark that you always believe in being considerate of others' rights; and in talking as a gentleman. Such a man, I say, tipples in his talk; he makes a tippling speech: he's an oratorical tippler." We objected: "You certainly put a great deal of meaning into a single word." "Not at all, man," he rejoined, "I am merely extracting from the word but a small fraction of its meaning. The name was predestined. I admit, if you wish, that few vocal tipplers can hope to equal Doctor Tipple; there are degrees of tippling, and he stands on the tip of the pinnacle of excellence." As the professor is a very learned man and a philologist,

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we feared to argue with him any further. Our readers will have to decide the question for themselves.

* * *

THE *Postal Record*, the organ of the United States mail carriers of Greater New York, states that more than fourteen hundred employees of the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx alone are engaged in various post-office duties on Sundays and receive no free day to compensate for this Sunday labor. In its fight to have Sunday labor reduced to a minimum and to secure a compensating free day for those who must labor on Sunday, the *Postal Record* has our earnest support.

* * *

THE CATHOLIC WORLD announces with regret the death of Charles J. O'Malley, late editor of the *New World*, the Catholic weekly of Chicago. Mr. O'Malley was an editor of different journals since 1882, and went to the *New World* in 1904. Mr. O'Malley was a writer, and particularly a poet, of marked ability; a staunch champion of the Catholic faith and of Catholic citizenship. Because of his death the Catholic press has suffered a great loss.—R. I. P.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
Bible Stories Told to "Toddles." By Mrs. Hermann Bosch. Price 80 cents net. *Government by Influence; and Other Addresses.* By E. E. Brown. Price $1.35 net. *East London Visions.* By O'Dermid W. Lawler. *Foreign Missions.* By R. H. Malden, M.A. Price $1.25 net. *Ancient and Modern Imperialism.* By the Earl of Cromer. Price 90 cents net. *Tales of Bengal.* By S. B. Banerjea. Edited by F. H. Skrine.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, New York:
The War in Wexford. By H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. Ill. Price $4 net. *Simon Bolivar.* By F. Loraine Petre. Price $4 net.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
St. Teresa of Spain. By Helen Hester Colvill. Price $2.50 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
The Biography of a Boy. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. Ill. Price $1.50.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., New York:
China and the Far-East. Edited by G. H. Blakeslee. Price $2 net.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:
The Crowds and the Veiled Woman. By Marian Cox. Price $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
Last Face. By Jack London. Ill. Price $1.50 *Tower of Ivory.* A Novel. By Gertrude Atherton. Price $1.50. *A Modern Chronicle.* By Winston Churchill. Price $1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Predestined. A Novel of New York Life. By Stephen F. Whitman.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Light of His Countenance. A Tale of Rome in the Second Century After Christ. By Jerome Hart. Price $1.25. *Practical Hints on Education.* To Teachers and Parents. By Elsie Flury. Price 75 cents net. *The Best Stories by the Foremost Catholic Writers.* In 10 vols. *Heroes of the Faith.* By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Price 80 cents net. *What Times! What Morals! Where on Earth Are We?* By Rev. Henry C. Semple, S.J. Price 35 cents net. *A Handbook of Church Music.* By F. Clement C. Egerton. Price $1.15 net. *The Young Man's Guide.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Price 75 cents net.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Officium et Missa Pro Defunctis. Editio Mathias. Price 30 cents. *Missale Romanum.* Price $4 net. *History of Church Music.* By Rev. Dr. Karl Weinmann. Translated from the German. Price 75 cents net.

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DUFFIELD & Co., New York:
The History of Mr. Polly. By H. G. Wells.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:
The Human Body and Health. By A. Davison, M.S. Price 40 cents. *Richard of Jamestown.* By James Otis. Price 35 cents.

CHARITIES PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, New York:
Housing Reform. A Handbook for Practical Use in American Cities. By Lawrence Veiller. Price postpaid $1.25.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:
Blessed Joan of Arc. By E. A. Ford.

A. C. McCLURG & Co., New York:
The First Great Canadian. By Charles B. Reed. Price $2 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642-1710. By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. Vol. II. *Among the Hurons.*

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York:
Lady Merton, Colonist. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Price $1.50. *The Fascinating Mrs. Halton.* By E. F. Benson. Price $1.50. *Strictly Business.* More Stories of the Four Million. By O. Henry. Price $1.20.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Beginnings of the Gospel Story. By B. W. Bacon, D.D. Price $2.25 net.

THEO. E. SCHULTE, New York:
American Meat. By Albert Leffingwell, M.D. Price $1.25 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston:
Little Brother O'Dreams. By Elaine Goodale Eastman. Price $1 net. *The American People.* By A. Maurice Low. Price $2.25 net.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
The Achievements of Luther Trant. By E. B. W. MacHarg. Ill. Price $1.50. *A Cycle of Sunsets.* By Mabel Loomis Todd. Price $1.20 net. *Self-Help and Self-Cure.* Welder & Taylor Price 75 cents net. *A Simple Explanation of Modern Banking Customs.* Price 25 cents net. *Woodland Paths.* Winthrop & Packard. Price $1.20 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Just Between Themselves. By Anne Warner. Price $1.50.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Baltimore:
The Chief Sources of Sin. By Rev. M. V. McDonough. Price 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Report of the Commissioner of Education for Year Ended June 30, 1909. Vol. II.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Where Mists Have Gathered. By Mrs. Macdonald. Price $1 net. *Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica.* De Ponte Meditationes V. *The Sublimity of the Holy Eucharist.* By Rev. M. Meschler, S.J. Price 75 cents net. *The Marrying of Brian.* By Alice Dease. Price 50 cents net. *A Bunch of Girls and Wayside Flowers.* By "Shan." Price 50 cents net. *Handbook of Divine Liturgy.* By Rev. Charles Cowley Clarke. Price 90 cents net.

H. L. KILNER & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.:
The Life of Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows. Price 25 and 50 cents.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
The Place of Religion in Good Government. By Max Pam.

BURROW BROTHERS, Cleveland, Ohio:
History of the Society of Jesus in North America. By T. Hughes, S.J. (1605-1838).

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Westerville, Ohio:
The Anti-Saloon League Year Book, 1910. Compiled and edited by Ernest Hurst Cherrington. Price 35 cents net.

FITZGERALD BOOK COMPANY, Chicago:
Ireland and Her People. A Library of Irish Biography. Vol. II. Prepared and Edited by Thomas W. H. Fitzgerald.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Techny, Ill.:
Our Faith is a Reasonable Faith. By E. Huch. Price 50 cents.

BURNS & OATES, London:
The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand.

PICARD ET FILS, Paris:
Les Pères Apostoliques. III. Ignace d'Antioche et Polycarpe de Smyrne, Epitres; Martyre de Polycarpe. Texte Grec, Traduction Française. Paper. Price 3 *fr.*

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:
Dom Guéranger—Abbé de Solesmes. Par Un Moine Benedictin. Tome Premier. Vols. I. and II. *La Vie Privée de Tallyrand.* Par Bernard De Lacombe.

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:
Louis XVI. Par Marius Sepet. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *La Vieille Morale à l'École.* Par Joseph Tissier. Price 3 *fr.* 50. *La Sainte Vierge.* Par l'Abbé P. Feige. Price 1 *fr.*

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCI. JUNE, 1910. NO. 543.

LIFE AND LITERATURE.

BY JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.

TALKING with a man well versed in the history of present-day crimes and criminals, the writer of this paper was astonished to learn that there was to-day a striking increase of crime among young men; that seventy-five per cent of the criminals convicted in the courts where this man gained his experience were between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age. When asked what reason, if any, he would assign for such a notable increase of youthful criminals, the speaker replied that, to his mind, there was no doubt that such a state of things was owing to the utter lack of religious training. He had taken the pedigree and the history of every criminal that came under his observation, and he always included the question of religious training, so he was warranted in speaking as an authority.

It is not our intention here to speak of the necessity of religious training for the young. In the May number of this magazine we spoke on the benefits of publicity. We endeavored to show how useful it is to make great evils known in order that they may be remedied. Every Catholic reading that paper must have thought at once of what a powerful agency a Catholic press would be—a press possessing financial means, supported by an intelligent organization, capable of pre-

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senting every need of the Catholic body, of reporting from original sources every question that affects the welfare of the Catholic Church at home and abroad; a Catholic press that would constantly give to our people the best of her literature, the best of her past and present spiritual life, and that would in the Catholic body find loyal support, attentive hearing, personal interest, and a ready response.

An effective way to save the children is to save the parents. To him who observes ever so slightly, ominous portents are not wanting. The powerful forces at work incessantly in the world to-day—forces that poison the reading matter of our people, poison it both as to facts and principles, that are denying the need of God for the right growth of the human soul; forces that practically command the ear of the world, possess their power and effectiveness because they are appealing to the masses that are in turn uninstructed, unenlightened, and, weighed down by social injustice and social tyranny, will listen to and follow the voice that promises them redemption and happiness. It is not alone necessary that youth be trained in religious knowledge; it is also necessary, for the well-being of the Catholic body, that its corporate sense of the necessity of religious education for children as for adults—of the necessity of having hearts and souls freshened continually by the waters of God's truth, and of keeping in intelligent touch with the needs, the trials, the battles, the defeats, and the victories of God's Church upon earth—be kept vigorously alive. In proportion as that sense grows dull, the Catholic body will grow weak.

They that keep the city must watch by day and by night else the city may fall. And it is to the honor of every dweller therein that he has his own true part to play in its defence and in its glory, a part which, great or small, no one can take from him; no one else can fill. But to be faithful to it, head and heart, one's whole being must be alive to the needs of the hour; and head and heart must constantly be enlightened, inspired, and guided by the spiritual food of Catholic teaching. Else will they grow ignorant and lukewarm, without thought of a city to defend or of an inheritance to cherish.

A stock broker well knows that unless he keep himself in close, accurate touch with the market, unless he feed his mind every day with the details of its transactions, he will soon,

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very soon, be incapable of carrying on his business. The same is true of every department of business; of every profession, of every field of human endeavor. Does the service of Christ ask less? And will the earthly welfare of His Church be promoted while we are deaf to the evils that threaten it; indifferent to the problems that we must face; ignorant of the vast riches that guided and that have been increased by our fathers; heedless of the words that intelligent, thoughtful, saintly leaders are striving to have us hear to-day?

The literature of the Catholic Church has played a supremely important part in the past in the sanctification of souls, the extension of Christ's Church upon earth, the growth and development of the Catholic mind. In a true sense it may be said that without Catholic literature none of these things could be.

A comprehensive definition of Catholic literature is impossible. It may include in the broadest sense every line of human writing that is good and true—even though it deal with the comparatively unimportant things of life, for all goodness and all truth are from God. To use the words of St. Paul, Catholic literature includes "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame."

But in its usually accepted meaning, Catholic literature may be defined as that body of writing informed, enlightened, implicitly or explicitly, by the truths revealed to us by Jesus Christ and preserved by His Church. It extends to the highest and to the lowest. There is no thought or act, impulse or emotion, power or aim, no relation, individual or social, which it does not embrace. Catholic literature is as large as Catholic life, and Catholic life embraces the entire man in his commonplace thoughts as well as in his highest aspirations, in his personal duties as well as in his social responsibilities. Catholic literature is the detailed expression of the Christian life.

Even in its widest sense it may, in a measure, be called the word of God. The far-off, faintly-shadowed word at times; meant, perhaps, only as an interpretation of the gentle wind; or the quiet sea; or the birds of the wood; nevertheless, in its measure, it is His voice. It is again the merely human word speaking of commonplace things and of the issues that engage us in every-day life; but this also is, indirectly, of

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God. In its fullest sense it is God's direct word, revealed to His servants immediately by Him, bearing with it power and light from heaven, and lifting man from the things of earth to the things of God. It will be seen, then, that Catholic literature reaches from end to end and "orders all things sweetly." Its various expressions are so many separate rays, differing in intensity, differing in power, differing in fruitfulness, yet from out one Sun they all spring; to the one Sun they owe their being; and that Sun—is Christ, the Eternal Word.

Rightly, by His eternal begetting, is He called the Word of God; and the human expression of that Word, the man Jesus Christ, is also the absolute perfection of human wisdom, from Whom all truth must spring and to Whom all truth must go. We do not say that all literature must be devotional; that it must always point a moral; that it must always be religious. Our Lord Himself spoke of the beauty of the fields; the glory of the lilies, of the harvest, the flocks, and the birds of the air. As He came to save man and to save him by teaching him and lifting him up to perfection, so He made His teaching encompass the whole man, every want and every possible demand of heart and soul and mind.

Christ did not hesitate to dispute with the doctors; He led a quiet home life for thirty years; He had His own particular human friends; He hesitated not in preaching, in defending, in condemning; He loved to console, to take the little human good and lead it to the heavenly better, the heavenly best. He was the Word simple yet infinite; divine yet human; God omnipotent yet the Way and the Life for us. Not the Way and the Life that we were to follow at certain times and use only on particular occasions, but the only Way and the only Life for all men at all times and all places. He will have us entire or He will not have us at all. No man can serve two masters. We must be in Christ; Christ must be within us; and His truth and His commandments must govern all our thoughts and our purposes—not only our holy thoughts at time of prayer, but our thoughts of business, of success in the world, of our relations with our neighbors, of our whole outlook upon life—this is Christianity, this is the teaching, clear, distinct, of the Catholic Church.

As Christ was the perfect Word, so every word before or since, of human lips that has been true and worthy, is an an-

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nouncement or an echo of Him. And the Catholic Church, from the very moment of her birth, has been restless under the holy desire to make known that truth to men; to saturate men's lives with it; to bring the world and all the things of the world into captivity at the feet of Christ.

From the day of its birth, under tongues of fire, the Apostles went forth as the preachers of the word. As soon as possible they put down in writing, under the guidance of God, the truths entrusted to them. As Christ perfected the law, so did they perfect the literature of God; and added the Christian revelation to that greatest of literary works—the Bible.

From the very first the Apostles realized, and realized under the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit, the necessity of a Christian literature. That Word of God, inspired as it is, was brought forth by human emergencies and, so to speak, by the temporal necessities of the Church. St. Matthew defended the human birth of our Lord; St. Mark gave evidence for the Virgin Mary; St. John wrote against the Gnostic heresies of his own day; St. Luke wrote the acts to chronicle the early labors of the Apostles, particularly the journeys of St. Paul; St. Paul wrote to prove to the Hebrews that the Christians had an altar and a sacrifice; wrote to confirm and strengthen newly-made converts; and to bring home to particular churches particular truths.

It is impossible to describe, even in the briefest way, how the Gentile world was led to Christ. The methods that won the victory are well shown to us in the life and work of St. Paul—St. Paul journeying over sea and land—the length and breadth of Asia Minor, and thence to Rome—preaching, writing, enforcing at every opportunity the word of God; speaking to the philosopher, the governor, the simple people; versed in Hellenic philosophy and leading Hellenism to God; a patriot appealing to Cæsar; a citizen faithful in his allegiance; a writer of unsurpassed literary power; the Apostle of the Gentiles, and, as the conquerors of old, leading the Gentile world captive at his chariot wheels to Christ.

There was ever present with the Church this necessity of expressing, of defending her own life in the written word. Even when the world was laboring in the pains of rebirth, and the Church was suffering the agony of persecution, her literature was not permitted to die out. Very little of it is left

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to us. But we have enough to show how important it was considered and how widely it was circulated. Clement of Rome, Barnabas, Hermas, Ignatius of Antioch, Polycarp, Papias, the author of the letter to Diognetus—the works of these have come down to us. We have in them the outline of future Christian apologetics. In their day they defended the Church, they taught the people, they secured converts, sanctified souls, and begot heroic lives and heroic martyrs.

In the great battle that was waged but two centuries after the beginnings of Christianity, the great leaders whom God raised up, leaders capable, brilliant, and the writings which they produced and which were read by the whole world, strengthened and extended the cause of Christ. Justin, who, like Augustine after him, had tried every philosophy—Stoic, Peripatetic, Pythagorean, Platonic—finally found, through the words of an old man, the true philosophy in the Catholic Church. Justin showed that pagan philosophy was wrong, that Christian philosophy was right. Tatian, Athenagoras, Theophilus, Tertullian, Pantænus, Clemens, the schools of Alexandria, Cæsarea, Rome, Edessa, Antioch—all these were great agencies that sent forth through the world and through every channel of Christian life the word of Christ.

Through its literature the Church valiantly and triumphantly reviewed the past, though it was but three hundred years old, and through such apologists as Lactantius and Eusebius stirred its children to hope, and pointed to a glorious future. Athanasius, the savior of the Church against Arianism, Jerome, Augustine, Chrysostom, Basil, and Gregory, were veritable warriors in the holy cause of God's word. Then, as now, were charges made against Catholics as disloyal citizens. Then was it charged, as the Roman Empire began to disintegrate and fall to ruins, that it was the Catholics who, by their unfaithfulness, had betrayed it. And St. Augustine, in his great work, *The City of God*, showed how false the charge was and silenced the pagan and the Arian.

And if we were to trace the work of the Church through further centuries we would find that in spreading broadcast the word of God she never slept. In every age and in every century her aim has been not only to preach the direct, revealed word of God, but to support that word; to interpret it for her children; and, under her own guidance, to give them the

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secular wisdom of the world that might otherwise work their destruction.

But from what has been said it will be evident that the Church since her very birth has been conscious of her duty to spread forth her literature—yea, to make literature her own; to spread through the world the positive teachings of Christianity; to make known the principles of true morality; to convert the world not merely in its religious aspect, but the entire world in its religion, its morality, its politics, its practical life, its thoughts, its customs, its whole self to the teachings of Christ. She does not destroy; she builds up. She made captive the Greek world; she made captive the Roman world; she made captive the barbarian; she will yet make captive the children who have rebelled against her. As Christ is the Alpha and the Omega so is she, of all human life, the beginning and the end. She has not only opened heaven, but she has shown that the things of earth lead to heaven. She has not only her own literature; she is the mistress of literature and, as the guardian of truth, has blazoned forth that truth—which without her the world has forgotten—that literature, if it is to be an art at all, must be true.

Her children in the past were faithful to her because they nourished themselves upon her word; loved it, drank it in, made it their own. They of centuries ago, when printing was unknown, shame us who have the printed word at hand. St. Jerome, as early as the fourth century, might say: "The ploughman as he held the handle of his plough would, instead of love songs, be singing his Alleluias; the reaper, heated with his toil, would be solacing himself with the Psalms; and the vine-dresser, with his curved pruning hook in his hand, would be chanting one of the compositions of David."

And coming to our own day, the duties and the necessities that rest upon us as Catholics are as great, if not greater, than those which rested upon our forefathers. If the printing press gave to Catholic truth, to Catholic literature, an efficacious ally, it gave to non-Catholic forces a powerful weapon. And so far have we neglected our duties that the printing press has practically been made captive, and the press is, in great measure, in the hands of the enemy.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the immense outpouring to-day from presses and publishing houses all over the coun-

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try. That outpouring fairly deluges the earth. No one can know its entire force; yet none can remain entirely unaffected by it. The press is universal in its scope. Adults read till they lose their power of vision; children become the servants of the press almost as soon as they can read. The daily paper is omnipresent. Libraries are scattered in profusion all over the country. They are crowded indiscriminately with books. Everybody is eligible for membership and may be supplied with almost any book he desires. Books are sold at a very low price. Through booksellers and great department stores they are brought within the reach of all, and the glaring advertisements in the newspapers are filled with announcements of book bargains.

This power of the press is to-day a power that has widespread influence in the formation of character, in the welfare of the individual, of the family, of the nation; it is the most efficacious—the controlling factor. And that press, beginning with the daily through to the monthly and to the book itself, is predominantly non-Catholic.

If we are to make ourselves truly Christian and Catholic in our character, our aims, our principles, then we must be readers of Catholic literature. If we are to have the true atmosphere of Catholic teaching in and about our homes, then our homes must welcome Catholic periodicals and Catholic books. If we are to influence our neighbors as we ought to influence them, to make them look more kindly upon Catholic teaching, to lead them to the acceptance of that truth which is their soul's salvation, then we must have Catholic literature to offer them and to enlighten them. If we are ever to make our country Catholic, and the more we love it the more energetically will we try to do this, then we must have an unlimited supply of appropriate Catholic literature. If we, as Catholics, are to retain our political rights—to keep from the hands of the Church those who would despoil her—then we must have a capable, well-organized, and well-supported Catholic press.

The Catholic Church conquered the Grecian world of philosophy and art because, through her own literature, she showed that both were vain without Christian teaching, and both in Christian teaching had their fulfillment and their perfection. The Catholic Church conquered the Roman world because her children in family, social, and civic life exemplified Christian

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teaching. Her apologists answered in detail every charge against her; and when Rome fell the only literature of the civilized world was that which the Church preserved.

At the present time the Catholic press of Germany is the support and the strength of the Catholic Church in that empire; the disasters that have befallen the Church in France were made possible because French Catholics utterly neglected to support an intelligent, fearless, Catholic press. The life of the Church in England for the last fifty years has been her Catholic press. In a wonderful way the Catholics of England have been alive to the situation, and by persistent effort, by study, by intelligence, by sacrifice, they have answered every charge, met every difficulty, and have made the Catholic Church the most respected institution in that land.

Throughout the entire world to-day the Catholic Church has an attack to meet more insidious in its quiet, disdainful way than any she has ever had to meet before. In the matter of faith she is met by the answer that dogma is a thing of the past; that the intelligent man now knows dogma to be but a development of merely human knowledge; and that we ought now to put off our swaddling clothes. In the domain of ethics we have the commonly accepted theory that the principles of morality are not fixed; that they change as people change. Numerous books have been published of late that deny any real difference between right and wrong. In the matter of devotion many laugh at prayer; deny the communion of saints; and think reverence for the dead to be a foolish thing. In the field of sociology almost every book published, almost every article in our secular magazines on the subject is untruthful and false in its principles. All manner of theories are advanced on the subject of education. Socialism and the advocates of Socialism are more active every day. They are telling the people that the Catholic Church is opposed to the welfare of the working classes. They are ceaseless in their watching and unbounded in their zeal.

In every field of human endeavor there are those who are opposed and who are opposing the Catholic Church. Whence is the antidote to come? It is useless to say that these things do not affect Catholics—that we can live our life and let these things go by. The philosophy of history contradicts us; the example of the Church throughout the ages puts us to shame.

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We, as Catholics, ought to have a press—and we can have it if we will—that would, at least, instruct our own people and enable them to take their place in the world, as their fathers did, as intelligent champions of Catholic truth. We ought to have a press that would answer every charge, meet every difficulty, and be able, through the support of the Catholic people, to meet the non-Catholic world on every field; to show with regard to all things of this life, all questions of the human mind, in physical science, in biblical research, in history, in economics, in politics, as well as all things of the life to come, that, at the root of all, and the perfection of all, as the mainstay and foundation of all, are the teachings of Christ.

To give an example. Here is a magazine article, an editorial in the newspaper, a book about the horrible injustice of the Church in the Spanish Inquisition. Where will you find an answer to it? Or, again, it is generally said that all Protestant countries are progressive; that Catholicism is the ruin of all nations upon whom it fixes its grasp. Or, again, that the Church is the enemy of physical science and always has been; or that Catholics can never make good citizens of a free republic. You know that the whole question of Church and State in France has been falsely reported in our secular press. Was there any great eagerness shown by American Catholics to defend here, before our own countrymen, the action of the Church there?

Would it not broaden our minds, make us more zealous Catholics, keener lovers of the cause of God, if we knew that the Church in Italy was fighting for Christian education; if we knew that to-day it is introducing Christian education into Japan; if we knew that the Church in France is fighting valiantly for Catholic education; if we knew that in South Africa the Boers are still fed upon Maria Monk literature, and that many of them have a hatred of the Catholic Church that is almost inconceivable?

We have in this country question upon question that is yet to be settled. We should endeavor, as far as in us lies, to leaven the world of thought with Catholic principles; of trying to make the Church a master not alone in Israel, but in all the world. If we have not this duty before our eyes; if we do not arouse ourselves to it; if the cause of good, intelligent

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Catholic literature continues to be neglected, as it is neglected now, then God's hand will not be stretched forth upon us and our children will have to face problem after problem that has been intensified by our neglect.

We do not deny that our people have been deceived time and again by undeserving Catholic books and Catholic journals. But that is no reason why they should take no interest at all in Catholic literature; no reason why they should not devote themselves to what is worthy and noble and good.

Are we not, as a people, shutting our eyes and refusing to stretch forth our hands to a treasure which ought to be ours? We are fed by the bread of earth. We never enter to enjoy the fruits of the promised land. Neglecting to read works that are directly Catholic, we are dead to the inspiration of Catholic faith and love in our every-day life. Many are driftwood as far as the great stream of human love that ought to send itself forth from the hearts of men to the heart of God is concerned.

We are rational creatures, and we promote our own good and the good of any cause we would serve by prayer, by devotion, by thoughtfulness, by a zeal for knowledge. And the cause of Christ, the cause of our own salvation, is promoted, not by external service alone, not simply by branding ourselves as Catholics, but by an internal realization, a bringing home to ourselves, by absorption into our own life of the truths and the principles of the Catholic faith. In this way, by this understanding and welcoming of Christ, does Christ come to live in us and we in Him; in this way do we fulfill the command to bring our intellects into the captivity of Christ; in this way do we begin to understand and to know what is meant when we are termed the sons of God; what is meant when Christ tells us that He will no longer call us visitors and guests, but co-heirs with Himself of the Kingdom of God.

The revelation of God was made with an eternal purpose. The wondrous writing of the fathers and of the saints, the lives of holy men and women, should be a heavenly treasure well-loved by us. The instructive works by capable writers of to-day—devotional, scriptural, doctrinal, ethical, economical, sociological, of story and of poem—of all those, through the alembic of whose Catholic minds have passed great themes, all these are sent to help us and inspire us, that we may the

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more easily, through them, know the height and the depth of that wisdom that reaches from end to end.

Books, such as I speak of here, are common and within the reach of all. Even from a merely human standpoint nothing could be more efficacious to the building up of character. The good effect upon the individual who would read them is incalculable. The Scriptures, the writings of the past ages, the writings of to-day, treat every Catholic subject that could be mentioned; and these treasures are accessible to all. Around and about us—a veritably omnipresent atmosphere, which will supply our souls with the highest and best life—is this treasure of God's word; the revealed word of Jesus Christ, the Eternal Truth; the sacred, inspiring words of His disciples; the helpful word of thousands of Catholic men and Catholic women who have interpreted and preserved for us the experiences and the lessons of the ages—this unlimited wealth is at our command.

Around about us is a work that the poorest and the simplest of us can accomplish—the duty to know something of that sacred word; the duty to know something of the best in literature; the duty to sanctify our own souls, and sanctification comes not without knowledge; the duty to help our neighbors and to spread, as far as our hands can reach and our word can go, not only the direct word of God, but the good taste, the pure, wholesome standard that bespeaks the Christian, and that will keep the world, and the works of the world that belong to God, holy in His sight.

The daily press is filled with accounts of serious offences against the commandments of God. Upon this press many of our people feed, sending their children morning and night to the corner stand to procure a copy of the sheet that tells them alluringly of the world's sin, and yet never calls it sin. The great majority of our novels are insipid and sensational; our magazines are made up of startling, hair-raising articles, or else of the cheap, attractive pictures of men and women, and of stories that give an altogether false picture of life. If we stop to think, we will realize that the printed word of to-day is predominantly untrustworthy. It preaches the enervating doctrine that one religion is as good as another. At times it goes further. Not long ago one of our great city dailies, which not many days before had thousands of votes for a popular Catholic in one of its contests—that same paper had a picture of the

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Crucifixion and an advertisement that told of a book written about other saviors that were equal to Christ, and that had also been crucified. That paper was read and supported by thousands of Catholics. In morality it teaches that there is no such thing as the positive commandments of an infinite God. It practically denies free will and personal responsibility. It never speaks of heaven; it will not hear of hell.

Through the length and breadth of life the popular press of the day gives pronouncements without fear on every question that can concern us from the cradle to the grave: on education, on marriage, on the family, on property, on every phase of human conduct.

The pity of it is that, if it does not succeed in sowing the seeds of these errors in the souls of others, it does succeed in making them less watchful with regard to Christian truth; it leads them inwardly to compromise; it debases their tastes and destroys their ideals, and robs them of the true Christian spirit.

For the Christian and Catholic spirit is the spirit that looks to God in all things. The natural man has only what nature can give him, and nature falls short—infinitely short—of God. The Christian has the positive word of Christ. The word that came direct from heaven and that is not alone religious in the historical sense, but religious in the sense that it is the sole source of spiritual life, and is in itself sufficient. As it embraces the entire man, so does it go forth into all the actions of man. In his Christian rebirth he has been born into a new world, illumined by a new sun. He sees things entirely different from the merely natural man. He sees all things in the light of God; and for him that light will never be extinguished. In religion, in morality, in his own individual conduct, in his business, in his thoughts, in his ambitions, in his reading, he will be governed implicitly and explicitly by the light of Jesus Christ.

He has been born a son of God and for none of the unworthy things of the world, not even for the slightest, will he forget that sonship; and as the printed word is the greatest power for thoughtfulness, for action, for inspiration, and imitation of the example of the ages, so will the Christian not weaken or debauch his mind by what is unworthy; but he will realize with a deep, personal, abiding consciousness and determination the duty of knowing, and having his children

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know, the great truths of Christianity; the great truths of the saints, the great questions of the Church and of the world she is trying to save.

Our fathers fleeing from the fury of Jew and pagan halted here and halted there to deliver the word of God—to drop the seed that would bear abundant fruit. The world pursued them in hate; and because they in love gave their life for the world, the world in turn hastened to love them. Our fathers by land and by sea, amid deserts and forests, in the din of war or the quiet of peace, sought to learn the word of God and give it to others. With the labor of years they transcribed and handed down thousands of volumes that are the wealth of the ages. Because the world was made to listen to the word of the Catholic Church, because the world did listen and drink it in, the world is civilized and Christian to-day.

The pupil that sat reading at the feet of Alcuin helped later to save Europe to civilization. The boy that listened to Peter Lombard afterwards became the Christian Aristotle. Our fathers in the days of later persecution—in that land from whence many of them journeyed—in this land when books were not so common as they are now—taught their children the love of good reading.

This is our danger, that in the day of seeming prosperity and growth, we should neglect to strengthen the foundations that will sustain and advance to further fullness what has already been accomplished.

The great wealth of our Catholic spiritual literature, the goodly number of worthy volumes that are being published to-day, and are adding to this wealth, are in great measure unknown to Catholics. It is the exception to find a home where spiritual reading is done to any great extent or in any intelligent way. Such reading would open up for every individual a wonderful vision; inspire him with that delicate, sensitive conscience which is the mark of every true Catholic; inspire him with zeal and love, show him the true way to personal happiness and divine peace, and make him a watchful, faithful member of the visible kingdom of God upon earth. Under its benign influence the Holy Spirit would, indeed, renew the face of the earth. Our own homes are desolate and our own souls are barren without it. Because we refuse to bathe in these waters, stirred for us by angel hands, we have

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a poor concept of Catholic ideals; we are weak in the presence of temptation and never have the power to reach out in confident determination to that positive love and union with God for which our souls were created.

And with regard to our duty towards others there arise, as we talk daily with our companions and friends, Catholics and non-Catholics, a thousand and one questions which we ought to be able to answer intelligently and capably, and thus represent worthily before men the Church of the living Christ. It is unnecessary to mention questions regarding the Church's teaching and discipline, questions in which the whole world is interested. There are, besides these, questions of the secular, political, and social world which materially affect her welfare. A Catholic should realize that he is not only a member of a parish, but of a world-wide organization; yes, a living organism of which Christ is the head, and the Holy Father is His Vicar upon earth. In every matter that affects her welfare he should be eager and anxious and sympathetic. He is false to his duty if, owing to his ignorance, owing to his failure to seize opportunity, he must stand silent when he hears her teachings and her discipline assailed. They are being assailed to-day, and assailed bitterly, by journals and books—and what are the vast majority of Catholics doing to defend her and place her name in honor before our countrymen?

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THE NOVELS OF MRS. DE LA PASTURE.

BY AGNES BRADY.

ART is never didactic, does not take kindly to facts, is helpless to grapple with theories, and is killed outright by a sermon." Such, at least, is the opinion pronounced by Agnes Repplier in one of her delightful essays. And if, on reading it, some grave and judicious heads shake a little dubiously, most readers, we fancy, will agree that the dictum is not altogether devoid of truth. Unfortunately the majority of our present-day novelists, the very men for whose benefit this pleasing doctrine is proclaimed, refuse to avail themselves of it in practice. They resemble that group of Mrs. Jellyby's friends, each of whom had a separate and distinct mission in life, except Mr. Quayle, whose mission it was to be interested in everybody else's mission. We ask them for pleasure, and they give us a problem; or perhaps they condescend to solve the problem; or in the overflowing goodness and simplicity of their hearts, taking compassion on our multitudinous ignorances, they slip in here and there a little treatise on psychology, or on ethics, or on economics, or—blest Eldorado of the hour!—on sociology. Tired of their grim and determined earnestness, we sigh for something with the breath of life in it, for a novelist's world of real human beings with beating hearts that send the blood tingling through the veins. It is with relief, then, that we turn from the lay preachers and university extension lecturers, who have been masquerading as novelists, to one who has old-fashioned notions of the story-teller's art.

Mrs. de la Pasture devotes herself frankly to the business of giving pleasure to her readers; their number, therefore, has become legion in England, and is fast growing among ourselves. With a dozen or more novels to her credit, she is now enjoying the plenitude of her powers, master of a sure, ripened, and agreeable style of fiction. Her most popular stories perhaps, are: *Peter's Mother* and *Deborah of Tod's;*

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but others also are wide favorites, such as *Catherine of Calais; Catherine's Child; Adam Grigson; The Man from America;* and *The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square.* Her success as a dramatist has been assured since the unusually favorable reception accorded in London to the presentations of *The Lonely Millionaire, Peter's Mother,* and *Her Grace the Reformer. Deborah of Tod's* was produced very successfully in America. But it is with the novels that we are at present concerned. Mrs. de la Pasture offers us bright, wholesome stories of the higher classes in England, told with cleverness, a quiet humor, and a knowledge of the life whereof she speaks.

Another young Englishwoman once took from her busy, cheerful life some leisure hours to write down a few stories, which she then quietly locked away in her desk, never dreaming of their real value, never guessing how freely future generations would bestow smiles and tears upon the affairs of Mrs. Bennet and Mr. Collins, of Fanny Price and Marianne Dashwood. With the same happy unconsciousness and growing love for her task we can imagine Mrs. de la Pasture writing pleasantly of the second romance of *Peter's Mother,* or describing the pathetic evolution of *Deborah of Tod's.* Perhaps no writer since Jane Austen has succeeded better in the portrayal of family life. Even the Bennets, assembled in solemn council over the question of getting the girls partners enough for the next ball, or the frequent entertainments of Barton Park, which "supported the good spirits of Sir John, and gave exercise to the good breeding of his wife," are not more real than the delightful glimpses of domestic affairs in Mrs. de la Pasture's stories. In *The Tyrant* we become intimately acquainted with one household—the sweet little mother, the pretty, romance-loving daughters, the ambitious sons, all ruled by the miserly, autocratic father, who is, indeed, lord and master of the house. One day at luncheon time the two daughters paused on the staircase while their father was speeding the parting guests to whom he was too economical to play the host.

"'One comfort is, they will get a much better luncheon at home,' said Sophy viciously. 'They are laughing. Listen. Papa can't be so very cross. He is telling them a funny story!'

"'Which?' said Annie with unconscious satire."

Surely this bit deserves to be placed beside those pleasant

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annals of the family whose after-dinner conversation was on the topic of the height of the different grandchildren!

It is not in plot construction that Mrs. de la Pasture excels. Her plots are sometimes loosely woven and guilty of occasional inconsistencies. Her stories, though not carefully planned, do, of course, proceed in an interesting fashion, but it is in the character drawing that she is especially admirable. It is usually asserted that no woman can succeed in making real men of her heroes; that hopeless prig, Daniel Deronda, is always cited as an unhappy example. Such failure, in the case of Mrs. de la Pasture, must be admitted with a very few of her heroes, notably that inconceivably august, King Arthurian personage, Sir Philip Adelstone, who stalks through the pages of *Catherine of Calais*, and that rigid gentleman with uncomfortably high standards, who gives the title to *The Grey Knight*, and who, after years of cruel neglect of his daughter, cannot forgive a momentary flash of temper in the same direction on the part of his idealized fiancée. Yet in general her masculine characters are convincing; they are individuals, not types. Perhaps the most carefully delineated and the most amusingly realistic is the stolid young Englishman in the story of *Peter's Mother*. Peter Crewys, at the age of twenty, returns wounded from the Boer War to regain his health and take charge of the estate in Devonshire, which has come into his possession by his father's death two years before. Peter has a long nose, small, gray eyes, and a comfortable sense of his own importance. He forgets that his mother, Lady Mary, who was but a girl of seventeen when she married her elderly guardian and came to live the tiresomely sedate life of Barracombe House, is still comparatively young, and may desire a future of her own. When he arrives home he expects to find her in deep mourning, and ready to devote her remaining years to his comfort and service. He has nicely planned her *rôle* as his dear old mother, and may even have selected the special kind of lace cap that he would like her to wear. "I mean to keep everything going here exactly as it was in my father's time," he tells her. "You shall devote yourself to me, and I'll devote myself to Barracombe; and we'll just settle down into all the old ways Only it will be me instead of my father—that's all."

In a few days, however, Peter makes some surprising discoveries. It appears that his mother, aided by his cousin and

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guardian, John Crewys, has been occupied in the task of restoring and redecorating the house and improving the estate. Peter does not like changes. He is also beginning to suspect, very reluctantly, that his mother and his guardian have become seriously interested in each other. But poor Lady Mary, naturally sweet and gay, longing for love and happiness, still refuses to marry John Crewys, and, rather than disappoint Peter's ideals, is ready to sacrifice herself for her beloved son. The outlook is bad for Lady Mary's chance of happiness, when the *dea ex machina* appears, in the form of Miss Sarah Hewel, a brilliant young beauty with great self-confidence, red hair, and an admiring love for Lady Mary, whom she determines to rescue from Peter's selfishness. She therefore brings that young gentleman completely under her sway. In adoration of her charms Peter submits to her superior wisdom, learns his own insignificance in the scheme of things, and becomes reconciled to his mother's marriage with John Crewys. Finally Sarah surprises herself by falling in love with Peter, and the story ends as happily as a fairy tale. In the character of Peter the author has certainly achieved a triumph of indirect delineation. No artist uses a label. Thackeray does not tell us that George Osborne is selfish, nor does Dickens hint that Mrs. Nickleby is silly—the good woman opens her mouth and speaks for herself. Peter does likewise. His quite unconscious selfishness, his hopeless, stolid narrow-mindedness, are in his own honest words. His every utterance is weighed down, not by light conceit, but by a ponderous sense of his own importance; he exasperates, even while he amuses. When he condemns his mother's new way of arranging her hair by saying, "Why, Mother, you never used to follow the fashions before I went away; you won't begin now, at your age, will you?" we long to shake him. But when he decides that "the sudden joy of my return has been too much for you, poor old mum," or remarks casually, "Women can never take care of themselves," he is so funny as to be almost likable; and we are tempted to agree with the opinion of his guardian that "the lad is a good lad at bottom, and a manly one into the bargain."

A character utterly dissimilar, but portrayed with the same subtle touch, is presented for our enthusiastic appreciation in the novel called *The Man From America*. The old Vicomte de Nanroy, "who had been christened Patrick, and whose family

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name was O'Reilly, was the son of the brave Chevalier O'Reilly, a naturalized Frenchman and a soldier of fortune." With his corpulency, his lameness, his fierce white moustache, his baggy trousers, and his yellow linen waistcoat, the Vicomte combines the elegant politeness of a foreigner of distinction. In Honeycott Manor, the little homestead nestling among the hills of Devon, he lives with his two little granddaughters in a frugal contentment undreamed of by Horace on the Sabine farm. He feeds his cats and his doves, buds his roses, cooks his own meals, reads French with his grandchildren, Rosaleen and Kitty, and teaches them picquet and dummy whist. The little girls love him dearly, but rather pityingly.

"The extraordinary thing about *bon papa* was, as Kitty remarked despairingly to Rosaleen, that he was always being surprised at something.

"The first primrose surprised him regularly every February or March or April, according to the date when the first primrose took it into its head to appear. The first crocus that opened its golden cup to catch the golden sunshine surprised him no less; and he was annually astonished, on measuring Rosaleen and Kitty, to discover that they had grown.

"'Does he expect us to be little girls forever?' said Kitty, in disgust, to her sister.

"When they presented him with a pair of socks that did not match—one being tightly knitted by Kitty, and the other very loosely by Rosaleen—*bon papa* was so amazed at their achievement that he almost fell into a fit; though he must have seen them at work upon the gift for months previously."

Perplexed indeed is the Vicomte when Rosaleen and Kitty, grown older, demand to be taken to London; but more perplexed are the Londoners in the big hotel by his plaid shawl, baggy trousers, and air of distinction. After a visit to the shops, the Vicomte is much bewildered by the sudden transformation of his Rosaleen and Kitty into young ladies of fashion, and when a few weeks of society suffice to bring about the engagements of them both, we suspect him of real relief at the prospect, not only of their happiness, but of his own freedom to return to the cats, doves, and roses. In his charming combination of oddity and distinction, simplicity and aristocracy, the Vicomte finds an English counterpart in Colonel Newcome; he is quite as distinct a personality, and

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altogether one of the finest and most lovable old gentlemen in all fiction.

With a few exceptions the women drawn by Mrs. de la Pasture are not individuals. They belong to either of two types: the ordinary, pretty young English girl, who has color in her cheeks, but little in her character; the lay figure type, like Kate Nickleby; and the woman of thirty-five, whose romance comes late in life. The heroines of the latter class are fairly well presented, especially Lady Mary in *Peter's Mother*. But there are two of Mrs. de la Pasture's women who are so unusual and so strikingly depicted as to be quite unforgettable. The first is Rosamond Evelyn, who gives the chief interest to the story of *Adam Grigson*, she is "tiny as a sprite, coaxing and beaming, with a little, delicate face, eyelashes too light for pathetic gray eyes, and fluffy, fair hair." The shallow silliness which she takes no pains to hide, the little mind so frankly material, suggest her namesake, Rosamond Vincy, of *Middlemarch* fame. But she reminds us more vividly of another heroine: incapable of passion or affection, using her *ingénue* charm and sly shrewdness unscrupulously "to get ahead in the world," Rosamond is very like Thackeray's Becky Sharp. After she succeeds in her ambition of "marrying money," Rosamond's short and checkered career in the longed-for London society ends as abruptly as did Becky Sharp's, but not so disastrously, since she is saved from folly by the good sense and strength of her husband. George Eliot holds Rosamond Vincy up pitilessly for our scorn, like a butterfly on a pin; and Thackeray, as Mr. Howells points out, is "boisterously sarcastic" at Becky's expense; but Mrs. de la Pasture has drawn the character of her Rosamond with a fine, subtle skill, and has made her shallowness pathetic rather than despicable. If we have a secret sympathy for Rosamond Vincy, and an inclination to pity her for being married to Lydgate, rather than vice versa, we are guiltily conscious that George Eliot would not approve. We can almost hear her say sternly: "My poor Lydgate has deteriorated since he married this silly woman. She is dragging him down!" And in our enthusiasm for Becky Sharp we are sure that we appreciate her better than her creator ever did. Thackeray painted her faithfully, to be sure, but we see through the painting to the

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original. George Eliot was, in mind, almost as much a man as Thackeray; Mrs. de la Pasture has a feminine touch. She analyzes the complexities of Rosamond neither pitilessly nor sarcastically, but with keen insight and quiet truth.

The second, and probably the better known, is *Deborah of Tod's*. Deborah is a Devonshire maid; from her father, an officer in the Hussars, she has inherited what she calls with simple directness her "gentle blood"; from her mother the farm of Tod's, which she herself manages. She is described as majestic in mien, with black hair and eyes, and rich coloring; her whole bearing is marked by an air of repose and quiet strength. This rustic goddess General Sir Arthur d'Alton courts and marries, forgiving her dialect for the sake of her wealth. Deborah reverences the general for some past act of kindness toward her (dead) father, but a few months of marriage show him as he really is, a man old in dissipation, the wreck of a gallant soldier. Yet Deborah never falters in her direct, uncompromising notions of duty; she manages Sir Arthur's household, makes friends with his daughters, and pays his son's debts. Hardest of all, she goes about in a London society which she is not gay enough to enjoy, and in which her dignity wins her the name of "the Sphinx." When the general is struck with partial paralysis, Deborah says calmly: "I was tu be his wife equally in sickness and in health. What wude yu have me be doing of wi' him lying there suffering?"—and nurses him day and night with affectionate care for more than a year. When at the end of that time he dies, she puts on the old blue gown in which she used to work in the cider-press, and goes back to Tod's in search of her lost youth and happiness. But the farm life is too narrow for her more mature ambitions. Her own suffering has broadened her sympathies. Together with the man to whom she has already, unconsciously, given her love, and who comes to claim the gift, Deborah resolves to devote herself to the wider interests which will be hers as mistress of a large estate.

Deborah is a character of unusual strength. The story of her mental evolution, of the slow and reluctant steps with which she advances in worldly wisdom, is pathetically told. Her religious scruples, her absolute lack of humor, her feminine desire to be loved, all are very real and vivid. Her untutored

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nobility is presented in striking contrast to the shallowness and artificiality of the vapid "society folk" with whom she is thrown in contact.

Mrs. de la Pasture is a Catholic, and THE CATHOLIC WORLD is most happy in paying this tribute to her work. We are grateful—as all lovers of good books must be—for what she has given us. It is much to have known *bon papa* and to have smiled at Peter Crewys; to have become intimate with many charming characters; and to have carried with us from her pages the memory of many delightful hours. And we know that a deep and tender feeling of Catholic piety has not been without its influence upon our author.

HELEN.

BY H. G. SMITH.

Not she who watched from her gold battlement
The tide of war, the carnage that she wrought
With her wide eyes, and lithesome fairness bought
By Leda's charm; not she who could content
Her empty soul with all the vauntings sent
To harass Troy; she with the sunlight caught
In her pearl-braided hair, for whom had fought
The gracious heroes, brave of heart, war-spent;

Not she the type of thy sweet spirit's bliss,
But rather that fair Helen, who at morn
By her low casement sees an amber sky
And messengers of God, whose fleet wings kiss
Her lifted brow, within their sure arms borne
The sign of pain and love's immensity.

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H. G. WELLS.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

II.

WE were considering the shareholder as a none too healthy factor in modern social life. We must try and probe a little deeper into this question than Mr. Wells has done, and with other help than his.

The mistake which is too often made, both by the opponents and the apologists of the present system, is to regard production and distribution as widely separated processes; whereas, in point of fact, they not only take place simultaneously, but are in a sense one identical process. We cannot study the production of wealth and its distribution apart. The very payment of money, which we call distribution, is in fact an order upon goods already produced or about to be produced. Just as we regard the human frame so must we regard the industrial organism as a living whole. Just as the human frame requires so many units of food to keep it going, so too, does the industrial organism require a regular supply of industrial energy to keep it efficient—energy which it may be said to derive from land, labor, and capital. But what leads to so much confusion at present is the fact that we are obliged to measure the various kinds of energy supplied to the industrial organism in altogether distinct and un-correlated units. Land is measured in acres; workers are measured by hours' or weeks' work; and capital in hundreds of dollars. We, therefore, need a direct measure of units of productive power, for it is these units that are really bought and sold under the guise of acre productivity per annum; laborer productivity per week; and machine or concrete capital productivity per annum (*cf. U.* pp. 78-9). Having once got a clear notion of the industrial system as an organic whole, using up various kinds of industrial energy in turning out commodities, we need now to get a fuller understanding of the methods by which the inevitable waste of structure is repaired, by which new

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and increased structure is created, and by which fresh energy is poured into the system. The industrial system as a whole, like the individual factors of which it is composed, *works for its keep*, and it will continue to operate productively only so long as it is kept in constant repair, and the energy which it gives out in production is constantly replaced. It must have a *maintenance* fund. But a growing industrial system requires more than its keep; it needs a further supply of energy wherewith to create new tissue in order that more work may be done.

First, then, as to the maintenance fund. This does not consist of wages alone. "Every sort of laborer giving out muscular and nervous energy and consuming tissue in his labor must receive in income the food, clothes, shelter, etc., required to maintain him in his working power. Since, too, he is mortal, this work of individual restoration cannot be kept up forever. If the suppy of labor-power is to be maintained, the material means of bringing up children to replace aged workers must be provided" (*The Industrial System*, J. A. Hobson, p. 63, *cf.* also Leo XIII., *On the Condition of Labor*). This gives us the basis of the "minimum wage," which will, of course, vary with different kinds of labor, that which requires a greater exercise of physical energy or mental skill having a higher "minimum."

But not only must wages have a physical basis, they must also have a moral one. Man is not a machine but a creature of will, and in order to get the best quantity and quality of production from him his will must be properly stimulated. An engine driver or a compositor will require a higher subsistence wage than a general laborer, and so right up through the scale of industries. It is clear, then, that "the subsistence wages, required to maintain the existing supply of labor power, may be held to constitute a first charge upon the industrial product on behalf of labor. If there is a failure anywhere to provide this subsistence, the industrial system is weakened and diminished in productivity." All "sweating," however much it may "pay" the employers of unskilled labor, is undoubtedly a damage to the industrial organism as a whole.

But while this "wage of subsistence" suffices to keep the industrial system at its present state of efficiency, it makes no provision for its *growth*. If production is to be increased in

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quantity and quality a greater provision must be made. The quantity of production can be increased in two ways: first, by increasing the number of laborers; second, by inducing the existing workers to give out more productive energy. In either case a rise in wages will bring about the required result.

It is the same with an increase in the quality of production. To evoke the finer sorts and uses of human energy we must have a higher standard of life and a higher rate of payment. "For each unit of the finer sort of productive power a higher price is necessary than sufficed for a unit of the ruder power. It is partly a question of physical, partly of moral motive. Fine and reliable work cannot be got out of workers living upon a bare subsistence wage; coarse material surroundings and the presence of poverty do not support a nervous system capable of the nicer adjustments of muscle and brain involved in fine work of any sort; there is neither the physical stimulus to acquire and apply such power."

"If, then, a trade is to grow in quality and size, this growth involves a rise in price per unit of human energy. This is the real significance of the rise in rate of pay which has taken place in the skilled cotton trade of Lancashire during the last half-century, as also in many other manufactures where growth in volume of work has been accompanied by improved skill, care, regularity, and responsibility. This is the so-called 'economy of high wages,' assisted, doubtless, in its mode of operation by the organization of the workers, but primarily based upon the economic necessity, which is ultimately traceable to the play of physical and moral stimuli or motives operating upon individual workers and molding class standards of life."

So much then for labor, the quantity and quality of it, and the part it plays in the industrial system. We must now turn to capital and see what it should rightfully and healthfully claim for itself.

Just as labor claims for itself a fund sufficient for maintenance and progress, so does capital—and by capital we just now mean "the concrete forms of buildings, tools, machines, stock, etc., which assist industry, not their financial equivalent or measure." But capital and labor differ in this respect, that, whereas labor requires a wage of subsistence and a wage of progress, capital requires, in addition, the cost of initiation. We have to take into account the costs of bringing into exist-

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ence this industrial system. "The maintenance fund of capital must contain a payment for the effort of saving required to bring into existence the forms of material capital."

Now, in order to induce people to save, something must be given them for the effort and inconvenience thereby caused; to use the ordinary economic phrase, we must reward "the effort of abstinence or waiting." But this effort of abstinence or waiting does not fall on all alike. It is, therefore, valued at the maximum and not at the minimum inconvenience it would give to any man in the country—the inconvenience caused to a poor man being obviously much greater than that caused to a rich one. Hence it is that all saving receives the price which must be paid to the most expensive savers, those, in fact, who would not save at all unless they received, say, three per cent.

Thus, for the use of capital required in the industrial system, two absolutely necessary payments must be made; a fund with minimum interest for the production and upkeep of the business fabric; and a further payment of interest to elicit capital for the quantitative and qualitative growth of that business.

Lastly, we come to land. Just as in the case of labor and capital, there must be payments for maintenance and improvement. A third payment, however, comes in in this case, and that is called rent. This must be left for later consideration.

This, then, is the simple statement of how the industrial system begins, continues, and grows. Each one of the payments made to land, capital, and labor is a strictly necessary cost of production. And, as we have seen, this method of maintenance and growth is at once quantitative and qualitative, physical and moral.

This brings us to a further and, from the social point of view, a much more important and interesting consideration. *The industrial system produces more than its keep; what becomes of the surplus?* It is conceivable that the whole of the surplus product of the industrial system is capable of being distributed and consumed in such a manner as to promote its increased efficiency, and that quite without any regard to the more human interests of society. But we know, only too well, that great portions of this surplus product go neither to stimulate the growth and efficiency of industry itself nor, on the

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other hand, to the promotion of the common good. We know, on the contrary, that large amounts of it are taken as unnecessary and excessive payments which help rather to depress than to stimulate both the industrial and the social systems. To use the words of a capable English economist, "*the abuse or uneconomical use of the surplus product is the source of every sort of trouble or malady of the industrial system, and the whole problem of industrial reform may be conceived in terms of a truly economical disposal of this surplus*" (*The Industrial System*, J. A. Hobson, p. 78).

Before the rise of our modern capitalistic industry surpluses were relatively small, and so there remained a very small margin wherewith to increase industrial progress, on the one hand, or to pass as "unearned increment" into the hands of the landlord or financier. But now the industrial organism tends more and more to increase and with it the surplus margin grows greater and greater. It must be clearly understood that we have no cause for complaint that great surpluses increase or that they are made productive by being applied to genuinely reproductive purposes, but only that so large a proportion of them are applied to unproductive and socially destructive purposes. *At present no law exists for the apportionment of such surpluses except the law of superior force.* Landowners, capitalists, laborers, or combinations of these, can, exactly in proportion to their strength, appropriate as unearned and excessive gains lumps of this surplus. It, therefore, rests upon us all seriously to consider any proposals which may be made with a view to securing that as much as possible of this industrial surplus should be applied to the purposes of industrial and social progress "instead of passing in the shape of unearned income to the owners of the factors of production, whose activities are depressed, not stimulated, by such payments."

There can be little doubt that larger and larger shares of "surplus" tend to pass into the hands of certain large interests—the banker and financier, transport companies, city land owners, manufacturers of protected or patented goods, brewers and distillers, and contractors for public works; and while this is so these large appropriators can in no way be said to return to the industrial system anything like proportionate services for what they receive—they do little to stimulate either

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industrial or social progress. "Among *entrepreneurs* the financier or manipulator of fluid capital and of credit is at present in a position of such vantage that his share of the surplus is out of all proportion to his services. Much of the surplus goes in overpayments, which check, instead of stimulating, efficiency and progress, while other portions of the system, especially the lower grades of labor, are deprived of the share needed to evoke, educate, and support the growing efficiency requisite for participation in the more rapid march of modern industry" (*Ib.* pp. 136-138).

It now remains for us to indicate in the briefest manner certain ways of diverting this "surplus" into more suitable and productive channels. First, we have what is called the labor movement. This movement owed its early vigor very largely to the one-sided teaching of Karl Marx that "surplus," while entirely due to the laborer, had been appropriated by the capitalist; and that, in order to satisfy justice and redress the wrongs of the proletariat, this surplus must return to the class from which it came. But, without committing ourselves in any way to the Marxian fallacies, it is clear enough that the tremendous amount of unproductive surplus appropriated by the capitalists is entirely due to their strong strategical position, and this of itself is a quite sufficient justification of trades unionism and the labor movement. "Wherever such surpluses exist they form an object of attack for the labor movement, for since they are, *ex hypothesi*, unnecessary or excessive payments, taken by capital *because they can be got*, they can be secured by labor in higher wages and other improvements of conditions, if labor is strong enough. . . . The economics of the labor movement hinge mainly upon the existence of the (industrially and socially unproductive) 'surplus' held by the employing class and distributed as rent, extra profits, or interest, fees or salaries. The whole or any part of it can theoretically and in practice be diverted into real wages, if labor is strong enough to take it" (*Ib.* p. 206).

This, too, can be done, as Mr. Hobson shows us, without any detriment to the quantity or quality of production. Nay, rather with great and lasting benefit to both. This is a point that is so fiercely and frequently debated by apologists for the present capitalistic system that it will be well to keep it clearly in view as we proceed.

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Everything depends on the "surplus" which remains over when capital has taken its rightful share. If there is no "surplus," then, indeed, the labor movement has no economic basis whatever. (Nor, for the matter of that, has capitalism.) As things stand at present, labor is the weakest claimant for surplus, and the labor movement is an attempt to strengthen its position and so better its chances of obtaining a more equal share of it. So far capital has had all the best of it; its better organization, its abler direction, and its wealth have enabled it to offer a so far successful resistance to the demands of labor. Hence we find labor moving forward into politics, hoping here, with the help of legislative weapons, to strengthen its position. There is nothing necessarily socialistic about all this. *It is simply an attempt to improve the bargaining power of the workers.* "The growing disposition of trade unions to favor drastic land legislation, unemployed relief works, old-age pensions, wage-boards in sweating trades, as well as to promote large schemes of public education and public credit, is not attributable to any distinct theory of state functions or any preference of public to private enterprise. These projects are primarily viewed in their bearing upon the bargaining power of the workers. Land reform will help to relieve congestion of the labor market; unemployed relief and old-age pensions will economize the financial resources of the workers and their unions; education, poor law reforms, the repression of sweating conditions, will help to build up a more solid basis of working class organization. *The ultimate weapon of capitalism has always been and still is starvation*" (*Ib.* p. 210).

The labor movement has, of course, other ends in view as well, but it is engaged at present, first and before all, in attempting to secure for itself an increased share in the surplus product of industry, which remains after all necessary expenses have been met, and is at present distributed between capital, land, and labor, just exactly in proportion to their respective abilities to demand it.

What people seem so slow to recognize is this, that given a "surplus," it is far better that a larger share of it should go directly to increase the quality and quantity of production, by being more widely and beneficially distributed throughout the whole *personnel* of the industrial system, than that it should

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be narrowly accumulated and unprofitably misused by a very few in order to oppress the many. Ruskin's words have fresh meaning in this connection. "As diseased local determination of the blood involves depression of the general health of the system, all morbid local action of riches will be found ultimately to involve a weakening of the resources of the body politic." A wise distribution of "surplus" is, therefore, the true secret of industrial prosperity.

But although the labor movement has done something, and may yet do more, to equalize the distribution of "surplus," yet, after all, it has been and will always be but a clumsy instrument of redress. It is merely an attempt to fight capital on its own ground and by its own methods—the method of force. *Is it possible that some method of assigning the surplus product, more equitable, regular, and conducive to industrial progress than the method of force, can be devised?*

There can be no question that modern states are tending more and more to interfere with the working of industrial operations, with the result, and sometimes with the intention, of bringing about a more socially advantageous distribution of wealth. There are three main ways in which the State sees good to intervene.

1. State regulation of industry.
2. State operation of industry.
3. Taxation in order to raise revenue for public consumption.

How, then, do these interventions affect distribution?

1. *State regulation of industry.* "This includes all legal powers wielded by public bodies in the control of the conditions of private industry, which have the effect of diverting what would otherwise figure as interest, profit, or other emoluments of the stronger factors of production, into wages or other expenses connected with improved conditions of workers." Take, for instance, wages and arbitration boards, which have powers to determine wages, hours, or other conditions of labor. What they really do is to convert "unproductive surplus" into wages, leisure, or other benefit of the employees. And even if this should lead the employers to tax the consumer by raising his prices, yet it is found that the increased burden *falls mostly upon those incomes which are best able to bear it.* And so with all other industrial legislation the final effect, whether inten-

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tional or not, is to take something from the unproductive surpluses of the capitalist and convert them into some direct benefit for those who need them most, namely, the workers, the consumers, or even the public at large.

2. *State operation of industry.* The main effect of this is to convert private monopoly into public use and profit. Hence we notice an increasing tendency on the part of states and municipalities to undertake the ownership and control of services of transport and communication—city lands and houses, mining resources and sources of industrial power, banking and insurance, water, gas, and other routine local services. And in these cases the considerations of public order are as important as those of public profit. What the State or municipality does by such operation is to socialize profits which would otherwise have gone to the monopolist. These profits may be socialized in three ways. (1) The State may continue to charge monopoly prices and may use part of the surplus to pay wages of greater efficiency; or (2), it may lower prices and so allow the "surplus" to pass to the consumer; or (3), it may retain the surplus income for public use. In all these cases it is clear that "surplus" is better distributed. The question at issue is whether the quality and quantity of production is at the same time sustained or increased. As I have shown before, production and distribution can never be separated. At present production is maintained at cost of distribution. Under a Socialist form of government it is contended that we should have distribution maintained at the expense of production. It follows, then, that both the present capitalistic and the socialistic theories of industrial management are extreme. Just as the human organism is kept "in training" by a proper equation of nutrition with exercise, so should it be possible to keep the industrial organism "fit" by a proper equation of production with distribution. I contend, therefore, against Mr. Wells and the Socialists that the function of the State is in the main neither to produce nor to distribute, but to ensure that a proper and socially health-maintaining balance is preserved between production and distribution. The State should never allow the individual capitalist to become glutted with surplus profit; nor, on the other hand, should it allow him to practice industrial asceticism to such an extent as to become too weak to sustain a normal standard of productive energy. The State should in-

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terfere by all means, but that it should, except in extreme and obviously necessary cases, carry its interference to the extreme of appropriation is wholly inadvisable. In so far as the taking over of certain specific industrial operations—such, for instance, as the services of transport and communication—is necessary to national order and convenience, it should be carried out; but beyond that, no! Where the "unproductive surplus" of any individual capitalist increases to such an extent as to become a public menace it should be subjected to an automatically increasing burden of taxation. And this brings me to the third and last and most effective method of State interference.

"*All property is due to the efforts of individuals, and belongs by right to them. But the State, organized by individuals for their joint protection, must have such income as is required to perform this service. For this purpose, and this alone, it must be empowered to invade the property and incomes of individuals, and take by taxation what is necessary.*" The first bald statement of the right of the State to tax "surplus" in proportion to its ability to bear such taxation sounds like Socialism pure and simple, but a closer analysis of the statement will disclose in it a warp and woof of complementary and not antagonistic principles. All production must rightly have as its first intention the increased efficiency of individual life. Whatever rights the State has or acquires are entirely subsidiary to this. The State is for the individual, not the individual for the State. The State is merely intended to help the individual to self-determination, *per se movens*, as the Scholastics put it, and not *motum ab alio*. Men, at any rate for the most part, are not meant to live alone; for attempting to do so they are more likely to turn into beasts than angels. Man, then, lives in society, because society should help rather than hinder him in his progress towards self-realization. Society, then, not for itself, but only for the benefit of the individual, should be able to maintain itself in a progressively efficient condition, and in order to do this it must unceasingly receive, as we saw before, in the case of land, capital, and labor, a wage sufficient for its upkeep and growth. Socialists, finding that a few individuals have accumulated and misused the surplus fruits of production, have roundly denounced what they call Individualism as a wholly vicious principle, and have gone to the opposite extreme of crying out for a complete State appropriation of all the in-

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struments of production and exchange. The problem of distribution is entirely unsolved by their theories and the whole Christian principle of voluntary self-determination abandoned at a stroke. Man becomes a mechanical cog-wheel in an entirely deterministic society. Against such theories no protest can be too strong. But while protesting we must not forget that the private accumulation of immense wealth by the very few, instead of its widespread distribution, is a thing almost as bad as Socialism itself.

How, then, are we to find a better way? Our first intention is to give to every man in the State a free opportunity to realize his individuality to its utmost capacity. He must be placed, in fact, at the outset of his manhood, in a position of unhampered opportunity, economic, physical, intellectual, moral. He must have, according to his capacity, the best start that home, health, education, and religion can give him. As things are at present a very, very few young men can get this chance. Our business here is not with the Church and the interior life of the soul. Man lives in society, and the State is the concrete expression of what society can or cannot do for him. If the great unnecessary wrongs of our civilization are to be redressed, even in part, the State must be equipped to this end. Individualism, self-regarding, materialistic, and accumulative, has acquired such enormous economic power to perpetuate itself and all the evils that spring from it that the only earthly power capable of coping with it is the State. But the State must have as its end not the intention of abolishing individualism itself, but that of restraining this enormous abuse of it. What then is the State to do? In a word, it is to *tax unproductive surplus according to its ability to bear taxation.*

Unfortunately the two schools of thought, the capitalistic and socialistic, which have so far discussed this question of taxing surplus, have given us more heat than light upon the subject. The Socialists are so extreme in their doctrines, and the Capitalists so frankly mammonistic. Mr. W. H. Mallock, for instance, contends that "directive ability" is the mainspring of production, and that the only real incentive to "directive ability" is the possibility of colossal profit. Take away this incentive, directive ability will droop and disappear, production will diminish, and consequently employment, and the ensuing state of affairs, will be far worse than anything known at

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the present time. The simple answer to this is that the colossal profit gainer is, in the majority of cases, not the man of "directive ability," as I so plainly showed in my last paper, he is a "sleeper" and not a "worker." And even if he is a worker the quality of his productive work is useless if not positively harmful. In the financial sense of the terms, it is so often the fools that invent and the rogues that profit by their inventions. There is no necessary connection between profit and directive ability, at any rate between it and the kind of directive ability which controls and stimulates the best quality of production. As Mr. Wells puts it: "Let us consider some of the commoner methods of getting rich. There is first the selling of rubbish for money, exemplified by the great patent medicine fortunes and the fortunes achieved by the debasement of journalism, the sale of prize-competition magazines, and the like; next there is the forestalling, the making of "corners" in such commodities as corn, nitrates, borax, and the like; then there is the capture of what the Americans call "franchises," securing at low terms, by expedients that usually will not bear examination, the right to run some profitable public service for private profit, which would be better done by public hands; then there are the various more or less complex financial operations, watering stock, "reconstructing," "sharing out" the ordinary shareholder, which transfer the savings of the common, struggling person to the financial magnate. *All the activities in this list are more or less anti-social* (and for this reason truly unproductive), yet it is by practising them that the greatest successes of recent years have been achieved. Fortunes of a second rank have no doubt been made by building up manufactures and industries of various types by persons who have known how to buy labor cheap, organize it well, and sell its produce dear; but even in these cases the social advantage of the new product is often largely discounted by the labor conditions. It is impossible indeed, directly one faces current facts, to keep up the argument of the public good achieved by men under the incentive of gain and the necessity of that incentive to progress and economic development.

"One can only appeal," Mr. Wells proceeds, "to the intelligent reader to use his own personal observation upon the people about him. Everywhere he will see the property owner

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doing nothing, the profit-seeker busy with unproductive efforts, with the writing of advertisements, the misrepresentation of goods, the concoction of plausible prospectus, and the extraction of profits from the toils of others, while the real necessary work of the world—I don't mean the labor and toil only, but the intelligent direction, the real planning, designing, and inquiry, the management and evolution of ideas and methods—is, in the enormous majority of cases, done by salaried individuals, working either for fixed wage and the hope of increments having no proportional relation to the work done, or for a wage varying within definite limits" (*N.*, pp. 95-6, 98).

Having demonstrated, then, that the enormous unproductive surpluses so common at the present time are neither necessary for the individual good of the gainer, nor for the social good of the State, nor for the preservation of a high quality and quantity of production—nay, on the contrary, that these excessive surpluses work infinite harm to every individual in the State—we may go on to examine with care the possibilities for an equitable scheme by which these surpluses should be taxed in proportion to their ability to bear such taxation.

It must be continually borne in mind that whatever taxation be imposed by the State upon large unproductive surpluses, this taxation has no other end in view than the increase both of the quality and quantity of production. As I said before, just as right nutrition is the *sine qua non* of good training, so is right production the *sine qua non* of a healthy industrial or national organism. As things are at present, the capitalistic factor of the industrial organism is so strong that, by its very position, it can forcibly take more than its share of surplus, and this of course at the expense of the weaker factor, labor. Then, again, the State, which exists in order to uphold and protect all those general interests which its individual members have in common, may, without injustice, take from capitalistic surplus, so long as it does no detriment to the industrial organism as a whole nor to any of its factors, sufficient to keep itself fit and strong enough to perform all its proper functions. Lastly, it must take no more than capital can bear; that is to say, capital must only be deprived of such surplus as would prevent it by excess from maintaining its fullest output of productive energy and growth, just as a man in train-

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ing may be beneficially deprived of things that militate against his "fitness."

The whole argument of this paper, from its comparative newness, may seem a little strange, theoretic, and unreal, but I think that the reader, after exercising himself in it a little, will gradually become convinced of its extreme and practical simplicity. If the equity of this surplus taxation is once perceived, its practical application will soon follow. At present people are so afraid of that word Socialism, that any, even the mildest, suggestion of State interference is labelled with it at once. But the whole controversy is raging between extremes. There must be some workable and just mean between the present unhampered license which is permitted to any one with "money" to do what he will with his own, no matter what the social or industrial consequences, and the opposite Socialist vision of a State owning all the means of production and exchange. Such a scheme as here laid down in the rough seems to be such a mean. Its economic doctrines are already accepted as unexceptionable by reputable economists and social reformers, and having thus barely introduced them I must recommend those who wish to study them further to read for themselves Mr. J. A. Hobson's *Industrial System*.

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GREEN WOOD AND DRY.

BY HELEN HAINES.

I.

IT is something to have relieved one's mind of a three years' contract for engine oil, and the General Superintendent of the Atlantic and Western, thinking over his decision, had found it good.

Now that General Manager Catesby was at Hot Springs, and it was round house gossip he might never return, a feeling almost of omnipotency took possession of Roger Eldredge.

The contract had gone to the Universal Oil Company. He was surprised, therefore, to see beside his breakfast plate, a day or two after the papers had been signed, an envelope with the superscription of the oil company in the upper left corner. Omnipotency is not open to correspondence after the *fiat*, and Eldredge's frown, as he tore the letter open, plainly indicated annoyance.

"That looks as though it should have gone to your office," his wife explained, half-apologetically.

Roger, with a grumbling "I had hoped this matter was settled," began to read; but Mrs. Eldredge, watching him, as she kept the maid busy supplying his needs, was relieved to see his brow clear.

When they were alone he asked suddenly: "The boy isn't about, is he?"

"He is out long ago, over in the meadow picking bluets; do you want him?"

"I don't wish him to hear just now. Seymour, of the Universal Oil Company, is sending him a pony."

"Seymour! Why, Roger, he scarcely knows the child!"

"It is a compliment to me, my dear," said Roger with a gratified smile. "We have given Seymour's company a big oil contract—one of the things Catesby left to me when he went away."

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Mrs. Eldredge grew thoughtful, and there was a moment's pause before she said: "Of course, Roger, we couldn't accept such a present, if you were *just giving* this contract."

"Edith, I said we *had* given it." Roger looked a little impatient. "Seymour might have sent me cigars, or a case of champagne, they often do. You wouldn't want him to send that sort of gift to the boy?" he asked playfully, his good humor restored with a second cup of coffee.

"No—o"; said his wife absently. Roger laughed, and she added more positively: "Don't be absurd, dear, I am in earnest. Somehow the other things are not so tangible; while a pony is an ever present reminder of *something*."

Eldredge pushed his plate aside and looked across the table at his wife. His voice, too, was positive, as he answered: "Well, Edith, the pony is being shipped to-morrow. I could wire Seymour not to send it; but what possible difference can it make? Even if a man in my position always refuses to receive gifts, every one thinks he takes them. Why, look at Catesby! He owns stock in the Universal, and is going off for a six months' cruise with its president."

"But Mr. Catesby is a rich man. Everybody associates him with yachts and Hot Springs and other luxuries."

"Most people associate him with the Atlantic and Western; but, while I admit he's made a good thing out of it, there isn't any reason why he shouldn't. I certainly would, if I were in his place"; and Roger closed the discussion by rising from the table, linking his wife's arm in his, as together they stepped through one of the long dining-room windows on to the porch.

There, in the early June sunshine, a sweet picture was framed by the honeysuckle vines—a trim lawn sloped gently to a brook, spanned by a rustic bridge, and on the other side, in the midst of a wide meadow covered with bluets, stood a little lad, his wide-brimmed straw hat hanging by its elastic, his hands and the basket on his arm filled with the flowers he was still picking; and, with the tenderness prompted by the loving pride of possession, Eldredge took his wife in his arms and kissed her gently.

They were interrupted by a cheery voice calling inside the house, a voice whose owner was evidently dear and expected, for Roger turned to the window with a welcome for his friend,

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John Hatton, and Edith picked a fragrant sprig of honeysuckle to decorate him.

Hatton submitted, but laughed. "Oh, you can't escape a chiding by any such blandishments. I'm late enough as it is. Mother fairly pushed me out of the house. But you, Edith, are responsible for the Acting General Manager, and he is not setting his subordinates a very good example this morning."

"Acting General Manager?" Roger questioned nervously. "What do you mean, Jack?"

"Oh, come, you know very well Catesby's much worse off than is admitted, and this leave is preparatory to his resigning altogether. It's confidently expected, Madam Edith, your husband is to be made Acting General Manager."

"Splendid!" cried Edith; but added: "Poor Mr. Catesby."

Roger made no comment, but glanced over his shoulder at the dining-room clock. "Time's up, John, we must hustle down."

Mrs. Eldredge followed the men out through the hall to the open front door. "I must go too and tell the boy about the pony; get Roger to tell you, Jack, about the pony," she called after them.

Edith stood and watched the men as they walked away; the tall, nervous figure of her husband, his blue eyes alert and eager, his blond head slightly held forward, as if searching for that material advancement on which his heart was set; and the straight, well-knit man at his side, in whose calm gray eyes dwelt ideals, saved from an indefinite fulfillment by a kindly twinkle of humor. They had been boyhood and college friends, and their first work together had been on the Lumberton, a road of eighty miles or so, mulcted by a long and dishonest receivership. Inside of two years, by hard work and stringent economies, they had made it pay a small dividend to its stockholders. This road had become a division of the Atlantic and Western, and the men on it had been promoted gradually to the main line. Hatton had not married, but lived with his widowed mother. He was the godfather of the Eldredges' only child, and the tie which united the friends was very close.

"I didn't tell Edith my other bit of news," said Hatton, as he and Roger walked on briskly to their offices, "for I know how it will distress her to leave the home; but have

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you heard the talk of our general offices being moved to New York?"

"Yes"; Roger replied. "It would be a great thing for us."

"I don't agree with you," answered his friend firmly. "It's poor business; the expense is great, and we only reach tide-water through pure connection, so there's no reason for it."

"But every road, including our rival the Midland, now has general offices in New York."

"Perhaps that accounts for the lax discipline on most of them. It's not the desirability of being in New York that makes the move necessary, but it's the desirability of being near the ticker that has affected all of us."

"I can't see why a man shouldn't use his knowledge of railway affairs to make a quiet turn or two," retorted Eldredge.

"Ah, if it were only his knowledge of *actual business;* but since he is buying or selling stock for purely fictitious reasons, it's all wrong; and I'm surprised to hear you've been taken in by the apparent speciousness of the newer dispensation."

"This comes naturally from you," laughed Eldredge good-humoredly, "your father wouldn't take a railroad pass when he was President of the Transylvania Central—said he couldn't complain of anything if he accepted favors."

Hatton smiled; "I don't mean to be quixotic, Roger; I mean to be honest; and I hope to stay so. But men no older than you and I know the real railroad man is now an almost extinct species, found usually on the sidings, for Wall Street owns us."

"Oh, you're old-fashioned, Jack," Roger said easily; "it's a day of big things, and you mustn't forget that."

"Maybe so, maybe so—but what about the pony? Was it a pony Edith said?"

Eldredge explained.

"Of course, Roger, you won't touch it."

"Good Lord, man!" cried Eldredge, somewhat nettled, "the contract was made and signed before I ever heard of a pony."

"Still you must have known Catesby is a stockholder in the Universal?"

"Certainly, but that fact didn't influence me—not a little bit; and the results of the U. O. Co.'s tests—we've been making tests on the line for two months, and I've been keep-

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ing close tab on the reports—showed up so much better than those of any competing company, and for the class of oil their prices are really lower. Look here, Jack, you can give me pointers on traffic any day, but when it comes to my part of the business—"

"You'd like me to mind mine," laughed Hatton; and, their differences forgotten, the two friends parted at their offices.

Seymour's gift soon arrived, and the little creature became one of the family. Hatton never again referred to the propriety of Roger's accepting the pony, and if Edith sometimes had a return of her old misgivings, she said nothing to her husband. She could not but be happy in the delight of her little son over his new acquisition, and, as the summer days flew by, in her husband's pride in the boy's fearless horsemanship, for the child had learned at once to ride, as children do when furnished early with a mount.

So far as Roger was concerned, there had not been anything to discuss, but he was relieved that the actual arrival of the pony had checked any further expression of such absurd quibbling. Then, too, as Hatton's prophecy had come true, and Roger had been made Acting General Manager, the summer months had proved to be the busiest of his life. He had worked hard and unceasingly, desirous of making a record, so when Mr. Catesby's leave had expired, and his resignation should be made public, Roger would be the only practical choice for his successor.

Summer had given way to autumn, when Eldredge took advantage of an inspection trip, he had begun some two hundred miles up the line, to examine on his own account undeveloped coal and oil properties between the A. and W. and its paralleling rival, the Midland. It had necessitated a day's detour on horseback; in the late afternoon he returned to inspect his car shops, and a telegram from Hatton, that had come during his absence, was handed to him.

The Master Mechanic, to whom he was talking, saw him go white, and for an instant lose his accustomed self-control. But he soon spoke urgently: "My son has been injured, and I must leave at once. If 105 is in, get her ready, while I try the telephone."

There was but little comfort to be derived from the long distance, which only confirmed the news in the telegram. It

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was supposed that the child, riding the pony, had gone out to a grade crossing, to watch his father's special go by the afternoon before; that the animal had become frightened as the train approached, had partly thrown its rider, then rolled with him into a ditch by the roadside. Searching parties had been out all night, and in the morning had found the child unconscious, possibly dying. The maimed pony had been shot.

Up and down the line orders went—"Right of way for 105." Eldredge, knowing the engine, and sure of the sympathy of his men, saw there was yet a chance to cheat time. He sank into the fireman's seat, with a silent signal to his engineer, and the engine leaped forward, flashing along the track, as a meteor shoots through the sky. Crouched in his corner, Roger sat with face set and stern, living over again every precious moment of the little life of his child. His eyes pierced the growing darkness, as if to read its secrets, but whirling by, silent and black, it gave no sign. Night fell, and the great searchlight flooded the track ahead, revealing flying mileposts, halting trains. From time to time the yawning fire box at his feet opened to take into its hungry maw the coal poured in by the sweating fireman; the indicator of the steam-gauge climbed up and up. Occasionally there was a short panting stop for water and fuel; and once a telegram was handed in, on which were the words—"No change."

Roger winced, and crushed the paper in his hand. He thought of Edith alone with sorrow—alone, perhaps, with death. "Ah, no; not that!" he groaned aloud, "not death!"

The engineer, anticipating an order, looked across, but, seeing the motionless figure, understood.

Gray and chill the dawn came softly. Eldredge shivered. Like some great bird, brooding on her nest, it hovered, then settled on a waking world.

As they reached the city, at the grade crossing nearest his home, a red flag hung across the track. On the roadside a buggy waited, a grim and silent man holding the horse's head. It was John Hatton, and Roger knew, by the pity in his eyes, that death had won.

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II.

Near the market-place lie the modern gardens of Hesperides. Its golden fruit falls readily enough to those who, daring opportunity, snatch it from its guardians; but those who bear the weight of the world—its poverty, its misery—can watch only from afar the ingathering.

With the removal of the A. and W.'s general offices to New York, and in his capacity as Catesby's successor, Eldredge had reached his opportunity. The passing years had more than justified his appointment, for the business of the road had more than doubled under his far-seeing management; and Roger, too, had profited, as Catesby had before him, until he had reached a position far in advance of his dreams in simpler days. Indeed, many of the chances to make money had seemed so obvious, that he felt he had not yet tried his mettle.

There had been that little diversion of a new branch line through timber land, acquired by Roger, and where new towns now were building; and that block of stock, presented by a railway supply company to Edith, which had enabled him to purchase more cheaply for the needs of the road than if forced to buy in the open market. Then there was a sale of twenty miles of light rail to the Pickering Lumber Company, with its great mills on the A. and W., when Eldredge, as well as the scrap dealers through whom the purchase was made, had received a handsome commission. Always there was the stock market with its fascinating fluctuations. But each round of the ladder surmounted, only served to show a prospect more alluring, and Eldredge soon hoped to command sufficient resources to develop the coal and oil lands lying in that rough country between the A. and W. and their great rival, the Midland—lands that he had examined on that dreadful day which he had trained himself to forget. The way to accomplish this dear project was not yet clear, but Roger had grown to have faith in his star—in his ability to "make it all up to Edith," as he epitomized it.

In memory alone Edith seemed to move, to live, life having become a dim unreality. While she flitted through it gracefully enough, playing her part, cultivating at Roger's request its social side, where it would best benefit his career,

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she constantly viewed the rewards with suspicion, fearing to taste the fruit tossed into her lap by her husband's generous hand, lest she should find it had already suffered blight.

One of the privileges of wealth is its ability to command the price of genius. From photographs, a golden curl, a mother's story told with its heartbreak, the great artist Edith had commissioned to paint her boy's portrait, had taken his cue. The result had been an inspiration. Mrs. Eldredge had hung it in a room she sadly called the "play-room," where it became the only object. Here she still kept a few of her child's faded books and belongings; here she had furnished with comfortable chairs and some reminders of the happy past. It sometimes seemed all that was left to her, for Roger was preoccupied, and the house often filled with guests—new friends, for there seemed no time for the old intimacies. Even John Hatton, who had also moved to New York as Eldredge's Traffic Manager, no longer ran in for an informal chat. The complexities of a fashionable city house barred the door, and the increasing formality bored him. He remembered the anniversaries dear to the mother heart, but Edith rarely saw him, and heard of him chiefly through his business meetings with her husband.

To Hatton's honest conservatism the changes wrought by the years had meant not only the loss of this intimacy, but the subversion of the old order of railroading; and he often found himself wondering when, according to the standards of the new, he should be weighed and found wanting.

That time came when Eldredge, comparing month by month the published reports of the Midland, saw that his company's showing was unsatisfactory. He felt that the rival road was getting their business, and although somewhat uncertain as to the cause of the falling off in traffic, knew the situation demanded some change.

The explanation he sought came to him in an interview he had in his car when he was up the line on a business trip with Pickering, the manager and chief owner of the Pickering Lumber Company.

In response to Roger's perfunctory: "Well, Mr. Pickering, how's business?" the mill man responded with an acid attack on the policy of the A. and W.'s Traffic Manager in holding up rates.

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"Why, Mr. Eldredge," he said, "if Hatton had cut that rate only forty cents a thousand, we'd had that big contract with the Manganese Dock Co.—three hundred million feet it amounted to—and the A. and W.'d gotten every foot of it! Three hundred million feet!" he added impressively.

"Who did get it?" asked Eldredge.

"Peyton and Brooks."

"Well they have two mills on our road and ship over the A. and W."

"You'll get less'n a hundred cars of it and only a fifty-mile haul on that; the Midland's seen to all that, through their new short line to Peyton's Siding," growled Pickering. "Why, look here, Mr. Eldredge, we've got six mills on your road, and we're good customers of yours, but you folks don't appreciate it. You don't do a thing to help us. This ain't the first time we've lost a big contract, because your traffic people have got their eyes glued to the published tariff. I'm thinking we'd best extend that twenty miles of track we've got out to Pickering Mills, and connect up with the Midland; it's only fifteen miles across there, and the Midland would sell us rails a sight cheaper'n you did."

Roger soon disabused Pickering's mind that he feared any such threat, but the mention of the Pickering Mills Branch, in this connection, caught his attention, and there opened out before him the possibility of realizing his cherished project in this little lumber road. If it were not extended south to the Midland, but *southwest* to the great city of Richburg, which the Midland had made, it would tap that coal and oil country. But Roger put his vision aside for future reference, and having shown his interest in the industrial development of the Pickering lumber business, by a suggestion that Mrs. Eldredge had some money lying idle which he would like to invest, Pickering's wrath cooled; and as *he* needed the money for expansion and improvements he gladly accepted Roger's offer.

"Come in to see me, Mr. Pickering," Roger said, as they parted at Pickering Mills Junction," the next time you find the tariff more than business will stand, and I will see if I can get our people to let up on you a bit."

The results of this meeting were momentous and far-reaching in their effect upon the fortunes of all concerned. First there was a "concession" in rates to the Pickering Lumber

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Company, of which that concern's rivals knew nothing. Then there came the incorporation of the Pickering Mills Railway, as a *separate* company; this became the lever by which Eldredge achieved his plan. The third effect followed a short conference Roger had with his old friend and Traffic Manager, John Hatton.

"Look here, John," said the General Manager, when they met in his office, and after they had indulged in personalities for a few moments. "Look here, John, aren't you a trifle old-fashioned in your business methods? Our balance sheets, compared with the Midland's, are making a poor showing the past six months. For instance, I happen to know that the Pickering Lumber Co. would have shipped three hundred million feet of lumber our way recently, if you'd shaved the price a bit."

Hatton looked at Eldredge questioningly; and for a second gray eyes met blue. "You know the rates, Roger, as well as I do," said Hatton.

"We're not playing choo-choos, John; we are running a big railroad for what there is in it; and you are Traffic Manager to get the business."

"But the Pickering Lumber Co. can afford to pay the regular rates," argued Hatton; "if we shave on them, there's just as good reason to shave on the Amalgamated Iron Co. and the Central Oil Co. and the Western Wheat Growers and the—"

"Never mind their names," interrupted Roger angrily, pounding his fist on his desk. "You understand me, once for all, Hatton; get the business—that's what you're here for!"

A momentary silence followed this explosion. "And, Eldredge, you understand me, once for all, I'll never cut a cent on the regular rates."

As Hatton, with a quiet "Good-morning," left the office, Roger shrugged his shoulders. He knew his friend, and well understood he had spoken his final word, and that his resignation would follow shortly; but the old associations tugged at his heartstrings, and he felt he could not sacrifice the old friendship, however much they might differ in their business point of view.

To meet this difficulty, it was necessary to consult the Atlantic & Western's President, and after laying the matter before him, it was decided to offer Hatton the Company's new land agency, with a title of Engineer of Land, and a somewhat

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higher salary. Hatton's obstructive policy would be eliminated and the position of Traffic Manager offered to the Midland's shrewd General Freight Agent, whom Eldredge vaguely characterized as a "hustler."

But the person to whom Roger most dreaded to speak of this change was his wife, and he broached the subject with considerable finesse one opera night as they waited in the playroom for their motor.

Edith took the news silently for a moment, then she remarked gravely: "I can't fancy your side-tracking him in that way."

"How queerly you look at things, Edith," her husband replied indignantly. "We're promoting him. He will get a larger salary, and nothing like as hard work."

"But why does he resign his present position?" persisted Edith. "You said when you became General Manager and made Jack Traffic Manager the Midland would have to work to get *any* business at all."

"What I said then would be true now if John wasn't so stiff on his rates. As it is, the Midland is getting *our* business."

Edith looked perplexed. "But I thought all the roads agreed on rates.

"Certainly they agree! I can't go into details, my dear; but you've often seen the sign, 'Liberal Discounts to Large Consumers'; in other words, the people who buy the most, should get more privileges than those who buy little." Roger picked up an evening paper and scanned the reports of the stock market.

"But the railroads do not advertise their discounts," reasoned Edith, "and what becomes of the small shipper, Roger?"

Eldredge, deep in his newspaper, did not answer, and his wife sat looking dreamily into the slumbering wood fire, thinking how far away seemed that meadow by the rippling water, and the little child standing in the midst of the bluets.

"I wonder what John thinks of it," Mrs. Eldredge said, returning to the subject, as she and her husband were being carried swiftly down town.

Eldredge gave an indulgent sigh. He was sorry he had opened the subject, for he had looked forward to an evening's diversion, and found Edith somewhat *exigeante*. "Oh, John is old-fashioned in his ideas. He seems to have no conception

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of the magnitude of a great corporation's business. He thinks we're working still on the old Lumberton."

"Oh, Roger, I wish you were," cried his wife wistfully. "Those were dear happy days. I am afraid we have left forever our Garden of Eden; and if we tried to enter again, we would find at the gate the Angel of the Flaming Sword. No; we couldn't go back," she added sadly. "I wonder whether John Hatton could."

"You've such fanciful ideas sometimes, Edith. Looking back over the past years, I think my life compares very favorably in usefulness with Hatton's. What has he done for his neighbor? Why doesn't he turn his money over? He's had a big salary for years! Look at the A. and W. under my management! And what does John do for the poor? I have yet to see his name on a subscription list. You know my list of charities—and when I'm richer I'll increase them. Wait until I am president of one of the biggest systems of roads in the country—and I will be some day—"

"I hope so, dear, since it is what you are working for," replied Edith gently, but the door of the limousine opened and she was silenced.

III.

Roger's first move towards perfecting his project, was his quiet withdrawal from the Pickering Lumber Company. In the division of interests he retained, as his share, the line of twenty miles, known as the Pickering Mills Railway which extended southwest from the Atlantic and Western towards the Midland. This arrangement satisfied the lumber company, whose business had increased enormously since the freight reductions had been made, and Eldredge agreed to handle their logs for what it was costing them. For president of this short line he selected one of the former mill superintendents, whose chief qualification for the position was gratitude.

Then, piece by piece, Eldredge secured options on those large tracts of rich, undeveloped lands between the A. and W. and the Midland.

The preliminary surveys toward Richburg aroused consternation in the Midland camp, and the feeling of bitterness between the paralleling lines increased when the A. and W., sup-

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posed to be backing the scheme, was warned to keep out of Midland territory.

Eldredge could not refrain from an astute smile, as he watched the course of Midland Common, which, at all times a highly speculative stock, was responding, as he anticipated, to these new influences brought to bear upon it; and he knew the time was now ripe to present his plans to the well-known banking firm he had selected.

"Building one road, while stepping on the toes of another, is not altogether a satisfactory proposition," was the wary answer to Roger's opening remarks.

But Roger was not discouraged. He was certain of the commercial value of his proposition, and certain of the men whose co-operation he sought. For years he had awaited this moment of brilliant efflorescence under appreciative eyes. He patiently unfolded his plan, which was to form a syndicate to finance the extension of the Pickering Mills Road. He told just what he would provide in the way of franchise, survey, right of way. Just what percentage of the stock of the new company he would expect, what participation in the underwriting of the bonds. He had not brought with him either plans or estimates, but he produced a small map, which, while not drawn to scale, gave an adequate idea of the position of the rival lines.

"This Pickering Mills Railway," he said, "is already built a distance of twenty miles southwest from our line. But if we announce a plan to extend it into Richburg—the Midland's city—Midland Common will jump quickly; and after that announcement, should the A. and W. determine upon a radical reduction in freight rates, it would assist the slump tremendously."

There was no doubt now that Roger's proposals had aroused interest. "So, beside the financing, the building of this new line, your idea is that this syndicate might make a quick turn in Midland securities?" he was asked.

"No"; Eldredge replied positively, "this speculation should place the means at our disposal to buy in control of Midland before the Midland people discover what has happened."

"What then?"

"After my directors have had time to realize *their* position, to consolidate the rival systems."

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"Ah—h! So not the Atlantic and Western, but *you*, Mr. Eldredge, own this Pickering Mills Road!"

Roger smiled assent. He knew that he had won. "The coal and oil are well worth development," he explained; "but if we succeed, the building into Richburg—" he shrugged doubtfully.

"Hardly necessary. We must congratulate you upon the ability with which you have handled this proposition. Our success"—the head of the banking house smiled contentedly—"will be due to your foresight."

"Say, rather," rejoined Roger with affable humility, "to your wide experience in the market, and my presentation of salable wares."

The heavy selling of Midland Common, which began almost immediately after the syndicate plans were perfected, was apparently justified, when the newspapers announced a serious rate war between the rival lines. The knowledge, too, that a new line into Richburg had been surveyed through their most profitable territory, made the Midland clique heavy sellers of their own stock. Heretofore they had found no difficulty in buying back their short sales at a satisfactory profit; but now, when they felt the decline had gone far enough, they were amazed to find the stock reacting buoyantly. Their brokers, receiving orders to change front, found Midland Common advancing more rapidly than it had declined; and the Midland crowd were dismayed when they learned the stock sold by them had passed out of their hands, and with it the control of the road—the syndicate, of which Eldredge was a partner, held a majority of the shares.

When the Atlantic and Western directors were in a sufficiently receptive frame of mind, Eldredge placed before them the plan to merge the long-contending rival lines. He was careful to point out to them the advantages that would result if his scheme were effected; but the men who controlled the A. and W. were not long in realizing that the governing spirit of this new consolidation must be their former General Manager, backed as he was by one of the strongest exponents of the modern school of finance.

Absorbed in these responsibilities Roger had been working early and late. He felt a pang of compunction, now that success was assured, over his neglect of his wife, who had lingered

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on in the city, worried over his haggard face and unstrung nerves, hoping the summer months would bring a respite and a little of their former companionship.

Flushed and triumphant, he hurried home to tell Edith of the results of the meeting before she should see the news in any of the evening papers. He found her before their boy's portrait, finishing the arrangement of some wild flowers, the lonely mother heart tenderly relighting the fires of its love before its sacred shrine.

Edith looked up as her husband entered the play-room.

"I've won the day, Edith," he cried. "I've been made President of the Consolidated Lines."

She came back from the silent places, where her soul had been wandering, and as she finished her simple task, the harassing encroachments of their lives never before had seemed so cruel. She turned with a stifled sigh, for she knew it was a time for congratulation. "I know I should be very proud of you, dear," she said with an effort. She sat on the arm of the chair into which Roger had sunk; he was sitting with closed eyes, weary now the excitement was over.

"What have you been doing to-day, Edith?" he asked. "Ah," he added sadly, noting the flowers for the first time, "I know, I know."

His wife wound her arms about him. "John sent them. The boy would have been twenty-one to-day," she whispered softly. "I have been thinking over the years, dearest; and I think it all began with the pony. Oh, husband, could we have brought *him* with us on all these triumphal marches, you and I?" And kissing Roger gently, Edith left the room, closing the door behind her.

Roger Eldredge was alone. His thoughts were of the son who would have been twenty-one that day. What chums they would have been! How proud the boy would have been of his father, the youngest railroad president of one of the greatest systems in the country! He rose with squared shoulders and head held high. He glanced about the room, and the familiar objects became invested with rare import on this day of days. His eye rested on the little riding crop, which hung by the fireplace, waiting for the child who had never come to use it. Roger's chin fell to his chest, and he began to walk restlessly to and fro. Was Edith right, and had it all

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begun with the pony? Had what begun? What did Edith mean?

John Hatton had remembered the day and he had forgotten! To him it had been but the crowning of his own ambition. Roger, recalling the events of his rapid rise in life, saw his victory rise to face his questioning soul, and slowly it emerged a pitiful thing.

Twenty-one to-day! Would he have been with his father, learning from him the tortuous methods of the modern business man? No; a thousand times No!

Suddenly Roger understood why his little child had so long ago crossed the river, and had stayed in those fair fields on that far other side. Who was he to have led that little white soul —that greatest gift of God—on the longer up-hill world journey? How dark and sinuous seemed the path of his own following, which all along had beckoned fair and straight!

He paused in his restless walk before the portrait, whose childish eyes searched his with wistful tenderness. Kneeling, he passed his hand over the flowers humbly, as though he feared their innocent petals would close at his touch. Their gentle aroma called back to him the joy of life, its spring-song, its purity.

"Oh, little son," he cried. "At last I know! I'm only another sort of failure."

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THEOLOGY AND MATHEMATICS.

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

"THE pure intellect usually exhibits to the full its astonishing capabilities, I think, only on two subjects—pure mathematics, which are its creation, and in which it legitimately claims absolute supremacy; and dogmatic theology, in which it submits contentedly to the only position allowed it on the field of morals and religion, the humble and dutiful subserviency to the spiritual nature."

These weighty words of Dr. William George Ward, in his once famous work *The Ideal of a Christian Church* (Chapter V., page 28), may be said to serve a two-fold purpose. For, while they bring before us very forcibly the high intellectual delights that may be found in the study of dogmatic theology, they remind us at the same time that the Catholic theologian must bring something else besides mere intellectual power to this sacred study. But, apart from its immediate purpose, the comparison has a curious interest for its own sake. And it may well set some readers wondering why these two sciences, which on this showing would seem to have much in common, are so seldom associated with one another in actual experience. The sciences themselves appear to move in different spheres, so that they never come into contact. There is thus none of the hostility which too often arises between theologians and professors of other sciences. But, on the other hand, there is no mutual help or friendly co-operation; and those who are masters in one of these high temples of knowledge very often know little and care less about the other.

To some extent, we suppose, this fact can be explained partly by the diversity of natural gifts and tastes and aptitudes, and partly by the exigencies of professional education. Without adopting to the full Dogberry's doctrine, that reading and writing win by nature, we may safely say that most children are born into the world with special fitness, or maybe unfitness, for certain lines of learning; and even at an early age the bent for science or literature may be plainly discernible.

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This may be illustrated by the words of a French song on the boyhood of Napoleon:

À genoux, à genoux, au milieu de la classe, l'enfant mutin!
Avec un cerveau en feu pour l'Algébra, et la glace pour le Latin.

The first stages of a schoolboy's education are rightly made on broad and general lines, for the mere rudiments both of letters and science may well be within the capacity of most children. But there will always be many who cannot go beyond a certain point, and in some direction they will soon reach their natural limit. Thus, even with those who have leisure and opportunity for a full development of their powers, and love learning for its own sake, many must fain content themselves with elementary mathematics, and cannot hope to reach the higher regions of this science. But, in any case, comparatively few are allowed their choice or opportunity of full development on their own lines. The great mass of men meant for active life have but small scope for intellectual culture of any kind. And those destined for some learned profession will soon have to specialize their studies at the expense of other fields of knowledge outside the province of their own profession.

It is true that in many cases time might be found or made for other studies. But most men need some other stimulus to study besides the love of knowledge for its own sake. For this reason theological and biblical learning is generally left to the clergy. And the study of higher mathematics will be confined, for the most part, to those who require it for their work in life, or for the purpose of an examination at the outset of a professional career. In the latter case it will generally be relinquished when once the object in view is achieved. In the same way students of theology, when they come to the parting of the ways in their educational course, not unnaturally take the more literary and classical line, which seems more closely connected with their own sacred science. And unless they happen to be schoolmasters or have some special gift and taste for mathematical studies, they will generally drop them and, sooner or later, lose the little they have learnt in their schooldays. In this way it may well be that accomplished theologians will be at a loss if called upon to discuss

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the metaphysics of the infinitesimal calculus, and many of them even may never have heard of any quaternions save those appointed to guard the Apostle in his captivity.

It would be unreasonable to complain of this dissociation of theological and mathematical studies. For, in the case of the generality of students, it is natural, not to say unavoidable. Many would only waste their time in attempting to combine the two studies. And in other cases there may be other branches of science more practically useful to the theologian. Yet here as elsewhere it may be that the division of labor in the field of science has been carried a step too far. And, as theology stands to gain from the wider culture of its professors, it might surely be an advantage if those who have a natural taste and capacity for mathematics were to cultivate this branch of study and note its analogy with their own sacred science. The old Schoolmen, it may be remembered, conceived of all the sciences as an ordered system or hierarchy, wherein theology was the queen and the others the ministering handmaidens. Looking at the matter in this light we may well expect to see some signs of connection or of sympathy between mathematics and the sacred science of theology. And though at first sight it may seem that the two sciences lie far apart, and belong to wholly different regions of thought, a broader and deeper study of their literature and history will reveal many points of contact.

In the first place, it is a significant fact that, though ordinary students of the one science may neglect the other, it has been otherwise with many of the great masters. For reasons already suggested this fact may have attracted little attention. But those few who happen to be familiar both with theological and mathematical literature, know that many theologians have done good service to the science of mathematics, and not a few of the first masters of mathematical science have achieved some distinction in the field of theology. Even outside Christian literature we meet with minds naturally disposed to speculate both on divine mysteries and on numbers, even if they do not combine them in a curious numerical mysticism. It will be enough to mention Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus, and Proclus, who, through the writings of Psuedo-Dionysius and the Book on Causes, had considerable influence on medieval theology.

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In the scholastic period we find a conspicuous instance of the association of mathematics and theology in the person of the *Doctor Profundus*, in other words, Thomas Bradwardin, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose name will be familiar to readers of Chaucer. This remarkable man, one of the most original minds among the later Schoolmen, has left some treatises on mathematics, among them being one, *De Quadratura Circuli*. And some traces of his predilection for this science may be seen in the pages of his great theological work, *De Causa Dei Contra Pelagianos*. For, instead of following the fashion of contemporary scholastics, he anticipates Spinoza in the application of mathematical method in the field of religious philosophy. The book is probably little known to students of the present day. But, as Thomassinus surmises, it had considerable influence on the course of later theological controversy.

It is in some ways more remarkable to meet with instances of this kind in the later period, after the great movement of the Renaissance and the Reformation. For science and learning extended themselves more and more among the laity; and there was, moreover, a general tendency to greater specialization and division of labor. Yet even here we may find some of the most important mathematical work accomplished by members of religious orders, by theologians or amateurs in theology. Thus, it may be said that the first important step in the making of modern higher mathematics was the discovery of the method of indivisibles by Father Bonaventura Cavalieri, a member of the Jesuate or Hieronymite order. On this point it may be enough to cite the emphatic words of Carnot: "Cavalerius fut le précurseur des savants aux quels nous devons l'analyse infinitesimale; il leur ouvrit la carrière par sa *Géometrie des Indivisibles*" (*Réflexions sur la Metaphysique du Calcul Infinitesimal, n. 113*).

The merits of this religious mathematician are not, perhaps, so widely known as they deserve to be. But no student of mathematics is likely to forget how much the science owes to the painstaking analysis and ingenious suggestions of René Descartes. And if the father of analytical geometry and the inventor of the method of indeterminates was not exactly a theologian, his new presentment of the ontological argument betokens an intelligent interest in natural theology. Another

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great name in the history of mathematics fills a larger place in theological literature. And the Catholic theologian will naturally agree with the mathematician in wishing that Pascal had given to the science, which was his own peculiar province, the time and labor he bestowed on theology and Jansenist controversy. But those who are perplexed by the problems of apologetics would be loath to part with his *Pensées*, and the lover of literature could scarcely spare that delicate irony in the Provincial Letters. Curiously enough, one of the victims of that irony, "notre docte Caramuel," was a master of mathematical science as well as a moral theologian, and he gave some practical proof of his scientific gifts by his work as an engineer at the siege of Prague.

Before coming to the great names of Newton and Leibnitz, it may be observed that Newton's teacher, the Anglican Bishop, Isaac Barrow, was illustrious as a master of mathematical science before achieving distinction in the field of Protestant theology, and anti-Papal polemics. At the present day, no doubt, he is best known by the memory of his voluminous theological writings. But there can be little doubt that he rendered a more real and enduring service to scientific literature by his Latin edition and adaptation of the works of Archimedes and Apollonius. Newton himself, the master mind of modern mathematics, can scarce be accounted a theologian. But it will be remembered that he took a keen interest in some theological subjects, notably the interpretation of prophecy; though it may be safely said that his writings on these matters are only remembered for the fame of their author in other fields. A far higher importance attaches to the theological efforts of his great rival, Leibnitz. That truly universal genius has left much that is of permanent value in most of the varied sciences which engaged his attention. Yet it may be averred that the volume containing his theological writings is next in importance to the mathematical works that form the chief foundation of his fame.

And beyond their intrinsic merits, both alike have historical significance. For, on the one hand, much of all that is best in modern mathematics owes its origin to the suggestions of his genius, and in his first tentative essays we may see the forms of this science elaborated and elucidated by later writers. And, on the other hand, his efforts in irenical theology, his

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Protestant approximation to Catholic orthodoxy, seem to foreshadow the great movement of Catholic revival. This position of those two great mathematicians may remind us that in the eighteenth century the leadership in science was no longer left in the hands of Catholic ecclesiastics, and in the age of the encyclopedists and the revolution it seemed to belong to men yet further removed from Catholic orthodoxy. Yet even in those days some excellent work was accomplished by religious writers. Thus, it is pleasant to note that one of the best editions of Newton's *Principia* was edited in Rome with illuminating commentaries and appendices by Fathers Jacquier and Le Seur of the order of Minims. The value of this edition may be gathered from the fact that it was reprinted in Glasgow in the nineteenth century. By a curious confusion the editors of this reprint speak of Jacquier and Le Seur as Jesuits, in spite of the fact that the title page tells that they were Minims—an order which somehow seems more appropriate in connection with the method of fluxions and infinitesimals.

In these later days, when in every branch of learning there is an increasing tendency to greater specialization, we can hardly look for so many instances of a literary association of theology and mathematics. Yet the nineteenth century can boast some conspicuous examples of men who were masters in both realms of science. Thus, readers of this review will naturally recall the name of the late Father Bayma, the mathematician and religious philosopher, some of whose best work made its appearance in the early numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. A somewhat different association of the two sciences may be seen in the pages of that singular volume of mathematical theology or mythical mathematics, *Der Gott des Christenthums als Gegenstand streng wissenschaftlicher Forschung*, published at Prague some thirty years since, by Doctor Justus Rei—a book which irresistibly reminds us of Pope's line,

"See mystery to mathematics fly."

It may be hoped, however, that it does not fulfill the other half of the couplet.

A more searching and systematic survey of the history and literature of theology and mathematics might add many another name to the list of those who have achieved distinction in both these realms of science. And it must be remembered that, be-

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sides those who have written on both subjects, there are many more whose published work is confined to one alone, while the other has still remained a favorite theme of study. We have an instance of this in Dr. W. G. Ward, whose words were cited at the opening of this article. His writings bear witness to his proficiency in theology, and to most men he is mainly known by the part he took in a great theological movement. But it is only when we turn to his biography that we find that his attainments as a mathematician were scarcely less than his merits as a theologian. And, though his active work in this science was confined to the days of his tutorship at Oxford, to the last he found delight in that fascinating study.

This personal and historical association of theology and mathematics may well suggest the thought that there must be some objective connection between the two sciences, or that the same mental powers are called into play by both. And if this be so, the cultivation of mathematical study should be of some service to the theologian, both as a mental exercise and as a source of argument, or illustrations on suggestive analogies. Thus, to take an obvious instance, the aforesaid association and the comparison made by Dr. Ward may serve with some as an argument in defence of theology. In an age of materialism some men are apt to regard nothing but hard facts and objects that fall within the range of their sciences. And the purely intellectual speculations of theologians and philosophers are often dismissed as idle dreams without any solid foundation. The evidence of the senses is naïvely accepted, but it is doubted whether the reason can arrive at truth and certitude. But this shallow scepticism is confuted by the fact that the purely intellectual speculations of mathematicians arrive at results which can be safely tested by the evidence of the senses.

In this way the analogy of higher mathematics may rebuke the sceptic and the materialist and show how intellectual speculation and discursive reasoning may be a sure means of reaching a certain knowledge of necessary truth. But may not some theologians and apologists in their turn find wholesome lessons in mathematical analogy? There are some of us, it may be feared, too apt to conclude that a line of argument with which we happen to be familiar, or which appeals to us most powerfully is the one only and necessary way.

Thus on the great question as to the arguments for the ex-

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istence of God, we have, on the one hand, the familiar scholastic arguments set forth by St. Thomas and his followers, the ontological argument of St. Anselm, and Newman's argument from the testimony of conscience—to name but these few. And, unfortunately, we find that many, who very naturally prefer one or other of these lines of argument, are almost as anxious to demolish the other arguments as to defend their own. Some who take their stand by St. Thomas roundly reject the arguments of St. Anselm and Cardinal Newman as fallacies. Others, who agree with Newman in preferring the argument from conscience, go on to say, what Newman never said, that the scholastic proofs are invalid and unconvincing. Here the student of mathematics may find some help in the analogy of his own science. For are there not many mathematical truths that can be firmly proved by many and various independent lines of argument, by geometry, by ordinary algebra, by the method of indeterminate coefficients, by the differential calculus? The modern mathematician may remember, moreover, that though he may see the force and cogency of all these lines of argument, the old masters knew nothing of the last two methods, and there must still be multitudes to whom they are unknown, and some who would in any case be unable to appreciate them. For this reason he will be disposed to welcome a like abundance of independent arguments in natural theology, and though he may find one more helpful and satisfying to himself, he will have no desire to demolish the others. Nay, even though he may fail to see their force and cogency, he may modestly surmise that the fault lies in himself and not in the argument.

Cardinal Newman, it may be remembered, incidentally touches on the analogy of the differential calculus in illustration of his own attempt at a new method in his *Grammar of Assent*. But the remark is merely made in passing, and he does not, apparently, think it worth while to pursue the subject. It would seem likely, however, that a careful comparison would show not a few curious points of analogy between the new methods in mathematics and theology. In this connection it is important to observe that though the infinitesimal calculus at first sight seems to be content with probability and approximation, as Carnot has shown in his admirable reflections on its metaphysics, it really issues in rigorous accuracy. And

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the same may be safely said of Newman's methods in religious apologetics.

Another point in which some help may be found in the analogy of mathematics is the present tendency to deny discussion and synthetic reasoning, and to exalt the method of intuition and analysis. The classic instance of this in mathematics is the proof of the celebrated Pythagorean proposition. Euclid (I. 47) established it by an elaborated argument, based on several preliminary propositions, resting, in the last resort, on the primary axioms and definitions. In the modern method, discussed by Schopenhauer (*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, B. I., sect. 15) we take instead the particular case of the isosceles triangle and the truth of the whole proposition is seen at a glance. As the philosopher remarks, it is superfluous to prove it by other propositions or axioms. For its truth is so evident, that one who denied it might just as well deny the axioms themselves. At first sight this seems to support the current rejection of synthetic reasoning. But a further examination of the mathematical example will serve to correct this impression. For it must be observed that Euclid's arguments are not rejected as invalid, since they do in fact arrive at the same truth which is seen more speedily by the other method. The point is that the longer way is needless and superfluous. And the most strenuous advocate of discursive reasoning would not wish to waste words in proving a self-evident proposition. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that many important truths are not attainable by the direct and intuitive method, and most of us must be content to take the humbler path instead of the "high *priori* road." Some minds, it may be added, can see more at a glance than others; just as some have the power of seeing a large number, as thirty or forty, without having to count it. We have an instance of this in Archbishop Temple, who once remarked after a confirmation that there were forty-three boys present, and being asked if he had counted them, he said: "No; I saw them." The high powers of intuition possessed by some great mathematicians, may remind us of the scholastic distinction between understanding and reasoning, and of the teaching of St. Thomas, that angels in one idea see what men can only see in many. And that is another instance of the sympathetic harmony of mathematics and theology.

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A DYING MAN'S DIARY *

EDITED BY W. S. LILLY.

December 20, 1880.

IT is now just one week since I heard my sentence of death pronounced. "My dear M——, I must tell you frankly that you are very ill; I fear we can do nothing; it may be a matter of several months—or of several weeks; but it can only end in one way." Every word is graven in my memory as in letters of fire. I had expected to be told of a slight indisposition and to receive a prescription and an assurance that in a few days I should be myself once more. Instead of that I have been told that I am dying.

I hardly realize it even now. And yet I have been looking it straight in the face these seven days; I whose newborn happiness seemed so perfect! But I hardly dare think of that; and yet I must write and tell her. A day or two longer, when the figure of the grim shadow who is waiting for me has grown more familiar, and I feel absolutely sure of myself. Until then I must continue my daily letters to her, poor child, in the old strain; talk of the hopes which to me are the saddest mockeries, of our future life together in years when I know I shall have been long in the grave. It was only a fortnight ago that our marriage day was fixed: her last letter is full of our plans for our wedding tour. And to-day I must answer it! Ah, God! I think my heart will break.

No; I must play out this horrible comedy to the end. Already I know something of the tranquillity of the eternal silence, at which I have been gazing so intently, has passed into my soul. I can think calmly enough of quitting my place here; another will fill it better; of looking for the last time at

* This vividly interesting document has been in my possession for more than a quarter of a century. I am now permitted to publish it—suppressing those parts that ought to be suppressed, that is to say, omitting names and all details which would give any clue to names. —[W. S. LILLY.]

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the few kindred faces that are left to me; they have other and nearer ties; of the coldness and decay which will seize these limbs, now so full of life; of the impenetrable darkness into which I will follow the generations of my fathers. If it were not for her, if this decree had gone forth only a year ago—when in my sadness and solitude—it would have been almost welcome. But now, that a light I had never hoped for has sprung up for the future in her dear face, a world of hopes which I had thought dead has been revived by one little word, the sweetest those dear lips ever uttered—it seems too hard to bear.

And yet, for her sake I must bear this burden, and bear it lightly; for it will fall on her, too, and I must support her. With that iron which has entered into my soul I must wound her gentle breast; and then, as best I may, try to heal that wound. This is my appointed task. Let me strive manfully to perform it.

December 27.

Another week of the few remaining to me has passed and my task is still before me. Each day has brought her letter and carried away mine. It seems I have not been quite able to conceal from her the sadness of which my heart is full. "Dearest Arthur," she writes—it seems a solace to me to transcribe her dear words—"I am going to give you a little wee scolding to-day; I think you are too grave, sir; you do not think enough of me. Hav'n't you told me that my smile had chased away all those dark clouds of melancholy from your heart and made a bright day spring there? You see I remember your very own words. I do so want to think you are *quite* happy. I know you are when we are together; but when you are away from me, I am afraid you brood too much over your sad past. You know, dearest Arthur, I could never wish to deprive that love and that sorrow of their proper place in your heart. Do I not share in them, as I want to do in everything of yours? But God has given you a future; and I want you to look to that, for I shall be by your side then; and three happy months have taught me that I can make you happy. So, sir, when you write to me, you are to put my picture before you and think of the days when, instead of that deaf and dumb shadow, your own little wife will be always by your side, ready to chase away all those black

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phantoms which try to sadden a heart she intends to make always glad." Poor child, and I must write and tell her that the future she so trusts in is an idle dream, that the sadness she tries to charm away, by her gracious ways and pretty sayings, is inseparably bound up with herself. If she only knew the bitter irony of her words—"God has given you a future!" And she must know in a few hours. Time is fast flying; and the days have sufficed for me to gather together all my strength, and do the hard duty which remains to me. I have resolved to tell her to-morrow; to-day will be my last letter of sweet hypocrisy; my last baseless vision of hopes in which I half believe as I write of them. To-morrow I must tell her the stern truth; and then a few days of ever-increasing gloom, until the valley of the dark shadow altogether enshrouds me.

December 28.

I sat a long time this morning thinking how I could tell her. Her picture lay before me, her last letter beside it. Ah! what an unconscious irony there seemed to be in that soft, sunny face, shadowed with that rippling, velvety hair, over which my hands had so often glided, and which I shall never touch again but once. For I have resolved to see her only once before I die. Not now; but after weeks, when she has learnt to bow herself to the will of the iron fates, and all future delusive hopes have passed away. For she *will* hope; her young, fresh heart *will* rebel against the decree of science; she will pray; and will believe that her prayer may avail! And far be it from me to attempt to shake her simple faith. She will learn soon enough that no miracle will intervene to arrest the progress of the malady, which is swiftly sapping the foundations of my life.

I sat a long time thinking how I could tell her, and at last I wrote very slowly the letter which I copy here. I have not sent it, but it must go in two hours; she must not have a blank post to-morrow. Would to God I could make it only a blank post!

"MY OWN DEAREST BEATRICE: What I have to say to you to-day is so inexpressibly sad, that I would rather die than write it. Die! Ah, that is not so hard; I have looked at death steadily since he came so near me and took away a por-

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tion of my own heart. 'The common road into the great darkness' lies before us all, and it demands no great heroism to resign oneself to tread it. But to tell you, as I must to-day, that all our hopes for the future are vain, that I can never claim you as my wife, that instead of bridal robes, garments of mourning await you, dearest Beatrice—it is a task which I can hardly perform, although for the last fourteen days I have scarcely thought of anything else.

"You will hardly understand this, darling. You will remember the letters I have written to you daily, and you will think me mad. No; those letters were lies. I have known the truth since the day after I left you; but I have not been strong enough to tell you until now. You know it is a fortnight ago, last Monday, that I left B—— for London. The next day I saw my old and kind friend, Dr. L——. He received me very gravely, looked at my letters, talked to me for a long time, minutely examined me, and at last rose from his chair and walked about the room, very slowly, regarding me earnestly. I thought there was something wrong, and said to him: 'Do tell me what is passing through your mind. It is only fair to me, and I assure you the simple truth will be the kindest thing to say.' And then he told me that I was laboring under an altogether hopeless affection of the heart; that my life was only a thing of a few months, or it might be only a few weeks; that all science was impotent to help me. I thanked him and went away; and since then my chief trouble has been how I could tell you. And now I have told you. But you will only half understand it. You will think there must be some mistake. Alas! there is no mistake. L—— does not make mistakes; but since then I have, at his desire, seen Sir W. J—— and Dr. P——, and they both agree that I am a doomed man.

"My darling, the part which is saddest is that I must leave you. Everything else is comparatively easy to quit. But you, my latest found treasure, not yet fully mine, my sweet hope for the future, my bright and true comforter—to leave you!

"I do not think it will be wise, dearest, that we should see each other at present. It would unman me and would be too sad for you. And do not write to me for a day or two, until you have thought over this letter, and carried it to Him to Whom you carry everything. But ask your brother Charles to come to me. Ah, my own tender and sweet Beatrice, the

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pain it has cost me to write this is worse far than death; but I would bear it ten times over rather than cause you the pang which I know it will give you to receive it."

I think I must have hardened very much, for I wrote this without a tear, and a few days ago my eyes would fill at the bare thought of her. The words, too, seem very cold; that is only as it should be, for the chill of death is upon them. But it is time the letter went; and with it goes my last gleam of sunshine.

December 29.

I was seized with an intolerable restlessness yesterday evening, as soon as I had sent my letter. This place was unendurable to me. I seemed to stifle in it. The damp, foggy night without looked more congenial than the bright, warm room in which I was sitting; I went out into the raw, dark atmosphere and walked rapidly through street and square, not heeding the direction I was taking. At last I found myself in a quarter I had never been in before. The streets were very narrow and full of squalid shops and crowds of wretched looking men and women. I looked up at a turning and found it was one of the most miserable parts of Soho; lean, ragged, hungry-looking women, men whose countenances seemed to be less human than a well-kept dog's, unkempt children with keen, old-looking faces, surrounded me. I stopped to look about me and to think which of several converging streets I should follow, when my attention was attracted by a whining voice, soliciting alms. The beggar was a bent old woman, in tattered clothes, and shivering in the sleety wind. I took a certain pleasure in listening to her piteous supplications: "Dear kind gentleman, for God's sake, help a poor creature who has had nothing to eat to-day," was the burden of her petition. At last I said: "Why do you want to eat? If you don't eat for a few days you will die, and be out of your misery; that will be better for you, I think; and the pain isn't great after the first forty-eight hours, they say." She answered: "No doubt you are right, sir; it would be better for me to die; and I don't care about living; only give me six pence to get a little gin to stop the pain." I put a shilling into her hand and hurried on. I thought of a fresco I had seen at Pisa years ago: Orcagna's terrible Triumph of Death. It is a horrible mystery —the young, the happy, the loved, cut down by the inexorable

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scythe; the old and miserable and solitary left, against their will, in a world they would gladly quit.

I had not walked far when I heard the sound of chanting. I listened, and distinguished one of those beautiful Gregorian tones, which I always thought the perfection of Church music. Following the direction from which the sound came I found myself before a small chapel, in which the Psalms were being sung. I remembered, then, that Beatrice had spoken to me of a mission in this district in which she was interested; indeed, I think I had given some small sum towards it at her request. A sort of curiosity to see a place which had this slight association with her, led me to push open the door and to enter the building. The Psalms were finished as I entered, and the 1st Lesson was being read. It was from one of the Apocryphal books. I did not listen for a time until the words fell upon my ear: "For God made not death; neither hath He pleasure in the destruction of the living." Any word that spoke of death seemed to have a message for me. And I started when I heard the saying: "God made not death"; I think I heard nothing more until the sermon began. I stood up, sat down, and knelt mechanically with the rest of the congregation, but the words "God made not death" went on ringing in my ears. The agony I had suffered had incapacitated me from thinking; only the sound of the words echoed in my mind. At last one of the clergy ascended the pulpit and began to preach. He was a spare, sickly looking man and it seemed to be an effort to him to speak. His text was: "So He giveth His beloved sleep." His sermon seemed to me to be a panageric of death. It seems it was Innocents Day. The blessedness of their death was the chief theme of his discourse. I thought of a picture of Guido's I had seen at Bologna: The Massacre of the Innocents. I recalled the shrieking children in the hands of the butchers who took their lives; the agonized faces of the mothers, vainly endeavoring to screen their offspring; the horror and desolation and infinite sadness of the scene; and my mind revolted against the preacher's talk of the blessedness of martyrdom. He went on to speak of death as one of God's best gifts—a delivery out of the miseries of this sinful world—granted to those whom He would take into His immediate presence. I thought of the deathbeds I had stood by: when the truest and tenderest and best of

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the human race I have known had been severed from all they most loved; I remembered the agony of grief with which they relinquished the world, where their nearest and dearest remained behind them; their faces, full of the most mournful tenderness, rose to my view, and seemed to give the lie to the words of exultation and triumph which fell from the wan preacher's lips. No; I thought, there is some mystery deeper than that enthusiast knows of. The old writer spoke the truth when he said: "God made not death." There is a curse on the race. Divine goodness and love—if they exist—have been baffled; we are the sport of a malignant, resistless Fate, which snatches us from the sight and sound of all we love, all we hope in. And upon me the iron doom has fallen. I go—hurried away from my dawning happiness. But I will go as a man, erect, unconquered; no conventional lie shall stain my lips as I yield to the inevitable doom. The wreck of my hopes is not from the all-merciful God. "God made not death."

I hurried from the church when the service was over, and retraced my way towards the western quarter of the city. The stream of life I met in every street seemed to mock me. I cursed the firm step and ruddy cheek of the strong man who walked past me. The blasphemous oath of the half-drunken rough, the loud, coarse language of the vulgar, no longer disgusted me, but seemed rather to be in harmony with the frame of things. I traversed street after street, until I came to a square which had for some months been a sacred spot to me. It was there that I had first spoken of love to Beatrice, and had learnt, from her downcast eyes and blushing cheeks and trembling lips, that a happiness I had hardly dared hope for—the love of her pure young heart—had become mine. I stopped and looked up at the window where we had stood together, so short a time ago, looking out on the trees rich in their autumnal tints and the flowers whose brightness had not altogether faded. It seemed to be the supreme pang—to stand there and think that never more should the hopes which then burnt so brightly revive for me; never should the light of those dear eyes again cast their sweet lustre upon my solitary path; the goal of that path is set; the light which shone upon it has turned into a lurid gloom, showing more vividly the blackness in which it is lost. I stood, not thinking so much as suffering the weight of my misery to press upon my

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brain, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder and a familiar voice inquired what was the matter with me. I turned and recognized an old college acquaintance, whose intimacy with me had survived the many changes which had happened to us both since our Oxford days. I hardly distinguished what he said at first. He looked at me curiously, fancying, I think, that I was not quite sober; and a sort of pride prompted me to show him that he was wrong. He wanted me to come with him to his rooms he said, where he expected a large party to supper to meet an old mutual friend who was coming up to town by a late train. The notion of assisting at such a gathering at first seemed horrible to me, and I at once refused. But his question: "Why won't you come, if you have nothing better to do? You look in rather bad form; it will do you good to meet some old friends," seemed hard to answer. Why not go? What difference could it make? What else had I to do? So I went.

It was a large room, brilliantly lighted and luxuriously furnished, into which B—— led me; some half-dozen men, of most of whom I knew something, were assembled when we arrived, others came in one by one; and at last the hero of the evening having arrived from his journey supper was served. I had tasted nothing all day, and ate and drank heartily. Gradually I was drawn into the conversation which went on around. I forgot for a time my misery. There was no physical pain to bring to my mind my frightful situation. The disease under which I labor does its work silently, giving no signs except to a doctor's experienced eye. Several of the guests were brilliant talkers. In particular one man, whom I had never met before, seemed possessed of an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, which he poured forth apropos of everything. I found myself laughing with the rest at his stories, and making from time to time my contribution to the amusement of the table.

At last the conversation assumed a more sombre tone. G——, the guest of the evening, was on his way to India, to take a judgeship. He had hesitated to accept it for some time, he said. His only brother had died in Bombay a few years before, and he had a vague feeling that evil awaited him, too, in the land with which this was his only association. The talk turned on presentiments, and weird stories were told, as

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usually happens when subjects of this kind are discussed among men whose imaginations are heated with wine. One of the guests, a hard-headed Scotchman, ridiculed the tales in a style of superiority which displeased me. I remembered to have read in a book of Alfred de Musset's of a man who boasted that he was proof against all superstitious terror, and feared nothing, and whose friends put his fortitude to a frightful test. They placed a human skeleton in his bed, locked his room, and stationed themselves in an adjoining room to watch the effect. They heard nothing; but next morning when they entered the room they found him sitting up in his bed playing with the bones with the vacant smile of madness on his lips. I told the story. And the Scotchman acknowledged that the trial was a terrible one, which he would not willingly encounter. A gloom had fallen on the party; and our host by way of a diversion suggested cards. A few men sat down to whist. Others, of whom I was one, to poker. I played recklessly, but fortune favored me; the stakes were high; and I soon found a heap of gold before me. At the end of an hour I was the winner of nearly a hundred and fifty pounds. The rest declared that they had lost as much as they cared to lose; and play was given over. One of them, whom I had known intimately in earlier days, began to congratulate me on my good fortune. He was not ignorant of my success in life, and had just heard of my engagement, it seems. "Everything goes well with you," he said. "You have won a position at thirty which few men attain until twenty years later in life; you have won a prize in love which more than one man I know would have given 'all other bliss' and 'all their worldly wealth' for; and you have a rich man's luck: as soon as you touch a card, money pours in upon you. You make one envious." His words recalled me to myself; their bitter, unconscious irony stung me to the quick. "Envious of me," I said. "There is not a man who would change places with me All you have said is true enough: I am rich, successful, and loved; but I am a dying man. No; I am neither drunk nor mad; listen"—and I told them my sad secret. There is a Spanish story, which I once read, where a marble statue suddenly becomes animated in a gay company, and taking the hands of the guests sends through them a mortal chill. Such was the effect of my words. There was a moment of deep

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silence; then I took my hat and went out into the damp, cold night in silence.

I walked rapidly through the deserted streets to my rooms. It was nearly 3 A. M. when I entered them. I was overcome with fatigue, and, throwing aside my clothes, hastily lay myself down in my bed. I closed my eyes, but the phantoms of the day came up to mock me; and an uneasy succession of vague, distorted dreams flitted through my brain. At last I thought I was in the little mission church again; the clergy and choristers were kneeling before the altar weeping; the stalls were filled by the friends with whom I had supped; the congregation had been augmented by the motley crowd I had passed in the neighboring streets. I stood in the pulpit and preached a Gospel, which was not a gospel. "Fools!" I cried, "who hope to pierce, with your prayers, that heaven which has become as brass. Fools who turn from your bitter miseries to seek comfort from an all-merciful God, not knowing that the irrevocable law of an iron fate presses hopelessly on all. For eighteen Christian centuries the prayers and tears and groans of men have gone as they go up now; for eighteen Christian centuries the world has trusted in a vain hope; for the story on which the world's faith has been fixed is an idle tale; the life which was its hope is death. Silence has coldly dissected the records you call sacred and has found them untrue. Only one thing is true—death, which God did not make." Then I thought a little hand, so unspeakably dear to me, was laid upon my lips, and a soft low voice, which thrilled through me, bade me not sin nor charge God foolishly. With a great start I awoke and saw the light from my fire fall faintly upon the picture of Beatrice. The clock struck five. I turned wearily in my bed, endeavoring to avert my thoughts from the visions which her voice had interposed to break. I remembered that I had broken my word to her. In the earliest days of our engagement we were walking among the falling leaves, talking of some papers I had written, in which I had glanced at more than one religious question in the tone a man of the world of liberal opinions usually employs. Beatrice hardly touched on this part of my essay. But I had shocked her simple faith; and I was vexed that the articles had come into her hands. We paused by a bridge; she was never tired, she told me, of looking at the clear, rippling water as it glided smoothly by.

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We stood in silence for a few minutes. At last she said in a very low voice: "I want to ask you a favor; it will make me very happy if you will grant it to me. There are some subjects which seem almost too sacred to talk about. Will you promise to say this every night? It is a little prayer of Madame Swetchine which I have copied out for you." I took the paper she gave me, raising her little hand to my lips, and said: "I promise, dear Beatrice." Last night I broke that promise for the first time. And as I remembered my omission, the familiar words came to my lips: "O Good Jesus! true God and true man, Thy two natures, united yet distinct, make us a twofold object of Thy mercy. Because of Thy Godhead forgive our offenses; because of Thy Humanity remember our miseries. As God draw us always, raise us to Thee; as man accompany us on the hard road of exile; be our companion in good and evil days. O Good Jesus! as a King pardon us; as a friend sympathize with us." I do not know that I attached much meaning to the words as I murmured them; but they seemed to diffuse a sense of calm and peace over my whole soul; the prelude of some hours of welcome unconsciousness. It was not till noon that I awoke from an unbroken, dreamless sleep.

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A NEW "HISTORY" OF RELIGION.

HOW M. REINACH WOULD DESTROY CHRISTIANITY.

BY F. BRICOUT.

IN offering his book, *Orpheus*,* to the public M. S. Reinach modestly declares that for the first time there is here presented "a complete summary of religions considered simply as natural phenomena." M. Reinach further states that his book is suitable for "ladies" as well as gentlemen, and that even careful mothers "may give his book to their daughters." And to this end he has imposed a certain restraint upon himself, particularly in the descriptions of some of the rites of the oriental religions.

Orpheus, after whom the volume is named, was, we know, the "interpreter of the gods," a poet, and a musician. M. Reinach, by the very choice of a title, would charm refined minds and lovers of fine literature, for he is not merely a scholar and a savant, he is also an artist, an appreciative lover of ancient Greece. He has imbibed copiously the teachings of Voltaire. His unbounded admiration of the notorious French atheist may be known from the fact that he states that "to Voltaire's incomparable talent as a narrator we owe the most spiritual and the least pedantic of general histories." From the Greeks and from Voltaire the author has learnt a lightness of touch, a charm of style and of wit, a happy command of brilliant phrase and cutting word. With these, and frequent citations of the classic in literature, he, after the manner of Orpheus, is apt to mislead and even hypnotize his reader.

Orpheus has already met with much success in France. The book has gone through many editions in that language, and there are in preparation further editions in German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and perhaps Japanese. The government of France is completing its attempt to ruin the old religion by

* *Orpheus*. A General History of Religions. By Solomon Reinach. Sixth Edition. Paris: Alcide Picard, 1909.

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making *Orpheus* a text-book and enforcing regular school teaching on its lines. M. Reinach is a director of music at Saint-Germain and a professor at *l'Ecole du Louvre*. He has already won a certain popularity because of his previous works —*Apollo* and *Cults, Myths, and Religions*. His latest work will be seized upon as a rare opportunity by superficial minds who love to be "learned" in the fashion of the day, and to know the latest word in the "science" of comparative religions.

But, unfortunately, believers in any religion at all may well deplore the success of such a book, for it means disaster to many souls.

The Catholic Church, according to this author, is an odious machine of oppression, which an unscrupulous clergy govern skillfully for their own enrichment and the increase of their own power. He quotes the words of Channing: "An Established Church is the tomb of the intelligence." This, M. Reinach writes, is particularly true of the Roman Catholic Church. He is considerate enough to think that the Catholic Church was not invented by the priests; but he maintains that the priests always take advantage of human folly and human incredulity. That traditionally sane judgment of the Church, which has ever been the cause of admiration to the historian and perplexity to the adverse critic, the just medium preserved by her teachings between mysticism and rationalism, this, to M. Reinach's eyes, is but the right understanding of the Church's own temporal interests.

He lays great stress on the intolerance of the Church. He says that Voltaire, because of his hatred of fanaticism, became himself intolerant. We fear that the same fate has overtaken M. Reinach, for he makes an urgent appeal for the suppression of liberty of instruction. He is the bitter enemy of every form of religion and turns a flow of ridicule, raillery, and gross insult against all Christian belief and worship. Non-Christian religions are not spared. But his bitterness, his unrestrained abuse, reach their climax only when he speaks of the Catholic Church. His appeal to a certain class of minds will be the more effective because he pretends to have made certain his knowledge and to have weighed well his judgments. He is most dogmatic on essential points. He is modest, hesitating, frankly admitting his ignorance on matters of detail that are of no importance. Now and again, in the gen-

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erosity of his heart and the liberality of his mind, he condescendingly pays a tribute to Christianity or to the Catholic Church. "I embrace my rival, but only in order to strangle him"—such is M. Reinach's method.

It will be evident that M. Reinach is the apostle of the most radical free-thought. An atheistic evolutionist, he preaches his chaotic gospel at every opportunity. He wishes to make Orpheus the universal creed of future generations. It may be said at once that the author is the slave of an artificial system. He is absolutely blind to any fact, any evidence, that does not square with his thesis. His absolute confidence in the basis of his system, the hypotheses of taboos and totems, is truly stupefying. Of these very hypotheses he himself wrote some time ago: "I frankly confess that mine is an edifice built not with materials substantial, solid, tested, veritable, but out of possible or probable hypotheses, which reciprocally support and buttress one another. And this style of architecture is well known, for in it card-castles are built" (*Cultes, Mythes, et Religions*).

M. Tontain, director of *l'Ecole des Hautes-Etudes*, repeatedly stated that "in the actual state of our knowledge, to make totemism the foundation of a mythological and religious exegesis is to disregard the most elementary rules of historical method.* Nevertheless M. Reinach persists in riding his hobby —a word of his own coining.†

Historians, all equally conscientious, often differ in the interpretation of facts. They will propose various, and at times almost contradictory, explanations. Now historians are by no means in agreement with regard to the *meaning* of the terms *animism*, *totemism*, etc., and beyond the bare meaning there are vast fields in the history of religions still obscure, yea, all but unknown. There are wanting, and doubtless always will be wanting, the necessary documents that would enlighten us with regard to all this unexplored territory.

But, lo! M. Reinach appears with his little book, and with imperturbable assurance tells us that he can answer all questions of importance in the entire field of the history of religion. The extravagance of his claim is sufficient to lead one

* *Studies of the Mythology and History of Ancient Religions*, p. 80. Paris, 1908.

† Transactions of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions, t. II., p. 118. Oxford, 1908.

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to suspect his worth. We have further reason to distrust him; and we shall see that the scientific value of *Orpheus* is but small.

The first six chapters of *Orpheus* treat of the non-Christian religions. The author claims that it is easy to see the rise of all of them from savagery. To his mind every religious belief of uncivilized peoples to-day is reducible to animistic conceptions and practices, to taboos, totems, fetiches, and magic. Among the Mongols and the Finns, in China, in Japan, as well as in India and Thibet, these same beliefs and practices are to be found; and they are found even among those peoples who have embraced, in part at least, the teachings of a native reformer (Budha, Confucius, etc.), or of a foreign religion (Christianity or Islamism). Moreover the ancient religions, the dead religions, all resembled the beliefs of the savage people whom we can now observe. This, M. Reinach maintains, is true of the religion of Arabia before the coming of Mahomet, of the primitive cults of the Gauls, Germans, Slavs, and also of the religions of Greece, of Rome, of ancient India, of the Syrians, Phœnicians, Babylonians, Assyrians, and Egyptians.

It will be seen that M. Reinach is not modest, nor does he set limit to his knowledge. The world, since the days of creation, is under his searching eye. Suffice it to say that he does not prove his statements nor come anywhere near proof. We feel that every scientific historian of the rise and growth of religions will agree with us that such statements, on account of the absence of data, record, document, and tradition, are impossible of proof and will always remain so. But M. Reinach must ride his hobby, or rather his hobby rides him. What matter if his conclusions mean despair and chaos to the human race. Let the wild orgy of unsupported hypotheses go on!

We may state here that even though the case were as M. Reinach claims it to have been, though the uncivilized peoples of the present day were authentic specimens of what all or almost all men have been in times far remote, our faith need have no cause for alarm. Catholics are not obliged to believe that primitive revelation has always been preserved intact, since, as Père Lagrange* remarks, Sacred Scripture, which teaches us revelation, adds that revelation was itself obscured and that

* *Studies of Primitive Religions*, p. 1. Paris 1903.

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the immediate ancestors of the Hebrews themselves were polytheists.*

Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that present-day savages are in almost every respect similar to the prehistoric man of whom traces have come down. It by no means follows that such prehistoric man is necessarily the original father of the human race, or that he is a true picture of man as God created and formed him. Nor may it be said that these savages, or these prehistoric men of whom we have record, have no good human characteristics; no reasoning powers; no moral sense; no praiseworthy idea of religion. Even in animism and tabooism there is some vestige of a belief in God, of a living God and an overruling Providence; something of moral obligation and of duty. Savages are not beasts; and God, the common Father of all humanity, has at His command and employs a thousand means, outside His ordinary course of action, to secure their salvation. And among uncivilized people of the present day knowledge of the true God is not entirely wanting. Mgr. Le Roy, who lived for twenty years among the Negritos and Bantu, and who is a most competent scholar, does not hesitate to affirm that these poor blacks know and adore a Supreme Being, the Ruler of the universe.†

M. Reinach is equally inaccurate and untrustworthy in the statements he makes in *Orpheus* regarding Judaism and the beginnings of Christianity. He does not, of course, believe in the inspiration of Holy Scripture; he restricts to very narrow limits its human authority. He does not understand even the meaning of inspiration and has evidently taken no pains to understand it. He scoffs at miracles. "The Gospels," he says, "are worthless documents in so far as the real life of Jesus is concerned"; and he adds: "we do not know how Jesus died."

Since he has made taboos and totems the basis of his system, M. Reinach must find these in Judaism and Christianity. "The idea of taboo," he says, "common to all primitive races, has left many traces in the Bible." Even he must admit, however, that the moral teachings of the Bible are independent of all taboos. An idea of what extremes he must go to in order to prove his point may be gained from this statement in *Orpheus:* "The Hebrews abstain from killing and eating animals,

* Josue, xxiv. 2. † *The Religion of Primitive Peoples.* Paris, 1908.

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like the hog, because wild boars, from which the hog is descended, were totems among their ancestors." Extremely clever and deep reasoning, is it not? Again, instances of totemism are found in the *rôle* played by the ass in Zacharias (ix. 9); also in the account of the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem; in the descent of the dove upon Jesus, etc., etc. And with all this childish reasoning is combined an ignorance of the Catholic Church's teachings, particularly with regard to the sacraments, that is really pitiable. Indeed, this work gives us reason to believe that M. Reinach has taken the trouble to trace out various unimportant resemblances, not so much for the purpose of making a scientific study as of casting ridicule and mockery upon Christian teaching.

The last four chapters of *Orpheus*, covering two hundred and fifty pages, are devoted to the history of the Catholic Church. The enemies of the Catholic Church charge that Catholicism is a corruption of the Christian religion.* They make this charge, even though they also assert that they do not know what the religion founded by Christ was or is. M. Reinach, who also says that we know nothing of the life of Jesus from the Gospels, still boldly charges that Catholicism is a corruption of the religion of Jesus Christ—which religion, according to the same M. Reinach, is founded upon totems and taboos.

The saints are, with him, but "successors to the gods," and the Blessed Virgin is a goddess. He gives but little space to the external history of the Church. He appeals to the passion of hate by indignantly denouncing the suppression of heresy and the means used in such repression. He exaggerates, he is bitterly partisan always. The Catholic Church, he says, has fought only "for authority, privilege, and riches." In the long combat which, during the Middle Ages, the Church waged against the tyranny of kings, and because of which Europe was saved to civilization, M. Reinach sees only the unbridled ambition of the Roman pontiffs. In conclusion he states that the Catholic Church is absolutely decadent and is surely advancing to a more or less speedy ruin. The Director of the *Historical Review*, M. Monod, put it mildly when he

* With regard to the origin and growth of the Catholic Church we would refer our readers to the series of articles in the *Revue du Clergé Français*, published in answer to a challenge made by M. Loisy, "The Truth of Catholicism," October 1, November 1, December 1, 1908, January 1, February 1, March 1, March 15, 1909. A *résumé* of these articles is to be found in *La Vérité du Catholicisme*, Chapter IV., par M. Bricout, Paris, Bloud et Cie., 1910.

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said: "Often, in that part of his book which treats of Christianity, prejudice has led M. Reinach to distort facts" (*Revue Historique*, November and December, 1909).

Before we close we might consider just for a moment what the idea of religion represents to M. Reinach's mind. His very definition of religion is nothing short of ridiculous:

> I propose [he gravely writes] to define religion as a collection of scruples forming an obstacle to the free exercise of the faculties. This definition eliminates, from the fundamental concept of religion, every idea of God, of spiritual beings, of the Infinite—in a word, all that has been considered as the essential object or objects of religious feeling. The term scruple is faulty in this—that it is somewhat vague and, if I dare say it, too "laicised." The scruples . . . are of a particular nature. . . . I shall call them taboos (*Orpheus*, p. 4).

Religion, therefore, in the mind of M. Reinach, is simply a matter of taboos or religious prohibitions. It will easily be seen how false and inadequate this definition is. In the first place, the taboo itself is only explicable on the ground of an antecedent belief in gods, spiritual beings, etc., and the mention of this belief is a necessary part of the definition. How can we adequately define a thing by giving but a few of its notes, and excluding others equally important and equally essential?

But such failure to treat the question fairly and thoroughly is characteristic of M. Reinach. His book is pseudo-scientific and will be harmful only to the weak-minded. As Père Lagrange wrote: "Taking into consideration the talent of the author, his learning, his scientific authority, his position, it must be acknowledged that *Orpheus* will not add honor to his name. It is unscientific and contentious; it breathes contempt for the only institution that has labored to make mankind better."*

* *Biblical Review*, 1910, p. 141.

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A CORNER OF THE BLACK FOREST.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

AN ideal place for a holiday—a place where we may, to use a French word, *retremper* (re-dip) our being, soul and body, with God in nature—is to be found in the Black Forest, at the village of Schönwald, which lies between Freiburg and Furtwangen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. Up, forever up, winds the road all the way, for Schönwald stands at a height of over 3,000 feet. The village itself consists of only 30 or 40 houses, though there are scattered homesteads for miles around, and comfort and plenty are to be found at the excellent old Gasthof zum Hirschen. Up to the present Schönwald has not been spoilt by tourists; its summer guests are, for the most part, German families who spend their holidays here, and for two months enliven the solitude of the village, which is deserted during the remaining ten months of the year. There are no entertainments at Schönwald, nor shops, beyond those of a cobbler and a grocer, and the workshops where the local industries of clock-making, wood-carving, and straw-plaiting are carried on. Those who come here must suffice unto themselves.

For lovers of peace and beauty nature here spreads an ample feast. The village stands high in a wide open country but there are pine woods on every side. The air is wonderfully invigorating as it sweeps across expanses of moor, scented with the fragrance of pines and a thousand aromatic herbs. It is the bracing atmosphere of wild, free spaces untainted by factory smoke or the dwellings of men.

Before the hay is cut the fields are covered with oxeye daisies, dandelions, golden-yellow arnica, buttercups, bluebells, forget-me-nots, scabious, and feathery grasses; in the boggy districts the white bog-cotton waves like tufts of silk; down by the river yellow irises lift their flags, and bulrushes and sedges raise their heads. The delicious sound of running water tinkles on every side. The trout leap up out of the

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streams as the patient fisherman follows the meandering course of water which swirls and eddies here and there. Storks parade majestically by the banks of the streams, and the water-wagtails fearlessly poise on any overhanging log or up-standing bowlder.

One may wander for miles through the pine woods, where the ground is carpeted with fallen pine needles or springy heather. Cranberries, bilberries, and wild strawberries grow in profusion in the clearings, bracken and fern form a miniature underforest, and the sunlight, filtering through the hoary, lichen-covered trees, throws flickering shadows on the green moss and junipers. During hours of wanderings in this place one will not meet a human being; but when one suddenly steps out into the open, and looks down over the valley and upland, he will see many a cozy homestead nestling under its broad eaves and overhanging roof, and, far away, the range of blue-black hills from which the Black Forest takes its name.

Or one may lie on a hillside, lazily watching the wondrous effects of rapidly passing clouds casting swift and ever-changing shadows over the fields, the great moss-covered bowlders, and the pine woods, producing marvelous gradations of green. A blue mist is thrown over all like a veil; but gradually the light breaks through and the gray changes to blue, and a flood of golden sunshine glorifies everything far and near. Round about the bees hum in the clover, and the tinkle of cow bells, somewhere below, echoes far up on the slopes. Far out of sight the mowers are at work in the hayfields; the rhythmic swish of the scythes rustle through the grass; while from nearby a lark suddenly soars up into the blue and pours forth a wondrous flood of song. As the evening shadows fall, the smoke rises from the peaceful homesteads, the cattle turn towards their byres, the spaces in the valleys are filled with translucent golden mists, and the pine trees, clearly defined, stand out like black silhouettes against the sky; the hills rise one beyond another in softly-curving ridges, and the great peace and quiet of it all remind one of the visionary pictures of the Celestial Land in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

There are strange gray days, too, when the clouds hang low, and the whole atmosphere is colorless; the pines and firs are sharply outlined, the very birds are silent; the houses look

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ghost-like and not a breath of wind stirs; yet it is all beautiful in its way. The people are worthy of their land: frank, kindly, hardworking, clean, and self-respecting, with a free gait and an independent air. The blue-eyed, flaxen-haired children, universally barefoot, walk miles to the nearest school, their knapsacks on their backs. They salute the passing stranger fearlessly with the words: "*Grüss*," or "*Gutontag*," generally abbreviated to "*Tag*."

The women wear a peculiar headdress, consisting of a small, gold-embroidered crown, with broad black silk ribbons hanging down in long streamers to their heels, a black velvet bodice, and full white linen sleeves. In winter the staple food consists of bacon, sausages, flour, potatoes, milk, and home-baked rye bread.

They are a deeply religious people, too, with a simple, child-like faith; Sunday is strictly observed; one side of the church is reserved for the women; the other for the men. On the feast of the patron saint of Schönwald, June 18, a procession started from the church, and made the round of the village. The Sacred Host was borne under a golden canopy surmounted by white plumes. The whole population followed reverently, walking two and two. The choristers were robed in scarlet and white and the girls wore white wreaths and devoutly repeated the litany, while bells chimed and guns were fired. Every dwelling was decorated with pine branches and flowers.

The little cemetery on the hilltop is a feature of Schönwald. It is absolutely treeless, and lies free to wind and sun. Each grave has its stoup for holy water, in which a sprig of whortleberry or rosemary is placed for use as *aspersoir*, and the doves, who wheel overhead with a great flash of silvery wings, come down to drink out of the little vessels. A strange characteristic are the streamers of white net or lace which drape the crosses on the graves. These wave gently in the breeze, and the effect is most singular. At a distance the stranger would think these floating white visions were seraphs' wings, and especially is this true in that portion of the cemetery set aside for children, where each tiny grave is watched over by the statuette of an angel.

The farmhouses in the Black Forest are very picturesque. They are built of wood which, in nearly all cases, is black with age. A large painted crucifix usually hangs over the door,

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with a motto beneath, such as: "*Dieses Haus ist in Gotte's Hand; Gott bewahre es vor Feur und Brand.*" The roof is heavy and slopes low down; there are rows of small windows, bright with flowers growing in wooden tubs or broken crocks, and a carved gallery runs round the front of the building, with numerous doors opening on it.

The type of house that we see in Schönwald to-day was practically fixed in the sixteenth century; as the houses were built then, so are they built now. The *stube*, or common dwelling room, is invariably situated on the ground floor, it is a large room with a big tile stove. A genuine old-fashioned Black Forest *stube* is a curiously picturesque object. At the door there is the stoup for holy water; from it family and servants alike (for living in the Black Forest is still patriarchal) sprinkle themselves. Close to this stoup is the *handgiessle*, a water-vessel made of tin, in which all who enter wash their hands. Religion does not end at the door; the room has its *Herrgotteswinkel*, God's corner, in which stands the *Künsterle*, or house-altar, at which family prayers are offered. It is draped with gay, cheap finery. In this corner also the big oak table, which is handed down as an heirloom from father to son, finds a place. The wall of the room is lined all round with wooden seats, under which are fixed handy chests.

Outside is the veranda, or *trippel*, a most useful as well as ornamental feature of the house. It is used for pleasure, and also serves as a general drying-place. The bright-colored bedding is hung out on this balcony to air, while poppyheads, fennel, and other kitchen plants, are put out to dry. Where straw-plaiting is in vogue, bunches of green straw may be seen hanging from the balustrade, and below this the ladders, pitchforks, and other long implements used on the farm find place.

Pigeons abound; they are kept as pets, and are looked upon with affection by the peasants, and even drink out of the same trough as the cattle. Swallows return year after year to their nests under the eaves, and it is a popular superstition that where they build no thunderbolt will strike, and that their presence means peace and quiet in the home.

Watch-making and straw-plaiting are the two chief industries of Schönwald; all through the long winter every man, woman, and child work steadily. Children begin to learn straw-plaiting at four or five years of age, and even in summer,

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when most of the time is taken up with field labor, one will constantly meet a girl or woman with a wisp of straw tied to her waist, her fingers busily plaiting in odd moments. The pay is pitifully small, but it is not disdained by these thrifty people. The plaits are sent to the factories in the towns to be sewn up into hats. Cuckoo clocks, in fact all kinds of clocks, are produced in Schönwald, and at Furtwangen, which may be called a "town of clock-makers." It was a Furtwangen glass-blower who originally set his townsmen on the way of making clocks; the first striking clock was produced in the Black Forest in 1740. These home-industries keep families together in a sacred way. So attached are the Black Forest peasants to their district, that they have been known to die of homesickness while serving their term as soldiers.

Everywhere tall wayside crucifixes are to be found: in the silence of the woods, by dusty roadsides, in the midst of green fields, by running streams, beside happy homesteads, on green hilltops, in sunshine and shadow, wind and rain, the Figure of the Crucified is reared aloft, and, though often of the rudest, roughest workmanship, its pathos never fails to appeal, and bring its message to the passerby.

Perhaps the lesson taught by these symbols so constantly before the people's eyes, has something to do with the simple, old-world, pious customs the peasants about Schönwald still observe. For instance: a prayer is offered before the sickle is put to the corn; the farmer's wife makes the sign of the cross over the great loaf of bread which she is about to cut. The salutation on meeting with a priest is: "Praised be Jesus Christ!" On Christmas morning neighbors greet each other with the words: "*Ich wünsche dir Christkindle's Herz*," a beautiful wish, with a deep meaning underlying the words; the ringing of the church bells on that day is called *Kindleariegen;* they are, on this occasion, swung in a peculiarly gentle, soft way.

As we leave Schönwald, bearing with us the memory of a "haunt of peace," we echo the words of a great writer, himself a son of the Black Forest: "He who has never been alone, day after day, in the summer-time, in a German forest, who has not learned its language and listened to its many voices, knows not the power of quiet nature on the restless human heart."

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ARE COLLEGE PLAYS WORTH WHILE?

BY THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE.

II.

THAT the college play is worth while is a thesis that must be accepted with a distinction. Viewed as an abstract proposition there seems to be no question. In the schools the drama is at home; it is maintaining there one of its oldest traditions; there it is fulfilling one of its most important purposes. But it is possible for even a wholesome tradition to degenerate, and for a good institution to fail of its purpose when that purpose is lost to sight. So much depends on the spirit in which the tradition is carried out that in the concrete it becomes a debatable proposition.

The practical working out of the theory underlying the college drama demands a watchful eye and correct standards of taste. The very fact that its results are indirect, that the good to be derived from it is bound up in the pleasure it affords, complicates the problem. It is so easy to lose sight of the ultimate good in the contemplation of the immediate enjoyment that constant vigilance is essential to the achievement of any benefit. The gravitation toward the lower levels is so easy that nothing but the most rigid care can guard against it. Appetite grows with what it feeds on, and the restraint once removed the decline is imminent. Nick Bottom, with the fairy music ringing in his fair large ears, longed for "the tongs and the bones," and Nick's taste, like his ass' noll, much as we dislike to admit it, is in a great measure typical. Though the fairy music ring in our ears, the ears are none the less long and flexible and the taste for the tongs and bones equally pronounced.

If, then, this particular form of student activity is to achieve its end it must be something more than a mere student activity. If it is to play a part, even a small part, in

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the formation of the student, some measure of guidance is necessary. Mature judgment and scholarly taste are needed to offset the weaknesses to which youth is prone. For youth if left to itself will follow strange gods. Hence the absolute necessity for some supervision on the part of the faculty, if the play is to serve any other end than mere foolery. This need is recognized in many quarters, although in far too many instances the authorities, blind or indifferent to the opportunities at their hands, hold aloof, giving to dramatics even less attention than they give to athletics. In our Catholic colleges, it must be said, this is rarely, if ever, the case. There, especially in the Jesuit colleges, dramatics are kept under the direct control of the faculty. It is true that, even with this supervision, there are sometimes sad lapses from the standard that should be maintained, but it is equally true that they are few and far between.

At no stage of the preparation of a college play is the need of mature judgment more urgent than in the initial stage, the selection of a play. If the play is to serve its legitimate end there is but one field open—the classic drama. Of that which is frankly ephemeral, which sings the song or tells the tale, not of a period or a generation, but merely of a day, there is nothing to be said. That has no place in scholastic surroundings. For the more serious efforts of modern writers hardly any more can be said. It takes time to try the worth of a play and none of us can hope to live long enough to follow it through its period of trial. The classic drama alone, then, which has stood the test of years and has survived the accidental peculiarities of its own generation, is worthy of academic auspices. Nothing else is in keeping with the dignity of the school; nothing else has any place in college halls. What time has consecrated, and the judgment of successive generation has approved, is the only matter worthy of presentation under scholastic auspices.

But this limitation is by no means narrow. The field is well-nigh inexhaustible. The Elizabethan period alone is a mine rich in material, and, with the comedy of the eighteenth century, eliminating, for obvious reasons, the comedy of the Restoration, can furnish plays enough to carry a college dramatic organization through more than a generation. There is no literature, ancient or modern, so rich in drama as the literature of the English-speaking people. In every branch,

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"tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral," and so on down through Polonius' tedious catalogue, its riches are practically inexhaustible. There is the dignity and sublimity of tragedy, the gayety of comedy, the stately march of historical pageantry—matter that will move storms or compel laughter. There is that which will serve every end of the college player—it will please; it will instruct; it will uplift; it will inspire.

Outside the field of the classic drama there is no justification for the college drama, as the college drama. A group of college students may, of course, like any other group of amateur performers on recreation bent, assemble to present a modern farce, a musical comedy, or even a minstrel show, but in doing so they are doing nothing that any haphazard assemblage of persons in search of recreation might not do as well or, perhaps, better; and their efforts are entitled to no more serious consideration. But if they rescue from oblivion some forgotten or half-forgotten masterpiece which a thoughtless generation has relegated to the dust-covered bookshelf; if they direct their energies to the adequate and intelligent presentation of some quaint conceit of a more poetic age, which is impossible from the viewpoint of the speculative manager, they are doing a scholarly work that is deserving of commendation. Their effort is more praiseworthy even than that of him who tenders a similar work within the covers of a book, with learned note and comment; for they are presenting the play as it was intended it should be presented, and enhancing its beauties with the interest that the living voice and the scenic presentation always bring to it. And even if they have no claim to discovery; if they are content with the familiar plays of Shakespeare; their efforts are none the less commendable. In producing these they are delivering a message that is ever new; they are uttering thoughts that are immortal; they are speaking with the voice of the master dramatist of all time, and they need no excuse of antiquarian interest.

The Elizabethan age is obviously the most fruitful field for the labors of the college player and the best suited to his purpose. That was the golden age of the English drama. It was the age of greatest dramatic achievement, and therefore most worthy the attention of players prompted rather by scholarly interest than by a gainful purpose. Its remoteness, too, lends a

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charm, and there is about its archaic flavor an attractiveness that even indifferent playing cannot destroy. It was an age of poetry as well as an age of drama, and the poetry in its drama is sufficient to make good many of the shortcomings of the unskilled interpreters. It will carry itself by the sheer force of its poetic beauty and the intensity of its dramatic interest.

The comparatively recent movement toward restoring, with the plays, the manner of presenting them in the Elizabethan age has brought with it a practical advantage of great value to the college player. The impossibility of adequately mounting a play of Shakespeare in the modern manner has always been a barrier to the colleges. Even the most costly of the recent elaborate professional performances, with all that money and skill could do, have failed to realize the scenes that the dramatist has pictured. What, then, can the colleges do with their meagre equipment, and with the necessity facing them of being obliged to make that meagre equipment serve again and again, irrespective of time or place? But even the most elaborate equipment, were it within reach, would be a detriment to their purpose, for every added detail of setting means a corresponding inroad on the text. The play is cut to make room for scenery, and poetry is sacrificed to upholstery.

But the return to the Elizabethan simplicity, to the "naked room with a blanket for a curtain," has in a measure solved the problem. It may be, and it has been, criticized as a pose, an affectation; and at first glance there may seem to be some justice in the criticism. It is argued that were Shakespeare alive now he would use all the devices of the modern stage to gain his effects, as he used everything that his own paltry stage afforded; and that, therefore, we should, in presenting his plays to-day, make the same use of every available device.

But the argument is hardly relevant. We must bear in mind the fact that his plays were written for the Elizabethan stage, where imagination was not hampered and circumscribed by painted cloth and electrical effects; where, with nothing to limit it and the poet's lines to stimulate it, it could roam through time and space and see visions which no scenic art could visualize. And these very limitations furnished a stimulus to the poet; because of the exigencies of his stage he was obliged

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to rely on his text to realize the scene for his audience. His the task to fill eye and ear and "lead men's minds the roundabout." Why, then, should these plays not be presented as they were in their own day and allowed to make their own appeal? It is no pose, this return to Elizabethan simplicity, but a scholarly effort to restore, as far as possible, a condition that has passed away. If we consider as an added reason the fact that under these conditions it is possible to present the play unimpaired, in its original completeness, there remains no further room for adverse criticism.

The practical value of this method, too, is not without its strong arguments. What simpler equipment can we find? It is true we have little definite knowledge of what the Elizabethan stage was like. De Witt's picture of the Swan, the specifications of the Fortune, and a few passing references in contemporary writings, are practically all we have to guide us. But if our knowledge of the accidental features is limited, we do know what the essentials were, and these essentials are well within the reach of any college company. A simple platform, without footlights or border lights, extending into the audience, a screen to hide the actors from view while they await their cues, an outer and an inner stage, separated by traverses, a few set pieces to suggest the scene—and our stage is equipped. It is the "naked room with a blanket for a curtain"; and it needs only Shakespeare's winged words to make it "a field for monarchs."

There is another tradition of the Elizabethan stage that lends itself admirably to the college drama, a tradition derived from a condition parallel to that which prevails in the colleges to-day. Women were unknown to the English stage until after the Restoration, and in the golden age of the drama the female parts were played by boys. And our college players are limited in a similar manner. Exactly the same conditions drive them to the expedient that the Elizabethan actors were obliged to fall back on; and the result, when the other Elizabethan conditions are complied with, is a reproduction that is remarkably accurate. This detail, it is true, is not adhered to universally. In many of our Catholic colleges, especially in the Jesuit colleges of this country, a strange prejudice prevails against the assumption of female parts by boys. What is the

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origin of this prejudice it is impossible to say, but that it exists there is no doubt. It may have had its origin in France, for the French stage has no such tradition as that which has come down to us from Elizabethan times. In France and in Italy, as far as we know, the female parts were always played by women, a custom which shocked Coryate and many another English traveler of Elizabethan days. Many of the Jesuit communities in this country trace their lineage back to the French province, and the prejudice may have its root in France, for the English custom was as offensive to French taste as the employment of women was to Elizabethan taste. This explanation is largely a matter of conjecture, but it takes on some color of truth from the fact that, as far as the English-speaking colleges are concerned, it is purely local. There is no Jesuit legislation on this point, except with respect to the houses of study for members of the order. The *ratio* is silent as to the practice, and there is no ruling of any Father-General forbidding it. Moreover, in the Jesuit colleges in England and Ireland, in accordance with long-established custom, the female parts in the plays are all assumed by boys, without any question of good taste being raised.

Whatever the origin of the prejudice, it has been and still is a serious detriment. It has marred many an otherwise excellent performance, and it has set narrow limits to the number of plays available for production. For in order to present a play it is necessary either to eliminate the female characters or to alter them to male characters. It is obvious that this tampering with the classics works inevitable mischief. Then, when we consider how few plays there are that are susceptible to this adaptation, we can realize how pitifully narrow is the field of selection. And this in a dramatic literature which is perhaps the richest the world has ever known.

It is true that many devices are resorted to to offset this difficulty, but it is so great that ingenuity is sorely taxed in the effort. The most ingenious way out of it was exemplified in the very excellent performance of "The Merchant of Venice," which the students of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, gave during this year. There the play was so judiciously cut as to eliminate those elements of the play which necessitated the presence of Portia, Nerissa, and Jessica *in pro-*

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pria persona, and to retain those scenes in which they appeared disguised as men. The result was a coherent story, artfully fitted and joined at the points where the excisions were made, and satisfying even to one who was unfamiliar with it. But the number of plays which are susceptible of this treatment are lamentably few, and the adapter is frequently put to the choice of a play broken into disjointed fragments, or altered with a crudity that would make the judicions grieve. It is a pity that this should be so, for it is a noteworthy fact that in the Jesuit colleges, where this prejudice is strongest, the dramatic performances are otherwise notable for the high standard of excellence which they maintain.

Something more, however, is demanded of a dramatic performance than the mere good taste and intelligence that prevail among men of education. Something of technical skill and a knowledge of the niceties of dramatic presentation is necessary if an adequate presentation of a play is desired. It is not sufficient that your student actors individually should deliver their lines with precision and intelligence. A group of individual impersonations, no matter how good, does not constitute a dramatic performance; some attention must be given to the ensemble. There must be some unifying force in the direction which will harmonize the individual parts and subordinate them to the whole. And this involves a host of details of management. The importance of dramatic situations must be emphasized. The pictures must be well composed; the action must be easy and natural; in a word, action must come to the aid of dialogue and help to tell the story. It must be remembered that a dramatic production is a work of art and the twofold purpose of every work of art must be kept in mind—to please and instruct, or rather to instruct by pleasing.

It would be unreasonable, it is true, to look for the same degree of technical excellence in a college production as that to be found in the work of skilled actors, but a certain measure of technical skill is within the reach of your college players, and enthusiasm may be relied upon to supply some of the deficiencies. Moreover, the average of intelligence and scholarly knowledge of the play is higher in a group of college players than in a corresponding group of professionals, and

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this will go far to offset the lack of facility in interpretation. At any rate, it is always possible, with a well-chosen play, to develop a sufficient degree of this technical skill to quicken the interest of the spectators and create a measure of illusion.

All of this, of course, supposes competent direction. But competent direction is always possible where judgment and good taste go hand in hand, and the dramatic instinct that is born in every one of us is fostered and developed. The feeling for the dramatic, like the feeling for any other form of artistic expression, is not a matter of equal possession. Some have a more generous allotment than others. But where a tradition like the college drama has flourished for so many centuries a certain degree of skill is bound to be the heritage of those whose charge it is to perpetuate that tradition. The mantle descends from prophet to prophet. At the worst, technical skill can always be enlisted, should the necessity arise, in the service of scholarship, and with this relation rigidly preserved, instruction, supplemented by entertainment, can be provided without recourse to "the tongs and the bones."

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New Books.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To write the history of one's own times is an attractive, but a dangerous task. The facts lie at one's hand, under one's eyes. Their interest is present, personal, absorbing. But it is hard to judge great ideas and movements, to which the only ultimate test must be brought by time; hard, also, to avoid the personal point of view; and easy to offend susceptibilities and make trouble. It is a delicate task, requiring balance, prudence, and tact. It has twice been accomplished successfully in our own day, and in both instances by Irishmen. Justin McCarthy has done it for the history of Great Britain and Ireland, and Dr. MacCaffrey for the history of the Catholic Church during the nineteenth century.* The Maynooth professor has not the striking literary gifts of his distinguished countryman, especially his power of lively graphic narration and characterization. But knowledge, balance, and prudence he certainly possesses, as his two large volumes show in every page.

His breadth and discernment may be judged from the questions which he notes in his preface as being the most important ones which have arisen during the century. These are: the rise of Constitutionalism and of national feeling (with both of which movements he is in sympathy), the relations between Church and State, the struggle for religious education, the conflicts between faith and science, between capital and labor, and the spread of the Church abroad, whether by missionary activity or by emigration.

Volume I. is devoted to the history of the Church in Continental Europe. It begins with the French Revolution of 1789. The overturning of accepted ideas and the changes of boundary-lines, which the Revolution effected, make it the proper starting point for a history of the nineteenth century. French history is brought down to 1848; and then the ecclesiastical history of Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Poland, and Italy are successively treated as far as the same year. The year 1848 makes a good dividing point, not merely because it comes so near the middle of the century, but by reason of the

* *History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century (1789-1908).* By James MacCaffrey, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Maynooth. In two volumes. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; St. Louis: B. Herder.

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new social and political movements which date from it. From 1848 to 1898 the Continental peoples are considered in the same order. The final chapter is devoted to "The Papacy." There is a good account of the political misfortunes of the Papal States, and an excellent history of the Vatican Council.

The second volume opens with the repeal of the Penal Laws in England. The Oxford Movement, the establishment of the hierarchy, and the recent history of the Church in England and Scotland are surveyed succinctly and accurately. The history of the Church in Ireland, at least as a whole, is given only down to the Act of Disestablishment, forty years ago. In this instance, one may judge, the author found the task of writing the history of his own times too difficult even for his prudent pen. He had less need of reticence in giving the account of "Education in Ireland," which has a chapter to itself and which is completed down to the Irish Universities Act of 1908.

Chapter IV. treats of the Church in America, a generous share of it being accorded to the United States, and much might be quoted to show the author's friendly attitude towards the Church in America.

A strange error has crept into this chapter which we cannot help but notice. On pp. 294, 295 the Rev. A. P. Doyle is named as the Superior of the Paulist Fathers. It is well known that the Very Rev. George M. Searle was Superior from 1904–1909 and that he was succeeded by the Very Rev. John J. Hughes in July of last year. Moreover, the organ of the Paulist Fathers is not *The Missionary* but THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

After considering the general history of the Church in Canada, South America, Australasia, and in the foreign mission fields, the author devotes six interesting chapters to special topics: Religious Orders, Theological Errors and Developments, Ecclesiastical Studies During the Nineteenth Century, Ecclesiastical Education, Socialism, and The Catholic Labor Movement.

The more one studies these two volumes of Dr. MacCaffrey, the deeper becomes one's appreciation of his special fitness for the difficult task to which he addressed himself. Out of the mass of data at his disposal he selects the essentials with singular and unerring felicity. He rather avoids the characterization of individuals; it is in the summary of events that he is

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at his best; here he moves with rapid but with steady step. He is always calm and well-poised. He points out evils where they exist, but he never scolds. His history of Catholic activities never degenerates into a mere indictment of the age and of humanity. He is in sympathy with all sane progressive movements towards political equality, economic betterment, educational advance, and improvement in practical religious methods. He has the faith in divine Providence and the hopefulness about the future which distinguish the Catholic and the Celt; and, in addition, a broad and clear outlook as an historian over the field of human history, which makes his judgments broad-minded, equable, and sane. We warmly recommend *The History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century.*

Western Canada is to-day the land of promise. In fact, it bids fair to be to-morrow the land of fulfillment. The great continental "trek" is moving northward, and the broad lands on both sides of the Canadian Rockies are attracting thousands of settlers. The pioneer days of savages and *métis, voyageurs* and *coureurs du bois,* Hudson Bay officials, and missionaries, are fast passing away, to be succeeded by a civilization of railroads, churches, schools, and courts, settled farms, and well-equipped mines. The earlier conditions are well within the memory of the devoted Catholic missionaries who labored so valiantly to plant the cross in that vast region, stretching from Lake Superior to the Pacific and from the American border to the frozen North. It is well that some of them have been moved to write for posterity the history of the earlier times before the last vestige of those times has become obliterated by the foot of progress. It is fitting also that an Oblate of Mary Immaculate should essay the task,* for wherever the traveler may go throughout that whole region he will come across the evidences of the heroic toil of that devoted band of missionary priests. Father Morice is no novice in historical work. He comes to his task with the added equipment of years of experience in the country whose history he is writing. And it is a moving tale he tells—of missionary adventures, successes, and tragedies, of Indian lore, of settle-

* *History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada from Lake Superior to the Pacific (1659–1895).* By Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I. In two volumes. With Maps and Illustrations. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

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ments, rebellions, massacres, of the beginnings of towns and churches, the whole drama of civilization in the making. His main interest is in the progress of religion; but he often touches on points of more general history, and always with the sure touch of the man who has a first-hand acquaintance with the facts, persons, places, and circumstances. His account of the two insurrections with which Louis Riel was concerned should be read by every fair-minded historian before a final verdict is pronounced on that unfortunate leader. The autographs and portraits of eminent pioneers form a valuable feature of the work.

We have any number of books treating of the work of the Catholic Church in general, and its influence on civilization, on the individual, the family, and society. But there has been felt the need of some book treating of the Church in our own particular country. We have the histories of the church in different dioceses and in different sections of the country; we have volumes on the work done by various individuals and various religious societies; but as yet no one has given us a general survey of the position and influence of the Church in the United States. The present volume* is a step in the right direction. It does not, of course, pretend to be exhaustive; it is only a general, a very general, survey of the work of the Church in this country, just barely touching on the most prominent topics. A good idea of its contents may be gleaned from the headings of the chapters: "The Past"; "Missionary Heroes"; "In Colonial Days"; "The Church in the Nation"; "A Little History on Religious Lines"; "The Science of Irreligion"; "The Philosophy of Unbelief"; "Immigration"; "Education and the Bible"; "The National Church." The value of the book is enhanced by some statistics and tables given in conclusion.

THE SOUTH IN OUR GREAT WAR.

Some years ago a large class of college graduates, all natives of this country, were seeking admission to an institution of professional training. One of the questions submitted in the written examination

* *The Question of the Hour.* A Survey of the Position and Influence of the Catholic Church in the United States. By Joseph P. Conway. New York: The John McBride Company.

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was this: "What general was in command of the Union forces at the battle of Gettysburg?" The answers were in several cases quite wide of the fact, and one of the young gentlemen wrote down: "General Grant, of course." This was by no means the grossest error about American history, and is but a specimen of the condition of minds under tuition, higher and lower, in matters of the sort. Hence the good of such works as Mr. Eggleston's on the War of the Rebellion.*

The reader here has the advantage of an old soldier's experience as to narrative, as well as of a practised writer's power of condensation and smoothness of description. The author served in the Southern army all through the war. Therefore his treatment of army operations is graphic and piquant. That it is critical in the stricter sense, as claimed on the title page, some will question. For example, the strategy of Stonewall Jackson's brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the spring of 1862, is credited mainly to General Lee. That great leader profited greatly by the Valley campaign, and personally approved of it; but its whole scope and purpose, no less than its detailed execution, was Jackson's own, as is fully shown by Colonel Henderson in his classic work on that eccentric hero. General Joseph E. Johnston, however, aided Jackson, not only largely but essentially, being his immediate superior and granting him every soldier he could spare from the lines in front of Richmond. Lee held no actual command at the time, and was placed on the waiting list with the complimentary title of "Military Adviser" of President Davis, a sort of chief-of-staff.

Another lapse is the failure to mention the two little warships, the *Tyler* and *Lexington*, in the account of the battle of Shiloh, which, barring that omission, is one of the fairest and most interesting we have ever read.

Taken as a whole, the work is accurate enough to be reliable. And it has such high literary merit as to redeem many such defects as we have noticed. It reads like a novel, clear as crystal, sparkling everywhere with the epithets of earnest feeling and the adornments of pure literary taste.

Since the war Mr. Eggleston has resided in the North engaged in literary and notably historical labors with well-earned applause. Therefore his introductory chapters on the origin of

* *The History of the Confederate War; Its Causes and Conduct.* A Narrative and Critical History. By George Cary Eggleston. Two Vols. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company.

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the conflict, demand an attentive consideration from Northern readers, apart from their intrinisic merit. We cannot quite allow ourselves to be led into his view of Southern rights; yet they are shown to be historically plausible, if not probable, are well arranged for reference, and offered in a literary dress superior, we think, to any other portion of the work.

American history still lacks a distinctive and powerfully written account of the strictly political affairs of the Confederacy. Some of the ablest of American statesmen led the South out of the Union and organized the new and short-lived nation. It is now generally conceded, and is repeatedly affirmed or implied by Mr. Eggleston, that the diplomacy, the finances, the legislation of the Confederate States, were each and all a lamentable failure, nearly all the more important measures being unwisely conceived and blunderingly carried out. Especial interest attaches to this condition, when it is just as universally admitted that the military achievements of the Southern people were of the highest order of excellence. Our author has notably contributed an intelligent and very enjoyable study of the whole epoch.

SIMON BOLIVAR.

To the popular imagination one of the most picturesque characters in the history of the Western Hemisphere is Simon Bolivar, "The Liberator." Most of us know very little of the facts of his life, but his name bears with it mingled associations of the dash and daring of the early Spanish *conquistadores* and the democratic self-abnegation of a Cincinnatus or a Washington. But the grave writers of history have passed him by. This has been due to the disturbed and backward state of the republics which he freed from the dominion of Spain, and which, under better conditions, would have been the proper agents for the keeping of his deeds before the eyes of the world. The digging of the Panama Canal has of late turned our eyes in the direction of South America, and Mr. Loraine Petre deems it the psychological moment to present once more the story of the Liberator to the English-speaking world.

His work * presents every evidence of being a carefully studied

* *Simon Bolivar, "El Libertador."* A Life of the Chief Leader in the Revolt against Spain in Venezuela, New Granada, and Peru. By Fr. Loraine Petre. London and New York: John Lane.

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and impartial document. It is rather difficult reading on account of the agility with which its subject keeps skipping over a large and to us unfamiliar map. The ever-changing kaleidoscope of Spanish American politics does not help to clearness of view. But we do get a fair idea of Simon Bolivar. When all is said and done, it must be acknowledged that he is not the ideal that our fancy had painted him, but he is pretty much of a man notwithstanding. To state the worst first, he was vain, ambitious, and lacking in power to govern the territory which his arms had won. But he was brave, resourceful, undaunted, and indefatigable. The vice of avarice has not smirched his name as it has so many of his successors. He possessed the perseverance and courage of a Hannibal, but not the administrative genius of an Alexander or a Napoleon, and only in outward show the deep patriotism of a Washington. But he was the liberator of his people, and is deserving of their gratitude. His native land, Venezuela, has given birth to no nobler son, and has borne the yoke of much less worthy rulers.

PORFIRIO DIAZ.
By Godoy.

Of late the "devil's advocates" have been doing rather effective work in undermining the popular reputation of the President of our neighboring republic. That he is jealous of the good opinion of Americans has been shown in various ways, one of them being a legal action, which resulted in the imprisonment of a clever cartoonist. The present work* bears evidence of being part of a campaign of rehabilitation. It may possibly be the enthusiastic tribute of a whole-hearted admirer; but it reads at times like a campaign document. Half of the book consists of an account of the life of Porfirio Diaz. The main events of this really remarkable career are narrated with lucidity and directness. The only objection is that Diaz is pictured as being so unhumanly and monotonously right. A few dark lines would make the picture more artistic—and more credible.

The latter half of the book consists of an impressive array of "Opinions of prominent men regarding President Diaz as a soldier and statesman," and various appendices containing documents, statistics, etc. The "opinions" were written at

* *Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico: The Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth.* By José F. Godoy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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the request of the author, who does not over-state the facts when he says that the list of the writers contains the names of "some of the most noted men in the United States and Canada, including most eminent statesmen, diplomats, governors, federal officials, army and navy leaders, newspaper writers, successful bankers, men from all leading walks of life." The unanimous verdict which these men render will, no doubt, be the verdict of history. It is that Porfirio Diaz is one of the greatest men of our times. This, however, does not modify the fact that history will insist on a more detailed and scrupulous estimate of the man and his achievements than can be found in the present work.

COMMODORE JOHN ROGERS. Dr. Paullin, the author of this book,* is a resident of Washington, and a graduate of the Catholic University of America. He is an authority on American naval history, having already published the *Navy of the American Revolution* and the *Administration of the Continental Navy of the American Revolution.* He has selected Commodore Rogers as a subject, partly on account of the interesting career of the man himself, and partly because his activities were so closely connected with the history of the old navy, his years of service extending from 1798 to 1838. The whole narrative is graphic, and, to our modern eyes, picturesque. It brings back the days when a sea-fight was a romance, the days of wooden ships and sailing manœuvres, of pirates and privateers. Commodore Rogers took part in the war with the Barbary pirates and in the War of 1812. He was associated with such men as Decatur and Lawrence, the Perrys, Porter, Bainbridge, and MacDonough. He played a part, too, in the more pacific home and foreign affairs of his country, and, during his long period of land service, had an important share in developing and systematizing the naval department. Among other things he advocated for many years, planned, and later secured, the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Dr. Paullin has had full access to all the official documents bearing on the period, and in addition he has made use of family and private papers which have not hitherto been access-

* *Commodore John Rogers, Captain, Commodore, and Senior Officer of the American Navy (1773-1838).* A Biography. By Charles Oscar Paullin. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company.

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ible to the historian. He also furnishes an extensive bibliography of sources and a careful analytical index, as well as numerous portraits, facsimiles, and views. The large volume is gotten up with the exquisite care which always marks the publications of the Arthur H. Clark Company.

VERSE.

A collected volume from the pen of Edward William Thomson* comes to us, containing verses both patriotic and sentimental, translations, and some interesting Canadian ballads. The Lincoln poems have powerful sincerity and many a heart-reaching touch of war-time color; although the persistent coupling of our martyr-president with the crucified Son of God is open to the charge of bad art as well as bad taste. Mr. Thomson has inclusive sympathies and a felicitous trick of phrase: his philosophy will scarcely make serious appeal to the Catholic mind.

In a volume† upon many themes, and of unequal merit, Mr. Wilson Jefferson gives us two or three really beautiful lyrics. "After Death" is a fragment of poignant and perfect simplicity.

The Haunted House‡ contains verses, narrative and otherwise, distinctly fervid for the most part, and given to experiments in rhythm. It is scarcely reassuring to confront upon the first page a phonetic effusion concerning

"the nasty, sickly wheezing of lost souls."

LADY MERTON, COLONIST. By Mrs. Ward.

There is no tremendous intellectual problem in the latest novel of Mrs. Humphrey Ward,§ and the story is the better for the lack. The scene is in Western Canada, the country of big things, and Mrs. Ward is enthusiastic about everything in that new and vigorous land. The main characters are a Canadian of the dynamic type that our own Frank Spearman loves to de-

* *When Lincoln Died; and Other Poems.* By Edward William Thomson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

† *Verses.* By Wilson Jefferson. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

‡ *The Haunted House.* By Henry Percival Spencer. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

§ *Lady Merton, Colonist.* By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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pict, and Lady Merton, an Englishwoman of refinement, who finally elects to give up old-world comforts and culture and take her place in the life of the western country. There is one Catholic in the story, a French-Canadian who represents spiritual ideals. More might profitably have been made of him.

A MODERN CHRONICLE. By Churchill.

Winston Churchill's American portrait gallery contains specimens from each generation, beginning with Colonial times. In the present volume* he depicts modern people and conditions. The scenes are laid in St. Louis, New York, and across the Atlantic. There is a winsome but difficult heroine, and a sturdy, patient hero of the "Peter Stirling" type. The story does not hold one's interest to the same degree as, for instance, *The Crossing* or *Coniston*, but it is, like all the author's work, well worth reading.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF LUTHER TRANT.

Not long ago Professor Münsterberg attracted considerable attention, and not a little ridicule, by suggesting that the methods of psychological research should be used for the detection of crime. The idea has been taken up by the authors of *The Achievements of Luther Trant.*† The book contains half a dozen good detective stories, in which there is a fine blending of the scientific and the human interest. The methods used for testing the credibility of witnesses, registering the emotions of the guilty, etc., would hardly be admitted in court according to the rules of evidence; but it is evident that they can serve, in competent hands, for aids to the detection of crime.

THE UNDESIRABLE GOVERNESS. By Crawford.

Mr. Crawford's posthumous work‡ will hardly add to his fame. It is a simple story of English country life, with a decidedly old-fashioned plot—kidnapped heiresses have gone out of fashion in fiction. If it were not that a balloon-

* *A Modern Chronicle.* By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The Achievements of Luther Trant.* By E. Balmer and W. MacHarg. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

‡ *The Undesirable Governess.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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ing adventure plays a prominent part in the denouement, one would surmise that the story was an old and suppressed venture of the author, written before *Mr. Isaacs* had shown him what he might expect of himself. However, it is a clean, simple little tale, told with grace and humor.

TOWER OF IVORY.
By Mrs. Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton's *Tower of Ivory** is not a great work. A young Englishman meets a *prima donna* in Munich. She arouses him to the level of the best in him—a poor best—and under her stimulus he passes his examinations for the diplomatic service. She saves him from the clutches of a designing woman, and, in self-denying vein, refuses to marry him herself. But the character of the man is unattractive; indolence and self-indulgence are the main qualities depicted in the book. Of course the story is well told, for Mrs. Atherton is a master of craft, but at times it is heavy.

THE FASCINATING MRS. HALTON.
By Benson.

Daisy plaited Jeannie's long white fingers in with her own. "I think it's one of the nicest things that ever happened," she said. "It's like some old legend of a man who has—well, racketed about all his life, and then suddenly finds his ideal, which, though she is quite out of reach, entirely satisfies him. . . . It's just what the man in the legend would do.

And the reader of *The Fascinating Mrs. Halton*,† supposedly a novel that pictures English social life of the "upper" classes, particularly in their country house parties, will also say that it is a legend pure and simple, a mythical thing that lacks the ring of true life. Some of the people are wicked; others are on the way to be wicked; and the virtuous heroine does not hesitate to employ wicked methods that good may come. In the old yellow-backs the good hero was always triumphant; the villain, persisting in his villainy to the last, was utterly vanquished.

In Mrs. Halton we feared that vice, so threateningly rampant, might, in the end, conquer. Our fears were vain. Vice

* *Tower of Ivory*. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company.
† *The Fascinating Mrs. Halton*. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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does not conquer. Not even the villain dies. He lives—a devoted servant of all things good and proper. No wonder Daisy said it was "one of the nicest things that ever happened." In its ending at least this tale would adorn the library of a Sunday-School. Without fair warning and with a completeness that is inexplicable Tom, the wretched villain, turns to Jeannie and says, in the virtuous accents of a most conscientious man: "I love and I honor you"; and though Jeannie will not, cannot accept him, the tender yet powerful influence of that love to which he aspired, yet never attained, changes utterly his life and character, and is equivalent for him to perseverance, pitched virtuously high. And Daisy, for whom we worried without cause, is also won and transformed by the wondrous virtue of Jeannie.

All this Mr. E. F. Benson relates in his attractive, conversational way, and his plot has at least the merit of novelty.

STRICTLY BUSINESS.
By O. Henry.

In this volume* we have twenty-three stories from the pen of one of the most industrious of present-day fiction writers. We expect to find humor and keen characterization in everything from the pen of O. Henry, and we are not disappointed in the present book. The themes of these varied tales have, one and all, to do with the energetic, restless, materialistic life of proletarian America. They bring us in close contact with the strange, surging city of "Bagdad-on-the-Subway." The realism of the presentation flashes upon the reader things which, through dreaming inattention, we have missed, and we are led into questioning why we have not looked out upon this common life with our own eyes open in observation and sympathy. Three or four of the stories are of exceptionally good quality, though it is also true that many chapters reveal the strain of hurried work. But *Strictly Business* will give to a reader a few hours of very pleasant entertainment.

THE PAPACY.
By John S. Vaughan.

English-speaking Catholics owe a deep debt of gratitude to Bishop Vaughan for his literary activity. He has already given us many books treating of spiritual and doctrinal subjects, almost all

* *Strictly Business.* By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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of which have passed through many editions. The discharge of his manifold duties as Auxiliary Bishop of Salford does not seem to lessen his literary activity. The present volume* was not originally intended for publication, but many who had heard these lectures wished to see them in a more permanent form. They treat of the Infallibility of the Pope. In clear, concise language the Right Reverend author gives the doctrine of the Catholic Church and shows how reason demands an infallible authority in the Church of God. The second part deals more particularly with Papal Infallibility in connection with the Church of England, and especially with the Continuity Theory so much in favor among modern Anglicans.

The book will be of great service to all who wish to study this important question, since Bishop Vaughan has a happy faculty of popularizing theology. We wish it the success it deserves and such success as has justly come to Monsignor Vaughan's previous volumes.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

We cannot have too many books of popular devotion on the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Blessed Sacrament is the fundamental devotion of the Church; all our spiritual life revolves around it; and the better it is known, the more will it be loved and the deeper will be our union with Christ. Hence we extend a hearty welcome to this production of the learned Jesuit.† It is a book full of deep spirituality based upon dogmatic truths. The subjects treated are "The Idea of Sacrifice"; "The Beauty of the Eucharistic Sacrifice"; "The Miraculous Multiplication of Bread and Communion"; "The Perpetual Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament"; "Visits to the Seven Churches in Rome." The author has handled his subject-matter in a masterly manner, and priests will find in his work much material for sermons on the Holy Eucharist.

HEROES OF THE FAITH.
By Dom Bede Camm.

Dom Bede Camm needs no introduction; he has already won a lasting place in the hearts of English readers. He now emphasizes

* *The Purpose of the Papacy.* By the Right Rev. John S. Vaughan, D.D. London: Sands & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Sublimity of the Holy Eucharist; also, A Visit to the Seven Churches in Rome on the Occasion of the Jubilee.* Five Essays by Father Moritz Meschler, S.J. Authorized translation by A. C. Clarke. London: Sands & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder.

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that claim by a new volume * dealing with the English martyrs. He has already told us something of this subject: in 1904 he published a volume dealing with the causes for which the English martyrs died; in 1906 a second volume was devoted to the martyrs of the Seminaries of Douay, Rome, and Valladolid. The present book gives some account of the sufferings and witness of members of the Religious Orders and of the laity. The various chapters of this series were originally delivered as addresses at Tyburn Convent and at Westminster Cathedral. They tell the story, in Dom Bede Camm's interesting literary style, of the sufferings undergone for the faith in England in bygone days. The narratives are graphic, touching, and inspiring.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

This is a new book on the priesthood † and a welcome addition to our library of English books dealing with the subject. The editor tells us that he has been acquainted with the manuscript for some years, and thought "that its burning, eloquent words and thoughts on the sacred office of the priesthood might prove a source of strength and inspiration to many priests in these days of stress and storm, with the absorbing claims of external things pressing upon them, threatening to occupy a larger place in the priest's life than is their due." So he prepared the manuscript for publication. The volume contains chapters on "The Church Student"; "The Public Life"; "The Mass"; "Calvary Priests"; "The Blessed Sacrament"; "The Beloved Disciple"; "Renunciation"; "The Way of the Cross"; "Perfection"; "Making Saints." It is full of deep spirituality, frequently recalls the need of meditation, insists over and over again on mortification and self-denial and renunciation; in fact, these last points are, as they should be, the predominant thought which actuates the entire book.

Another point we are glad to see insisted upon is the leading of souls in the higher paths of perfection and sanctity; in other words, the office of direction. Here and there the practical side of the sacerdotal life is touched upon, but only in a passing way. These reflections contain much that is edifying

* *Heroes of the Faith.* New Conferences on the English Martyrs delivered at Tyburn Convent by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., Editor of the St. Nicholas Series. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Man Mirroring his Maker. The Priest of God's Church.* Edited from an unpublished manuscript by F. C. P. Westminster: Art and Book Company.

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and inspiring. Yet, in spite of all this, the style of writing will appeal but slightly to the average English-speaking priest. It is written in the high, ecstatic spirit of the Latin *ferverino;* the subjects are not logically worked out; it is difficult to follow the general theme of the chapters; and the entire volume is interspersed with prayers and appeals to the Blessed Virgin that have no apparent connection with the immediate text. On account of its defects of style and plan, it will never have the success that our classical volumes on the priesthood have attained. However, it is a book worth having, since its lessons, if learned, will give us a deeper appreciation of the sublime dignity of the sacerdotal state.

FRANCIA'S MASTERPIECE. By Carmichael.

Mr. Carmichael has undertaken the unusual task of writing a small volume on a single picture, and yet he addresses not the learned but the well-intentioned multitude, who admire religious representations, though ignorant of their history or specific purpose. In his treatise on the altar-piece in San Frediano, at Lucca, the author is really presenting us with an essay on the beginnings of the Immaculate Conception in art. The lower portion of Francia's charming picture represents four mystical foreseers of this dogma, David, Solomon, Anselm, and Augustine, and the volume is appropriately dedicated to the memory of the Venerable John Duns Scotus, its ardent champion in later times. Mr. Carmichael's book† is a complete answer to Mrs. Jameson's statement that the Immaculate Conception does not appear in art until the seventeenth century. It also proves that many "Conceptions," "Assumptions," and "Coronations," have been misnamed because the critics did not investigate the purpose of the altar for which the paintings were intended.

*Predestined,** by Stephen French Whitman, is a story of New York life with nothing to recommend it. The man lives an unprincipled and undisciplined life, and dies alone, a physical and moral wreck. He has no claim to birthright in a book—nor any promise of a long existence.

* *Francia's Masterpiece.* By Montgomery Carmichael. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

† *Predestined.* By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received the *Life of Mary Ward.* As we are told in the able introduction, by Abbot Gasquet, the publication of this short biography is singularly opportune. Quite recently, by the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Religious, the nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary were once again allowed to acclaim Mary Ward as their foundress. This they have not been permitted to do for the past one hundred and sixty years. Many editions of the life of Mary Ward have been published, it is true, but such a life will ever bear repetition. The earnest purpose, the life-long labors, the constant journeying and perpetual perils, the successes and the failures of this heroic woman, make her life read like a romance, and furnish encouragement and inspiration for every one of us.

The liturgical works issued by Pustet & Co., of New York, are always excellent. We wish to call special attention to their Solesmes edition of the *Officium et Missa pro Defunctis*, translated by Dr. F. X. Mathias. It is carefully edited and published at a reasonable price.

Worthy of exceptional praise is the *Missale Romanum*, which the same publishing house has sent to us. In size it is admirably suited for missionary priests and also for private devotion. It is complete in every particular and may be used for low or solemn Mass. In type, binding, durability, and general usefulness we heartily recommend it as a most worthy piece of book-making.

The children of years ago read with pleasure and profit the stories contributed to THE YOUNG CATHOLIC by Mrs. Herman Bosch. It is with particular pleasure, therefore, that we chronicle the fact that Mrs. Bosch has not ceased her labors, but has given us in permanent form, through Longmans, Green & Co., her *Bible Stories Told to "Toddles."* As stories that will interest and gain the love of little children for that treasury of divine wisdom, the Holy Bible, we recommend them to priests and teachers and mothers and to the children themselves. May they meet with the success they deserve and accomplish the work for which their author has labored.

The Kindergarten in the Home. By Carrie S. Newman. Ill.

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(Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) The mission of this attractive volume is a high and worthy one. It is a book to help those who have the sacred responsibility of training children. The author's work is sympathetic and personal and she presents many valuable suggestions. A happy intimacy with the life and ways of children of tender years is evident in the work.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have issued in attractive pamphlet form the two valuable sermons preached at the opening of the Newman Memorial Church, Birmingham, by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., and the Very Rev. Canon McIntyre; also a pamphlet entitled: *The Angelus* and the *Regina Cœli.* This last is another evidence of the increase of devotion to the Blessed Virgin among Anglicans. May it lead them to a knowledge and a speedy acceptance of all the truths of Christ's Church.

A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend. By Bernard Berenson (New York: John Lane Company). Those who have found in the Giotto paintings of Assisi the best communication of the early Franciscan spirit meet in Mr. Berenson a steadfast opponent. He says: "In so far as Giotto is responsible for these works, it may be said that he was still young, and that his sense for spiritual significance was still undeveloped." Mr. Berenson's thesis is that Stefano Sassetta, of Siena, in nine panels, once forming the front and back of a single altar-piece, has, of all painters, left us the most adequate rendering of the Franciscan soul. He compares the works of the two artists picture by picture. The volume is embellished with twenty-six illustrations in collotype.

School Room Echoes, by Mary C. Burke, is a good sized volume of verse suited to class and assembly room recitation. A large variety of subjects are to be found in the table of contents and the volume will be helpful to both teachers and pupils (Boston: The Gorham Press).

The Story of a Beautiful Childhood is a tribute, by Katherine E. Conway, to the memory of a young boy whose short life of fifteen years contains a lesson for men and women of every age (Boston: C. M. Clarke Company).

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The Place of Religion in Good Government, by Max Pam, is the title of a discourse delivered at the University of Notre Dame and published by the University Press. *The House of Mourning* is the latest addition to the Marooma Library series —reprints of stories and article from the pages of the *Ave Maria*.

Echoes of Naples is a collection of thirty songs gathered together by Mario Favilli. The majority of these songs have appeared in different previous collections. They are, as a rule, well selected. For those organists and choirs not fully acquainted with Gregorian notation, an arrangement of the Requiem Mass, Vatican edition, made by Eduardo Marzo, will be helpful. Mr. Edward Quincy Norton has prepared a very helpful manual on *The Construction, Tuning, and Care of the Piano-Forte* for tuners, dealers, musicians, and owners in general of pianos and organs. He has put into it the results of years of study and practical experience. He writes in a simple manner, without attempting any technical explanation of the theories of sound. His directions are clear and concise. All these publications are issued by Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.

At the close of last year there passed away from this earth the soul of a fine Catholic layman of Boston, Charles Francis Donnelly. His wife, with the aid of Katherine Conway and Mabel Ward Cameron, has issued for private distribution a memoir of his life.* The portion of this book devoted to Mr. Donnelly himself is all too short. It is a revelation of a singularly noble and religious soul. The main part of the book is taken up with an account of the most striking of his services to the Church, his conduct of the Catholic side against a Bill for the Inspection of Private Schools which was introduced by the Massachusets A. P. A. in 1888. The account of the hearings on this Bill contains a lot of valuable matter for any one who is interested in the questions of constitutional religious rights and religious education.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons have issued a very well presented edition of Faber's Translation of Blessed Grignon de Mont-

* *Charles Francis Donnelly*. A Memoir. By K. E. Conway and M. W. Cameron. New York: James T. White.

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fort's *Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.* The work contains the preface written by Cardinal Vaughan, late Archbishop of Westminster, and also the introductions of Father Faber and of the saintly author himself.

AMERICA OF TO-MORROW. By Abbe Klein.

Our republic has never had a critic at once as kindly and as shrewd as Abbé Klein. He is so generous in his praise of our successes and merits that we might be tempted to think that he has an eye only for our good points. Yet he has a way of indicating, by a little shrug and a smile, his perception of our exaggerations and defects. He has now produced four books treating of our American Republic: *Au Pays de la "Vie Intense"; La Découverte du vieux monde par un étudiant de Chicago; La Séparation aux États-Unis;* and the volume under review.*

M. Klein was not satisfied with the knowledge of America which he had attained in former visits, he wished to see more of the country, and accordingly it was not difficult for his American friends to induce him to visit the "America of To-morrow," the land of the West. The book which registers his pilgrimage is a traveler's diary, jotted notes and impressions. But it is not a mere reflection of the guide-book. M. Klein has a mind of his own—and an eye—and a tongue. And what he sees and says is somehow fresh and interesting, even though the facts seemed commonplace enough to us before. His itinerary brought him into touch with such a variety of places, persons, and interests as the Catholic Summer-School, Chautauqua, Chicago and its University, Peoria and St. Paul with their famous bishops, the Canadian West, Seattle, and San Francisco. It must have been a rare pleasure to make that journey in his company, unless indeed he was saving all his shrewd observations and piquant remarks and judicious praise to delight the readers of his book.

EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL.

The present volume† is an example of true Catholic critical exegesis. Since the modern study of the sacred books lays such constant insistence on philological

* *L'Amérique de Demain.* Par M. l'Abbé Félix Klein. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

† *Epitres de Saint Paul. Leçons d'Exégèse.* Par C. Toussaint. Vol. I. *Lettres aux Thessaloniciens, aux Galates, aux Corinthiens.* Paris: Beauchesne et Cie.

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and critical points, Dr. Toussaint aims at giving the Catholic student a thoroughly critical edition of the Epistles of St. Paul. Such a work is necessary, he contends, not only for the purposes of a sound apologetic, but also for a proper grasp by the constructive theologian of the true sense of the inspired authors. It is only by establishing the original text of the sacred scriptures that a solid foundation can be had for interpreting them. In this first volume, on St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, to the Galatians, and to the Corinthians, Dr. Toussaint makes a scholarly and satisfactory application of the principles of textual and literary criticism. The results show that "nothing is to be feared for the sacred books from the true advance of the art of criticism; nay more, that a beneficial light may be derived from it, provided that its use be coupled with prudence and discernment."

SCRIPTURE.

The object of this little volume* is to give a short but complete theological treatment of those questions concerning the Bible which are usually examined under the title of General Introduction to Sacred Scripture. It differs, however, from most such "Introductions" in its preference for the theological, and its comparative indifference to the historical, point of view. It aims at giving the teachings of the Church on general matters pertaining to the Bible.

The work is divided into two parts. The First Part (pp. 11–107) is devoted entirely to documentary evidence, from the Encyclicals *Providentissimus Deus* and *Pascendi Dominici Gregis*, the decree *Lamentabili*, the decisions of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican, and of the Biblical Commission on fundamental scriptural problems. The testimony, not only of Fathers and theologians, but of Jews and Protestants, is also cited.

The second part of the work (pp. 108-208) is a theological treatise, based on the doctrinal decisions already quoted, on such questions as the Canon of Scripture, its inspiration and inerrancy, the authority of the Vulgate, the rules of hermeneutics. The work is concluded with a chapter on the use of Scripture.

These questions are treated after a strictly theological fash-

* *De Scriptura Sacra.* Par J. V. Bainvel, Lector Theologiæ in Facultate Catholica Parisiensi. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie.

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ion, but ample bibliographical references to historical treatises are furnished. The work will be found useful by those who wish to have in convenient form a collection of decrees and other Church documents bearing on Scripture, together with a concise *exposé* of Catholic teaching in these matters.

In the hope of leading his readers to study their religion more thoroughly, and to know its treasures better, Abbé Labourt has written a new manual, *Israel, Jesus Christ, the Catholic Church.* The work is comprehensive, and shows an abundance of knowledge. Its complete title is *Cours Superieur d'Instruction Religieuse. Israël, Jésus Christ, L'Eglise Catholique,* and it is published by Victor Lecoffre, of Paris.

The same publishers have issued *La Bienheureuse Mère Barat,* by M. de Grandmaison, which tells the inspiring life-story of Madame Barat, foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The members of the Society, engaged for the most part in teaching, now number over six thousand. Madame Barat's historian's keen psychological insight and clearness of expression are worthy of praise. The volume is a notable tribute to the noble life which it records.

Also, for those of our readers interested in the latest French publications we make mention of the following, published by Bloud et Cie: *Les Arguments de l'Athéisme.* By J. L. de la Paquerie. *L'Existence Historique de Jesus et le Rationalisme Contemporain.* By L. Cl. Fillion. *Petite Histoire de l'Eglise Catholique au XIX. Siècle.* By Pierre Lorette. *Morale Scientifique et Morale Évangélique Devant la Sociologie.* By Dr. Grasset. *Pétau (1583–1652).* By Abbé Jules Martin. *La Survivance de l'Ame chez les Peuples non Civilisés.* By A. Bros. *La Représentation de la Madone a Travers les Ages.* By J. H. M. Clément. *Le Brahmanisme.* By Louis de la Vallée Poussin. *L'Internelle Consolacion Sainte Térèse, Pascal, Bossuet, Saint Benoît Labra, Le Curé d'Ars.* By J. B. d'Aurevilly. *Pensées.* By Joubet. *Joseph de Maistre Blanc de Saint-Bonnet, Lacordaire, Gratry, Caro.* By J. Barbey d'Aurevilly. *Traite du Devoir de Conduire les Enfants à Jésus-Christ.* By Gerson.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (16 April): "The Liverpool Inquiry." A report of the investigation of the recent anti-Catholic riots of Liverpool, in which it is clearly shown "that neither directly nor indirectly does the slightest blame attach itself to the Catholics of the city."——According to the report of Abbot Gasquet, President of the Biblical Commission, the revision of the Vulgate is carefully, though slowly, progressing.——What the *Osservatore Romano* says of the Roosevelt Incident—"a bare and genuine exposition of the facts."

(23 April): "Mechanical-Like Morality." In refutation of this theory of conduct, Father Rickaby, S.J., declares that a normally trained man, in making a choice of the various lines of conduct open to him, is correctly conscious that it is a choice and not the resultant of inevitable conditions.——"The Earth and the Comet." "A collision might result," says Father Cortie, S.J., "in a shower of shooting stars, but that is all."——According to M. Briand, a "real Republican" is a man who, while desiring further progress, renounces nothing in the work of secularism achieved during the past ten years.

(30 April): "The French Bishops and *Le Sillon*." Should *Le Sillon* be suppressed? This society, founded by M. Marc Sanguier "to form enlightened citizens and disciples of Christ," is regarded by several of the French hierarchy as worthy of condemnation, since its director has explained that "the young workmen are to be their own religious educators, and that the movement is more advanced than Socialism itself."——"Further Light on the Roosevelt Incident," from our Roman Correspondent. A private message of the intermediary, Mr. Leishman, is said to have been the cause of all the trouble.

The Month (May): Under the caption "La Terreur Blanche," the editor replies to those who, in defending the French anti-clericals, point to the excesses of 1815. He shows the lack of parity in the example and denies that the Pope and Bishops instigated such abuses as then took place.——Bernard J. Whiteside points out the great work Lord Kelvin did for social and scientific progress.

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——"The Coming Election in Belgium," by J. Wilfrid Parsons, outlines the aims and history of the various factions and analyzes the present political situation.

The Church Quarterly Review (April): Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, D.D., reviews several works dealing with "The Eucharist in History." He concludes "that there is nothing, in the language of either the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom or the Roman Mass, so far as regards their Eucharistic teaching, which a sincere member of the Church of England could not use with spiritual edification."—— In "Christianity, Science, and 'Christian Science,'" Dr. Harrington Saintsbury sees that the new theory of "Mind Cure" "opens wide the door to the most powerful of all spiritual forces, Religion," in treating disease. ——"How We May 'Think of the Trinity,'" by Rev. Robert Vaughan.——Rev. W. C. Emmet, in "The Biblical Teaching on Divorce," restates the traditional Anglican view. He thinks, however, that "Divorce is always a bad thing," and that the New Testament "permits it, nothing more," to avoid a greater evil.

The Crucible (March): "Surveillance in Schools." I. "The Opening of Letters." In this article M. Segar points out that the opening of the parents' letters to their children at school results in a restriction of free intercourse, and is a primary cause of estrangement between parent and child.——B. Stafford deals with the "Restrictions on Woman's Labor," which involves the question whether woman is to be regarded as a co-laborer with man, or simply as an alien in the labor market.—— M. Fletcher presents to us "Ruskin as a Social Reformer" and "The Encyclicals of Leo XIII.," venturing to suggest "the study of the affinities to Catholic teaching in the economic writings of Ruskin."

The Hibbert Journal (April): Professor Henry Jones discusses "The Ethical Demand of the Present Political Situation" in England.——G. W. Balfour inquires into the relation between recent "Psychical Research and Current Doctrines of Mind and Body." If the results towards which Psychical Research seems to be tending are proved valid, he concludes, theories such as Parallelism and Epiphenomenalism would have to be abandoned.——Miss Vida D. Scudder writes of "Christianity in the Socialist State."

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The writer is of opinion that Christianity "alone will have power to furnish the secret strength, without which the very civilization that discards it could never survive." Also that "Catholicism is much more likely than Protestantism to adapt itself to the socialist state."

Dublin Review (April): Viscount Halifax and James Fitzalan, M.P., advocate reform of the House of Lords by selection from within the present assembly and addition from without. A Reformer urges the substitution of a suspensive veto for the present absolute one.——In "Modernism in Islam" Francis McCullagh points out conditions favorable to the new movement. He seems to think that Christians are to blame for Mohammedan intolerance. ——J. B. Williams, despite contrary opinions, says that Cromwell was responsible for the massacre at Drogheda. ——James Britten shows William Bennett's influence on the present ritual of the Anglican Church.——The second of a series of articles on *The International*, by Hilaire Belloc, M.P., indicates a present-day method of attack on the faith, and cites as an example the recent Ferrer case.——In "The People and the Populace," Wilfrid Ward defends an aristocratic form of government and points out the evils of universal electoral franchise. He thinks the people can only be educated up to a wise use of liberty by a paternalistic authority.

Irish Theological Quarterly (April): Dr. MacRory offers a criticism of the *Cambridge Biblical Essays*, recently edited by H. B. Swete, D.D.——Rev. T. Slater, S.J., discusses the scrupulous conscience resulting from a pathological condition of mind; and shows, by several cases in point, that it would be of great benefit to the confessor to know how the doctors of medicine are proceeding in this field common to them and the moral theologian.——"The Mosaic Authorship of Deuteronomy" is the title of an article contributed by Rev. H. Pope.——Dr. Slattery, writing on the Sacrificial Idea, shows that totemism is the basis of the doctrine put forth in a discussion of the matter by the late Bishop Bellord. The truth is that the Sacrificial rite is not the offering in itself, nor the destruction in itself, but rather the offering to God of a thing in the state of destruction.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (April): "Prehistoric Man: His

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Civilization and Religion," by Rev. Charles Gelderd. The writer concludes that prehistoric man had "an intelligence of a very high order." Prehistoric races were also not devoid of all religion, for their burial places bear witness to a belief in a future life.——"Moral Instruction in French Lay Schools," by Rev. W. B. O'Dowd. The object of the present educational system of the French Government is, under the veil of neutrality, to abolish all religious influence in the schools. A review of the atheistic text-books used to accomplish this purpose.——An "Editorial Note on the Restoration of the Crypt of Columbanus at Bobbio."

Le Correspondant (10 April): "The Public Spirit in Italy," by Henri Joly. There are two political factions in Italy: Socialists and Catholics; the latter consisting especially of the elite and the old noble families. While a great many recognize the temporal power of the Pope, reconciling it with their love for the king, the decadence of the religious spirit gives opportunity to the Socialists.—— E. Sainte-Marie Perrin, in a character study of "Nathaniel Hawthorne," says his works are not only those of a master novelist but of a man who has tried to throw some light on the old problems of humanity. He discusses *The Scarlet Letter* at length, considering it as an index to Hawthorne's character.

(25 April): "The Enemies of Jean Jacques Rousseau," by Emile Faguet. The writer discusses Miss Macdonald's recent study of Rousseau, in which she says he was a most honest and virtuous man. He denies this emphatically; says there is no need to go for testimony to the Memoirs of Mme. d'Epinay, which Miss Macdonald claims to be a calumny; and that there is sufficient matter to show the falsity of Miss Macdonald's conclusion in Rousseau's *Confessions*, and *Correspondence*.——"Letters of Chateaubriand to Rosalie de Constant," by Henri Cordier.——"Lace," by Auguste Lefebure. Sixty years ago France had 240,000 lace-makers, while to-day the industry is practically dead. The author believes that the industry may be revived by the elite reviving the use of real hand lace, as Queen Marguerite did in 1872.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (April): "The Historical Vicissitudes of the Political Doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas,

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by Jacques Zeiller. St. Thomas had an important effect upon his contemporaries, especially St. Louis. Many political developments of to-day can be logically deduced from his teaching, though brought about by men entirely ignorant of the great doctor. Leo XIII., however, probably owed his social teaching directly to St. Thomas. And "it is incontestable that St. Thomas has affirmed the mutual independence of two powers, ecclesiastical and civil."

Études (5 April): "The 'Message' of Robert Browning," by Xavier Moisant. Those who think materialism characteristic of Browning's poetry err seriously. This is simply a "robust, joyous, and pure realism." While his religious creed was full of errors and prejudices, he performed a service to his age by insisting stoutly upon the necessity and importance of religion.

(20 April): Rostand is said to have conceived the idea of "Chanticler" from the sight of some chickens in a little Basque village. In "Cambo et Chanticler," Pierre Lhande discusses the traces of Basque scenery, folk-lore, and character to be found in the play.——"Kepler and Protestant Intolerance," by J. Berchois, compares the sufferings Kepler endured at the hands of Protestants on account of scientific opinions with those of Galileo.

Revue du Monde (1 April): "The History of Canon Law in France," by R. P. At. Speaking of the collation of benefices, he states that the Pope, in virtue of his jurisdiction over the entire Church, is the universal collator of all benefices.

Revue Bénédictine (April): D. G. Morin contributes an article on "The Conflict of Vices and Virtues." This little ascetical treatise, so widely circulated during the Middle Ages, has often been put forward as the work of St. Ambrose. The mistake is due to a confusion of the Christian name of the real author—Ambrose Autpert, with that of the illustrious bishop of Milan.——D. U. Berliere gives a biographical sketch of Henri de Vienne, abbot, canonist, and intimate friend of Clement VII. His chief claim to fame, however, rests on his little book *Marriage in Infidel Countries*, remarkable for having insisted, in that early period, on principles which formed the basis of much subsequent legislation.

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Revue du Clergé Français (1 April): E. Vacandard begins an historical sketch of the "Origins of the Feast and of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception."——E. Tavernier sketches the life of "Dom Guéranger, Abbot of Solesmes."——Ch. Calippe reviews "The Social Movement."——"The Agricultural Life, Its Forfeitures, Its Reinstatement," is a pastoral letter by Mgr. Fuzet, Archbishop of Rouen.

(1 May): Second installment of the articles, by E. Vacandard, on "The Immaculate Conception." It deals with the development of this dogma from the early centuries to its promulgation; gives a detailed account of its theological opponents and adherents; and shows that this feast was celebrated as early as the thirteenth century.——"The Religious Movement Among English-Speaking People" treats of the formal and general observance of Sunday in London and the puritanical restrictions which the writer, Gabriel Planque, claims are typical of the religious spirit of England. Quoting from contemporaneous historians and the *Official Year Book of 1909* he says, that "out of a population of thirty millions only two or three millions are members of the Established Church." The growth of the Catholic Church is noted. The author estimates the number of converts at ten thousand a year. The Baptists are increasing most rapidly; but in this increase the author includes the negroes of the United States.——An article by a missionary from India, C. Auzuech, deals with the present dissatisfaction with English rule in India. How the English government handles the situation and the effect upon Catholic missions.——Under "Scientific Chronicle" the subject of Evolution, its present widespread acceptance among naturalists, and its development from the teachings of Lamarck and Darwin to the opinions of Hertwig on comparative anatomy, and the later articles by Vialleton and Lampeyre, are treated.——A series of letters with regard to the Catholic lay organization called the "*Sillon*." Correspondence between Mgr. Andrieu and Mgr. Mignot.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (May): O. Zimmermann, S.J., in a paper on "Inwardness," refutes the charge of externalism raised against the Church, and shows that she fos-

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ters and cultivates the interior life, using for this end external ceremonies, and by these means preventing the excesses into which Protestant inwardness, without any guide, may fall.——Victor Cathrein, S.J., writing on "Ethical Subjectivism upon a Darwinistic Foundation," discusses E. Westermarck's book on *Origin and Development of the Concepts of Morality*, which traces morality back to the different affections found among animals. Fr. Cathrein charges Westermarck with not clearly defining his concepts of morality, and of using too little critical discretion.

Revue Thomiste (March–April): Under the ingenious title, "Can there be Psychology Without a Soul?" Mgr. Farges points out the false principles underlying the proposition of James, that in psychology the substantial principle of unity (the soul) constitutes a superfluous hypothesis"; and argues that from its nature psychology can never be reduced to a mere empirical or positive science.——M. F. Cazes discusses in some twenty-five pages the characteristics common to Modernism and Kantianism, and shows in detail how the Kantian principles have been applied to Catholic dogma, and the destructive nature of the results that followed.——That St. Thomas in no way minimized the importance of positive theology is the main idea in a paper of Abbot Renaudin, O.S.B., "The Influence of St. Cyril of Alexandria on St. Thomas."

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 April): "The Recitation of The Rosary," by Georges Goyau, is a plea for a less mechanical use of this "Spiritual Wreath of Roses."—— "Pierre Cauchon, the 'Schismatic and Excommunicated' Bishop of Beauvais," by Canon H. Dunand. Was Pierre Cauchon really a schismatic? Was his condemnation of Jeanne d'Arc the cause of the bishop's excommunication?

Archivum Franciscanum Historicum (30 April): "Unedited Writings of Dante on Count Guido da Montefeltro." The history of his conversion to the religious life given here reminds one of St. Ignatius. He was born in Tuscany of German ancestors; Guido distinguished himself in wars of the Ghibellines against the Guelfs,

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and was several times excommunicated; but finally laid aside all worldly honors and asked for the Franciscan habit.

Die Kultur (April): Contains three papers on the late Pope: "Leo XIII. in History," by Dr. Tomek; "The Attitude of the Encyclical *Æterni Patris* Towards the Philosophical Tendencies of the Present Time," by Dr. Willmann; and "Leo XIII. the Social Pope," by Dr. Schindler. They think that in politics, philosophy, and in social reform his reign was providential, and that the influence of his work will continue to be felt in these particular fields.——P. Roesler, C.SS.R., in an article entitled "The New Preaching of the Gospel, by St. Klemens Maria Hofbauer," makes a comparison between the saint, on one hand, and Napoleon and Gœthe on the other.

Biblische Zeitschrift (April): Dr. Fritz Tillmann, of Bonn, begins an article "Essentials in Proving Christ's Divinity From the Synoptists in Opposition to Modern Criticism." Critical investigation is revealing more authoritatively that the origin of the Synoptists and St. John may safely be assumed as that given by Catholic tradition. Modern critics ask: What was the self-consciousness of Jesus according to the historical sources; and what is the historical trustworthiness of the synoptic tradition? On this field, therefore, liberal criticism must be answered in order to show that its concept of Christ is merely a fiction. An example of how it may be done is furnished by the conclusions of the radical Schweitzer, who confesses that a Christ such as pictured by rationalism could never have existed.

Rivista Internazionale (March): G. Toniolo explains at length the work of the "Italica Gens" or Federation for the assistance of Italian emigrants in transoceanic countries. Its aims being in perfect agreement with those of the authorities of the Italian government, it proposes to unite its activity with that of the State, and supply with its vast organization the needs to which in many places the government authorities cannot attend.

Civiltà Cattolica (April): "Faith and Reason" is a refutation of the rationalist position that the human intellect is

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absolutely supreme and all-sufficient. It deals with miracles, and shows that miraculous fact, in many cases, is well established by science.——"The Sixtieth Year of the *Civiltà Cattolica*." A sketch of its history since 1850, when it was inaugurated at the express wish of Pius IX. ——"The Victory of Constantine the Great over Maxentius." This article is an anticipation of the celebration of all Christendom in 1912 over Constantine's victory, which turned the history of the world in a new course and made Christianity triumphant.

La Scuola Cattolica (April): C. Ceresani thinks that "The Dangers to Youth at the Present Day" are threefold: the idolizing of the body at the expense of the soul; the insolence of the press in destroying the noble ideals of the past with the purpose of substituting its own worldly ideals; and the war against everything supernatural, manifested especially in the vigorous campaign against the Catechism. These are "the difficulties which a Christian educator must conquer."

España y América (April): Under the title, "The Prodigies of Grace," P. M. B. Garcia briefly describes the conversion of the Graymoor Community at Garrison, New York. ——P. B. Ibeas, in "Some Foreign Social Works," describes the "socialization of the function of maternity" in some European countries. Benefit societies have been founded to pay workingwomen during confinement and to care for the child during the first few months. In Germany the state has assumed the obligation of pensioning widows and orphans of workingmen for a certain time.

Razón y Fe (April): "The Royal Order Relative to Lay Schools," by V. Minteguaga. The author claims that the issue has been confused by calling these schools neutral. In reality they are atheistic, and as such opposed to the Concordat of 1851, which is still the law of the land.——R. Ruiz Amado, in "The Church and the School," endeavors to show that each is necessary to the other and that neither can rightly perform its functions alone.

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Recent Events.

France.

The chief preoccupation of France of late has, of course, been the election of the new Chamber. This takes place, as a rule, every four years. No election has ever been conducted with so much quiet or has excited so little interest. M. Briand, the Premier, seems to have secured a firm hold upon the electorate. The people that manifest the most open hostility towards him are the Extreme Socialists. Yet he has been, during the whole of his political life, ranked as a Socialist. He is now declared by M. Jaurès to be an insolent tyrant. M. Briand has certainly modified his views.

In a sense he may, perhaps, be looked upon as feeling remorse for his treatment of the Church. In a speech made before the election, in which he declared that France was craving for an era of peaceful development, he characterized certain measures which had recently been passed, meaning the Separation Act and the Waldeck-Rousseau Expulsion Act, as drastic measures which were not in harmony with any conceivable lofty conception of sober justice. This is a striking acknowledgement of guilt to be made by a public man. He went on to declare, however, that those measures were necessary for the enfranchisement and the security of the Republic, and so, we fear, there is no hope of his being willing to advocate restitution. But it is worth while to take note of this acknowledgement, and of his declaration that such a state of warfare cannot last. That it should be continued was against the interests of France.

The chief feature of the government's programme for the election, as indicated by M. Briand, was the reform of the electoral system, the re-introduction of *scrutin de liste* instead of the existing *scrutin d'arrondissement*, in order to enlarge the constituencies, thereby giving them a broader and more national outlook. M. Briand expressed also a wish to lengthen the period for which the member sits, in this going against the democratic movement of the day, which aims at a more frequent appeal to the electors. The strength of Parties in the new Chamber, as the result of the election, is as follows, so far as can be definitely ascertained: The Liberals or the Republican Left number 74, as against 90 in the last Chamber; the Radicals

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are 124 in number, as against 116 in the last Chamber; the Socialist Radicals 132, as against 135; the Independent Socialists are 24 in number, and were 9 in the last chamber.

Before the election the opposition numbered 176, consisting of Conservatives, 87; Nationalists, 30; the Centre or Progressives, 59. The recent election has reduced their number to 167, although there is a probability that some of the members who have been classed as belonging to the Republican Left may be found to belong to the Centre. The result gives to the government a majority of about 350, which is virtually the same as it had in the last Chamber. In order to remain in office the government must draw up such a working programme as will satisfy the demands of the Radical and Socialist Radical parties. Collectivist and Independent Socialists may be ignored.

It is not yet definitely known what will be the programme of the government for the new session, but it is thought that the Chamber will inaugurate an era of social, as well as of electoral reform. Paris is to be embellished at a large expense to complete the work of Baron Haussmann; but this falls under the control of the Municipality, although a part of the funds is provided by the State. The necessary reforms in the Naval Administration have been effected by a thorough reorganization, and a part of the programme for the increase of the Navy has been accepted by both houses. Two new armored battleships are to be laid down at once, so as to be ready for service in 1913. The rest of the programme still remains in suspense.

In dealing with the situation at Marseilles, caused by the strike of the *inscrits maritimes*, the government acted with as much determination as could have been shown by the most autocratic of monarchies. These *inscrits* occupy a privileged position, dating from the time of Colbert, and have repeatedly made use of it to throw into disorder the trade of the country. Ships were not able to sail and commerce was suspended. The sailors in the Navy were ordered to take the places vacated by the strikers. The Confederation of Labor, which has for its object to overturn by violence the existing system, tried to cooperate with the sailors, and to bring about in their support a general strike. Although the situation for some time was very serious, the project did not succeed, on account of the energetic action of the government in taking proceedings against

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the prime mover, and in arresting some of those who had followed his advice. There is a possibility that the charter of the seamen who have abused their privileges may be revoked.

In dealing with the proposed May Day demonstration the government acted with like firmness and determination. The Socialists called a meeting to be held in the Bois de Boulogne, and this the government permitted, but the procession to be made through the streets of Paris it refused to allow, and brought into the city a large number of troops to enforce their decision. The government did not claim the right to prevent peaceful citizens from going out to the Bois, but it was their duty to prevent any breach of the peace. The demonstrators were content, although they savagely criticized the government's action, to stroll to and from the place of meeting; and thus, to use their own words, to avoid a massacre.

Much the same action was taken throughout Germany, processions being forbidden, while meetings were allowed. Strange to say Spain seems to have been the only country in which no restrictions upon May Day demonstrations were placed. The annual labor procession took place in Madrid without any interference at all. A large number of workmen marched through the city, nor was there the least disturbance.

What effect upon the grouping of the Powers, and especially upon the *entente cordiale* between France and Great Britain and between Russia and Great Britain, the lamented death of King Edward will have it is too soon to say. A few years ago Great Britain and France were on the point of war, and their relations had for some time not been of the best; while between Russia and Great Britain there had existed for a long period relations bordering upon open hostility. "Splendid isolation" was declared to be the ideal of Great Britain by her leading statesmen. The King, acting in a perfectly constitutional manner, and in a way which carried the whole country with him, was the means of making the change which recent years have seen. His death gives cause for some little anxiety whether a change for the worse may not result.

Austria-Hungary.

Like most of the other nations of Europe, both Austria and Hungary are under the necessity of raising money, and have to do so by loans, the current income being

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insufficient to meet expenditure. The cause of the deficit in this instance is the expense that was incurred by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The proposed Austrian Loan amounts to nearly forty millions of dollars. The Hungarian State Loan has been already issued and amounts to something over twenty millions. Both of the countries are threatened with a further increase of their indebtedness on account of the Dreadnoughts which for so long a time it has been proposed to build. When the suggestion was first made, it met with such great opposition, on account of the expense, that it seemed as if the project had been shelved. It is now found that the government has adopted the somewhat disingenuous plan of circumventing Parliament by allowing certain private firms to make preparations to construct the war ships, and after the expense has been incurred it will then call upon the patriotic feelings of the country to reimburse these firms. And so it is expected that there will be four Dreadnoughts complete by 1913. To what use they are destined it is not easy to say. There are writers in the newspapers who say that they are meant to serve as a protection against the Italian Navy—an indication of the small confidence which is placed in the loyalty of Italy to the Triple Alliance. There are, however, Englishmen who think that it is possible that they are destined to act with the German Navy in any call which it may make for their assistance.

The warm reception given to Mr. Roosevelt by the people both of Austria and Hungary was due not merely to himself, and the regard they had for him, but to the influence which this country has had in the constitutional changes that have taken place in those countries, especially through the influence exerted by Austrians and Hungarians who, having once lived in this country, have returned to their old homes. Particularly in Hungary has this influence been felt. Persons intimately acquainted with the history of Hungary declare that the restitution of the Constitution made in 1867 was chiefly due to those who drew their inspiration from American sources. An incident which took place a few weeks ago illustrates the extent to which this influence has spread. At the village of Zakopese, in the Trenesen county of Hungary, the candidate for Parliament attempted to address a public meeting of Slovaks in the Magyar language. A peasant came for-

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ward and asked him to speak English as his audience knew no Magyar. He was able to comply with their request, and the reason for its being made was that 80 per cent of the 3,000 inhabitants of the village had once lived in America, where they had learned the English language. It is to be hoped that this influence will grow greater. True, indeed, it is that things are far from being perfect here; but it may be said with truth that no such iniquitous attempt is likely to be made in this country as that which the Austro-Hungarian government made last year to convict innocent Croatians at Agram. Justice has eventually triumphed and the last of the prisoners has been released, and thereby an end has been put to the most iniquitous judicial drama of modern Austro-Hungarian history.

Italy.

The new Ministry, of which Signor Luzzatti is the head, and the members of which form a heterogeneous combination, representing various groups of the Chamber —the Liberal Right, the Giolittian Left, the Radicals or Extreme Left, and the Democratic Left—has met the Chamber, and presented to it the programme which it hopes to carry out, or to postpone. For this is its proposal with respect to the long discussed Maritime Conventions, which the last two Ministries have failed to bring to a satisfactory conclusion.

Fiscal reforms were promised, as well as the reform of electoral abuses. More money is to be spent on education, for which the smokers of tobacco are to pay. There would be no persecution of the Church; that is to say, there is to be nothing that the Ministry would call persecution. On the other hand, there would be no compromise with what it is pleased to style Clericalism. Absolute opposition would be offered te all aggressive action against the Church as well as to aggressive Churchmen. In politics the Church would be allowed no place. As the question of divorce was, according to the Ministry's view, a political question, it is easy to see how illusive are the Ministry's assurances that religion would have the full freedom which was declared to be its due. The question of divorce is, accordingly, to be discussed, but upon its own merits, irrespective of the dictates of any one religion. As to foreign affairs the peaceful *rôle* of Italy was to be maintained. The Chamber, which at first had received the Ministry's proposals

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with a certain degree of coldness, after the speech of Signor Luzzatti in their defense, by a vote of 393 to 17, expressed its confidence.

An effort is being made to find houses for the working classes, and thereby to remedy some of the evils to which we referred in the May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. On the latest birthday of Rome the King laid the foundation-stone of a new block of buildings to be constructed for the occupation of government *employés*, of whom there is a great army. Twelve acres of land are to be occupied by these buildings. The task of supplying the wants of these people falls upon the government, because, for some reason or other, there is a lack of private enterprise.

Russia.

Good relations with Austria-Hungary, based upon the recognition of the *status quo* in the Balkans, having been restored, the Kings of Bulgaria and Servia paid visits first to St. Petersburg and then to Constantinople. A later visit of Hilmi Pasha, ex-Grand Vizier, to St. Petersburg, led to declarations that never again would Russia and Turkey enter into conflict, but that each would render to the other mutual support. All of which seems to be a somewhat dubious way of maintaining the existing state of things, and in fact points toward the formation of the much-talked-of Federation of the Balkan States under the leadership of Turkey. It is certainly a great departure from the Mürzsteg programme, which had as its background the anticipation of the break-up of the Ottoman Empire, and the division of its territories between Austria-Hungary and Russia. Austria-Hungary, on her part, is said, but on authority far from convincing, to have had a part in fomenting the rising of the Albanians which has been giving, for some weeks, so much trouble to the government of Turkey. After a general survey of the situation it is not easy to place much confidence in the long-continued maintenance of the *status quo*. Although the whole of thinking Russia is said to be opposed to a policy of adventure in the Balkans, Count Aehrenthal has not proved himself a very reliable partner to an agreement. Since his arrival upon the scene Austro-Hungarian foreign policy has become more or less enigmatic.

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It is unfortunately possible to entertain doubts as to the maintenance of the modified form of constitutional government so recently established. On the one hand the *Duma* has proved itself useful, by enabling the receipts to exceed the expenditures through its careful examination of the budget. On the other hand, its work is ignored as a rule by the Council of the Empire and the vast horde of reactionaries—who are suffering under the new *régime*—are losing no opportunity that may present itself to bring about a return to the absolute rule which is so profitable to themselves, although so detrimental to the people.

Even M. Stolypin, who has remained at the head of affairs so long, and who has so often declared his attachment to the constitution, seems to have suffered the usual effect of the possession of power. He is said never to put in an appearance at the Sessions. There are also two members of his Cabinet who openly deride the popular assembly and all its ways. No effort has been made by the government to carry out the civil and political reforms which it has promised. Administrative exile is still in force, and arbitrary measures against the Press are frequently taken. In fact, the policy of repression adopted against the revolutionists is still continued with but few modifications.

The attitude assumed of late by M. Stolypin and the two members of his Cabinet before referred to, together with persistent rowdyism and obstruction on the part of the Extreme Right, which endeavors by any and every means to abolish the *Duma*, led to the resignation of its President, M. Homiakoff. He declared that the situation had become intolerable. Internecine squabbles, the attitude of certain ministers, the legislative boycott of the Upper House, were, he said, jeopardizing the very existence of the House. The ferment of hatred was spreading throughout the country. Matters were reaching a stage when a *coup d'état* would become necessary. To prevent so great an evil he felt the best course for him to take was to resign. It seems to have produced the desired result. The leader of the Octobrists was elected as M. Homiakoff's successor, and since his election the course of the *Duma* has been smooth, on the surface at all events, but we do not know what may lie beneath. The Tsar has given to M. Guchkoff his personal support, a fact which renders it possible to hope

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that the enemies of law and order may not succeed. The attitude of M. Stolypin and of the members of his ministry towards the lower house of the legislative body has undergone a change for the better. The number of those who believe that the prosperity of Russia can only be secured by the Constitution seems to be growing, and in this number there is good reason to think that the Tsar is included. This does not mean that parliamentary government in the English sense, in which ministers are responsible to parliament, is to be adopted or even worked for at present. That will not come for many years, if at all. The Executive is responsible only to the Monarch, not to political parties.

While the prospect for the peaceful establishment of constitutional government is better than it was, a serious conflict is imminent between Russia and Finland. By the command of the Tsar a Bill has been laid before the *Duma* to regulate the relations between the Empire and the Grand Duchy. The object of the Bill is to define what Finnish matters are to be regarded as affecting the Empire generally, and what are purely local. It gives an exhaustive list of Finnish questions which the government proposes to bring within the competence of the Imperial legislature. It even goes beyond the principle of unifying legislation by transferring to the *Duma* all matters in which the Grand Duchy is not alone concerned. It goes so far as to propose that the fundamental principles of the Finnish internal government may be defined or amended by the Sovereign with the assent of the *Duma* and of the Council of the Empire. These proposals will, if adopted, in the judgment of impartial students of the question, reduce Finnish autonomy to an empty phrase, for the list of subjects excepted by the Bill from the decision of the Diet of Finland covers practically the whole domain of internal government. The opposition, even in the Russian *Duma*, declares that the Bill is a violation of the organic laws of the Grand Duchy, and will reduce the Diet to a merely consultative assembly; while all parties in Finland declare that both the proposals themselves and the proposed way of bringing them into force are entirely illegal and that the Finns will prevent by passive resistance every attempt to enforce the Bill if it should become a law.

Some time before the Bill was laid before the *Duma*, eight of the most eminent jurisconsults of Europe published a decla-

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ration, supported by a detailed historical review, of the relations between Russia and Finland, upon the juridical *status* of Finland. The status of autonomy of Finland hitherto existing, in the judgment of these authorities, was not a temporary privilege granted to a conquered province, but a legal right, and the competence of the Finnish Diet could not legally be modified or restricted except with its own consent. This declaration, although in the highest degree worthy of consideration, does not, of course, settle the question. There is a Russian side, the exposition of which Dr. Dillon, in the *Contemporary Review*, has undertaken. But it seems a pity that when there are so many more urgent matters to be dealt with this question should have been raised—a question which in recent times has caused so much trouble.

Turkey.

The rising of the Albanians has made evident the difficulty of the task which the Young Turks have undertaken. The unification of the various races is the object which they have in view. No longer are there to be Turks and Kurds, Jews and Arabians, Armenians and Albanians, Bulgars and Greeks; all are to become true Ottomans with equal rights and bearing equal burdens. And as upon the Albanians had been conferred the privilege of sharing in the legislative power, so the government thought it only fair that they should take upon themselves a part of the burdens, and in all other respects be placed upon an equality with the other races. They accordingly laid upon these privileged tribes a larger amount of taxation, proposed a general disarmament, and even required of them an alteration in the alphabet, wishing to substitute for the one hitherto generally used the holy Arabian script. What other influences the Albanians were subjected to, whether Austrian intrigues had any part or not, an almost general uprising took place, the Catholic Albanians sharing with their Orthodox and Moslem compatriots. For some time it has appeared as if they might prove successful, or at least enforce concessions humiliating to the government. It was, however, a matter of such supreme importance for the *régime* of the Young Turks that the government felt it necessary to spare no exertion. In fact it is said to be the opinion of the leaders of the Committee of Union and Pro-

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gress, who practically control the government, that a war is necessary in order to give them *prestige*. Military preparations have been going on for some months by day and night. Their wish is to fight the Greeks, perhaps even to recover Greece, a thing which would compensate the Ottoman Empire for its loss of so much territory. The inability to control their own subjects would be fatal to all aspirations of that kind, and might even lead to the restoration of the detestable Abdul Hamid. In the event, therefore, of the Albanians being successful, a very important change will be the result.

There is another policy and one that seems wiser. Its supporters do not seek to attain the unattainable, but limit themselves to the endeavor to federate on equal terms, with equal rights and privileges, all the various races. But whether even this is attainable there is reason to doubt. The Turk has no idea of putting himself upon a level with any other race on the face of the earth. He was born to command and to rule by the sword. One or two instances which indicate his views may be given. Upon the Armenians, one of the subject races, he has so impressed his superiority, that in the presence of a Turk no Armenian dares lift his head. Sir William Ramsay, in his account of the recent Revolution, relates that during the massacres at Adana some twenty Armenians took refuge in a loft. A single Turk put up a ladder to reach the place of refuge, went up alone, and killed them all. In another place large numbers of Armenians were ordered by a few Turks to lie down in rows in order to have their heads cut off. They meekly obeyed; and in cases in which they had not suitably disposed themselves for an easy decapitation, at the word of their murderers they readjusted themselves. It is said, too, that the Turk deliberately rejects all efforts to develop mines, lest such development may compel him to engage in manual toil.

The Turkish Chamber seems to be doing its work quietly and efficiently. The Budget has recently been laid before it, and although there is a deficit of some seven million Turkish pounds, the financial prospects are considered favorable. The Customs have been placed under the management of an Englishman and are yielding a considerable increase. Some new taxes are to be imposed and loans raised, for it is not expected that revenue will equal expenditure for some years to come. In

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Abdul Hamid's days Turkey's credit was so poor that no loan could be raised. To be able to raise a loan is one of the privileges of a constitutional government.

Greece.

After the excitement of seven months, for which period Greece was under the domination of the Military League, an interval of comparative tranquillity has supervened. It is true that a general election for the National Assembly is at hand, but for the Greeks such an event is rather restful, so fond are they of politics. For some of the army officers, indeed, there is not much prospect of peace. They have to be "purified": a Commission has been appointed for this purpose, and some seventy, it is said, of the older officers have been held responsible for the state of disorganization into which the army has fallen, and are to be dismissed from the service.

The Military League has, according to its promise, dissolved itself, and has left to the Civil authorities and to the politicians the control of the State and of the election which is to take place. On this occasion it issued a manifesto to the nation, in which, while declaring that its work had been accomplished, it admitted that the greater part of the reform programme remained unfulfilled. "The bloodless and high-souled revolution," which it had striven to accomplish, had been paralyzed by the political factors. The outpouring of fifty years of national distress over terrible and manifold humiliations had not produced its full effect. The League had, however, done its best, and the officers would return to their duties; but they would individually continue to give close attention to every act which might affect the future of the Greek nation. The army would still remain a watchful guardian of its own honor and of the national aspirations. This seems a clear indication that, should the officers not approve of the resolutions of the National Assembly, they will reunite in another League in order to save the country. In the meantime the people are looking forward to its meeting—a meeting which cannot fail, for good or for evil, to have most important results.

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With Our Readers

THE Catholics of the British Empire are compelled to cut a rather sorry figure at the present moment. They must crave the mean favor that their religion be not insulted and their dearest convictions outraged by their sovereign at the most solemn moment of his reign. Every American feels this to be no favor, but a mere elementary right, that should be guaranteed to every citizen and, in fact, to every human being. What right has a free man, or any man, if he has not a right to be protected from insult and outrage? In this case, every element is present to aggravate the insult and the outrage. They come from the sovereign who qualifies himself, by this same insult and outrage, to claim the respect and obedience of those he is offending. He speaks in the name of the nation and the government to which they owe loyalty. Above all, the injury is inflicted on the deepest and most sacred feelings, which are concerned with beliefs and a Person dearer than life, dearer than all which earth can hold. And all that Catholics demand is this: "Do not insult us; do not, on this most solemn and public occasion, outrage what we love and cherish most. Make the Protestant succession as secure as oaths and statutes can bind, if you will—only let there be no insult to Catholic beliefs and feelings!" No demand could be more evidently just and no man with a drop of honor or manhood in his veins could demand less.

* * *

BUT, after all, it is not the Catholics who are cutting the sorry figure; it is the English Protestants, and particularly the Non-Conformists, who are opposing the expunging of the insulting terms and little realize what a spectacle they are making of themselves before high heaven. No men willingly and knowingly exhibit themselves to the world as bigots or bullies or tyrants. Bigotry and wanton insult are writ so large across the face of the Coronation Oath that one might imagine them legible even to the very great majority of English Non-Conformists. Vain expectation! Many of them have a conscience and a psychology as peculiar as the ways of the Heathen Chinee. Whatever they think is light; whatever they feel is nobleness and charity; whatever they do is justice. Their mind never opens to a glimmer of the suspicion that they may be bigots and tyrants. They regard themselves as the champions of religion and civilization; they have ever reserved to themselves the privilege of shouting loudest for liberty and enlightenment, all the while unconscious that they are the most perfect type in Christendom of religious bigotry and ignorance.

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IF we may use a homely but expressive and historic figure, it would make a donkey laugh to hear some of the Non-Conformists proclaim the glories of liberty and light. Gratefully conscious of belonging to a higher order of creation, nevertheless we expect to experience a similar pleasure in reading British news of the next month or more. Leading divines and prominent politicians will preach the glories of British civilization and clamor for the maintenance of the benighted Oath. We can realize their point of view by recalling the utterance of their brother in blood and religion, Rev. Doctor Tipple, of Rome, whose pronouncement, be it remarked, was a plea for light and liberty. England for a season will buzz with the noise of the wagging tongues of a thousand Tipples—all for liberty and light and the damnation of Popery.

* * *

WILL bigotry prevail? Will the Coronation Oath remain unchanged? We cannot be sure. Bigotry still flourishes in England and bigotry, we know, is a vigorous plant. As the verses say,

> One cannot cleave its deep-hid roots;
> Knife cannot prune its fast growing shoots.

It may be counted on to exhibit in England to-day its customary vitality and fecundity. Nevertheless, we are convinced that the great mass of Englishmen are ashamed of the Oath and would gladly be rid of it; and though old-established law, when upheld by a large, noisy, and fanatical minority, has marvelous tenacity, still we do not believe that this outrageous Oath will long continue to disgrace the statute books of England. If it be not modified, as it probably will be, before the Coronation, it will scarcely be able to sustain the assaults that will speedily follow. Fall it must, we believe, for the mass of Englishmen are opposed to it or indifferent; the leaders of political life, with few exceptions, denounce it; the king himself is reported to have an invincible repugnance against it; and, finally, the Irish brigade is ready to give the fiercest onslaught in all their history. And when the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won, we trust that English Catholics shall not render grudging thanks to their Irish brethren, without whom the victory had been impossible.

* * *

VENERABLE monument of English Protestantism! How much it typifies, how truly it has represented and still represents, the spirit of a goodly number of Englishmen! Before it disappears, the Coronation Oath will at least have rendered this service to Truth—it will have shone in the eyes of the world as the symbol of English Protestant bigotry, past and present. If the reality would be interred with the symbol, our joy would be unalloyed. But with the symbol will disappear one monument to the truth of things as they

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are; we rejoice, though, because its disappearance will tend to cause the ugly reality also to disappear. At the same time, we confess that many English and American Protestants have need of numerous reminders of their not all glorious past and present. Who so virtuous as they, whose hands so spotless as theirs? They never weary of sounding their own praises on trumpets and cymbals; and if we venture, with the hope of inspiring a little modesty and of moderating the abuse of our own not immaculate record, to recall something of their past, our voice is drowned in a deafening clamor. Protestantism, both English and American, has much to be ashamed of; and we shall be more hopeful of the elimination of bigotry and religious ignorance when we see a more general acknowledgment of its crimes during the past centuries. Catholics have always believed that the confession of sins is an essential, and the first, element in a true conversion. And though we Catholics have often exhibited our own reluctance to confess the shameful truth, still our self-knowledge and self-accusation are almost marvelous in comparison with the reluctance of the ordinary religious American or English Protestant to see and confess the shameful truth in their past. They put the record of our delinquencies in large type; their own are crowded into fine print—which, in their reading of history, they religiously skip.

* * *

ADVERTISING IN RELIGION.

IN our superficial, hurrying age, nearly all of us read as we run. Whether we like it or not, we must acknowledge the day of literary browsing is over. For ten who have the zeal, the time, or the inclination to acquire that wisdom which is "shining and never fadeth," hundreds are content with the glittering veneer of knowallness, spread by the news-stand, the clearing house of the latest idea.

Next to the newspaper, the secular magazine has recognized this fact and has contrived, not only to display its wares in startling or persuasive form, but has made them so insistent, and so pervasive, that purchase is inevitable. All the large trades and certain corporations own journals or magazines to exploit their interests. The devotee of every occupation and sport, the reader of every taste is consulted; and the success of these periodicals is proven by the increase of the many, the failure of the few.

For its progress and development the magazine depends neither upon airy flight of fancy nor solid literary merit, but upon the tremendous force of its advertising pages—much as the luxurious limited train is made practicable by the substantial returns of the long haul freight. Not upon its subscription list, but upon its advertising columns does the magazine rely for the wherewithal to tempt great literary and artistic names to lend kudos to its issues.

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Is our Catholic Press, with its august message to all mankind, advantaging itself of this energy? If we are to cope successfully with the indifference and materialism which is seeping into all other religious bodies; if we are to give honest answer to that inquiring, restless, surging mass of readers, churchless and rudderless, we must discover to them this message.

It may be urged that if we do not appear in many public places, laden with advertisements, neither do the non-Catholic religious weekly and monthly. But their mission is too circumscribed to appeal to any but a limited class of readers, while the Catholic Press, as the exponent of the Church of Christ, has for its great business the spread of Truth to all. To achieve this destiny it must not be supported solely by the faithful, but by those who, in their aimless flight through life, have paused to buy because it is unavoidable, and because they have been met more than half way.

If the sagacity of our non-Catholic friends finds in religion a pragmatic value for their business enterprises, it is surely permissible for us to turn the tables, and utilize these enterprises as a means to spread the Faith.

Do not Catholics want soap and automobiles and infants' foods, as well as schools, lives of the Saints, and stained glass windows? Is there anything derogatory to the dignity of a religious publication to cry it for sale as the train leaves? To find it displayed conspicuously on every news-stand and proclaimed within secular pages?

The public no longer seeks to buy; it is coaxed to buy; and it will not patronize understandingly unless it be informed.

Perhaps the reader has stumbled in and out of publishing houses in New York to find a copy of a foreign Catholic review, noted in one of its American contemporaries. Has he found it?

Perhaps he has tried to respond to the criticism of a prejudiced friend, by placing before him one of our small leaflets of religious truth; but by the time he has received it, the acceptable time is gone. Thank God, a few of our churches are responding to this grave need. Why so few?

Perhaps the reader has called the attention of an open-minded non-Catholic reader to a current number of a Catholic periodical, to receive the response from the smaller city: "I have sent through our book-store, but it has not come"; or, as reported recently from the leading book-store of Richmond, Virginia, and Brentano's in Washington, D. C., "*Nor do they know where it is published.*" Why?

These conditions arise from our own lack of funds, or initiative, or both. If the Catholic weekly, monthly, or quarterly is to be forceful in our every-day civilization, it must be made more get-at-

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able. It must jostle the newspaper, and rub shoulders with the secular magazine, if it is to have any significance to those crowds, who "chatter, laugh, and hurry by, and never once possess their souls before they die."

Be certain that in these utilitarian days, if there is business in it, advertisers will clamor for space in our pages, and every book stall in the country be informed.

The suggestive thought of an endowed Catholic Press carries the imagination far! One poises delightedly on this pinnacled ideal —where luminous sincerities disperse vague doubts, authoritative utterance spans the world, and the price is within reach of the poorest!

But until that Utopian vision is realized, may not our Catholic Religious Press, mighty servant as it is of Mother Church—herself the first great teacher by means of symbols—appropriate more effectually for its own high uses, this modern symbolic manifestation of the business world?

* * *

THE following extract from a letter written in Bruges, Belgium, by Agnes Repplier, will be enjoyed by our readers:

"By a rare stroke of luck we arrived in time for the grand procession of the Saint-Sang (The Precious Blood) on the 9th of May. We rented a second-story window in the Place du Bourg, where we could see it all, and the Benediction with which it closed. It was too beautiful for words. Hundreds of men, women, and children, dressed in the quaintest of costumes, presented scenes from the Old and New Testaments, not on stupid floats, but walking through the streets, they came—angels, saints, dignitaries of the Church, priests, monks, soldiers, and the great relic in its crystal cylinder, borne aloft amid the blare of trumpets and the waving of banners. Every one was serious, grave, devout. Group after group fell into its proper place around the altar which had been erected in the lovely old Place du Bourg, lined with cavalry, and hung with pennons. When the relic was raised for Benediction every one knelt, and my heart leaped into my throat with pure joy, it was all so wonderful."

* * *

DURING eleven weeks, June 27 to September 9, the Catholic Summer-School will present a varied programme of University Extension studies at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain. The report of the Committee on Lectures, prepared by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., contains the following announcements:

A series of thirty lectures on the Principles, History, and Psychology of Education, by professors of the Department of Education in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

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PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

By the Rev. Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of Philosophy.

July 11—The Meaning of Education;
July 12—The Function of Educational Ideals;
July 13—Cultural and Vocational Aims;
July 14—The Mind of the Child;
July 15—Body and Mind;
July 18—Necessity and Value of Method;
July 19—The Content of the Curriculum;
July 20—Moral and Religious Training;
July 21—Institutions that Educate: the Home; the School; the Church;
July 22—Qualifications of the Teacher.

HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

By the Rev. William Turner, D.D., Professor of Philosophy.

July 25—Education Dominated by Imitation and Tribal Custom;
July 26—Education Dominated by Caste, National Tradition, and Religious Ideals—Hindustan, China, Egypt;
July 27—Education for Citizenship—Persia and Sparta;
July 28—Education for Excellence According to Human Standards—Athens and Rome;
July 29—Christian Education as Preserving and Transcending the Earlier Ideals;
August 1—Assertion of the Supremacy of Spiritual Interests in the Struggle of Christianity with Pagan Culture—Preservation of the Classics;
August 2—Assertion of the Same Principle in Monasticism: Influence of the Monks on Civilization;
August 3—Assertion of the Same Principle in Professional and Craft Education—The Guilds;
August 4—Assertion of the Same Principle in the Institutes of Chivalry—Status of Woman in Medieval Times;
August 5—Assertion of Supremacy of the Spiritual in Philosophical and Theological Education—Rise and Spread of the Universities.

PSYCHOLOGY OF EDUCATION.

By the Rev. Thomas Edward Shields, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Education.

August 8—Sources of Mental Food;
August 9—The Function of Education in Mental Development;
August 10—The Teacher's Part in the Educative Process;
August 11—From the Static to the Dynamic;
August 12—The Plastic Individual;
August 15—The Source of Energy in Mental Development;
August 16—Strength and Docility;
August 17—Environment and Mental Growth;
August 18—Mental Growth and Mental Development;
August 19—Balances in Development.

GENERAL COURSES.

First Week, June 27–July 2.—Illustrated lectures by Professor Robert Turner, Boston. 1. Scenes from *Ben Hur*. 2. Passion Play of Oberammergau. 3. A Trip to Canada, including the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. 4. Views of America.

Second Week, July 4–8.—Morning lectures by Gertrude M. O'Reilly, Chicago. Subject: Irish Art and Literature.

Evening recitals by Mary C. V. Neville, New York City.

Dramatic recitals from *Ramona*, with musical accompaniment by Virginia Calhoun, New York City.

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Third Week, July 11–15.—Morning Round Table Talks by A. Helene H. Magrath, New York City. Subject: A Trip through America with Abbé Klein.

Four Evening Song Recitals by Marie A. Zeckwer, Philadelphia.

Fourth Week, July 18–22.—Morning lectures by the Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J., Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Subject: The Struggle for Religious Liberty in Germany and its Lessons for American Catholics.

Evening lectures on Art and Environment by Jennie M. Naughton, Brooklyn, N. Y. Recitals from the dialect poems of Dr. Drummond by Albert E. Heney, Ottawa.

Fifth Week, July 25–29.—Morning lectures by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., Albany, N. Y. Subject: The Basis of Sociology: 1. Sociology of Comte. 2. Physical Basis of Sociology. 3. Evidence from Biology. 4. Sociological Psychology. 5. Summary and Criticism.

Evening violin recitals by Alma Grafe, Philadelphia.

Travels in India, illustrated, by the Rev. Vincent Naish, S.J., Montreal.

Sixth Week, August 1–5.—Morning lectures by the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J., editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, New York City. Subject: The Catholic Church as a Bulwark of the Republic.

Evening lectures by the Hon. Thomas F. Wilkinson, Albany. Subjects: Paths to Justice; Irish Wit and Oratory.

Song recitals by Berthe M. Clary, New York City.

Seventh Week, August 8–12.—Morning lectures by the Very Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P., New York City. Subject: Research Work in Modern Astronomy.

Evening lectures on The Citizen and the State, by the Hon. Edward R. O'Malley, Attorney-General, State of New York. Studies in Contemporary Literature, by Rose F. Egan, A.B., Syracuse, including the lyrics of Father Tabb and the novels of George Meredith.

Eighth Week, August 15–18—Morning lectures by the Rev. James MacCaffrey, Ph.D., Maynooth College, Ireland. Subject: History of the Church in the Nineteenth Century.

Evening lectures on Historical Studies of the Countess Matilda and St. Catharine, the publicist, by the Rev. John J. Donlon, Diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y. Two lectures by the Rev. Lewis J. O'Hern, C.S.P., Winchester, Tenn., on The Catholic Church, the Guardian of Society.

Ninth Week, August 22–26.—Morning lectures by Professor Arthur F. J. Remy, Ph.D., Columbia University. Subject: Studies in Comparative Literature. 1. The Legend of Tannhauser. 2. The Legend of the Wandering Jew. 3. The Troubadours and Minnesingers. 4. The Keltic Element in the Literature of Europe. 5. Oriental Influence on European Literature.

Evening lectures on Travels in the United States by Professor James J. Monaghan.

Tenth Week, August 29–September 2.—Morning lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., LL.D., Fordham University. Subject: The Medical Profession in Relation to Human Progress.

Evening Song Recitals by Marie Narelle from Australia.

Eleventh Week, September 5–7.—Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union. The International Eucharistic Congress will open in the city of Montreal Tuesday, September 6, with a Solemn Reception of the Cardinal Legate, and will be continued until Sunday, September 11, inclusive. Many of the distinguished visitors are expected at Cliff Haven during the preceding week.

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THE May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD contained the following comment on the Roosevelt-Vatican incident:

The irony of fate would seem to have decreed that the illustrious American whom the Holy Father would desire to welcome, the one whom his Catholic fellow-citizens would prefer to see honored by the Holy Father, should fail to obtain what has been freely accorded to so many undistinguished Americans. The irony is deepened when Mr. Roosevelt's published cablegrams, in which the audience was requested, show us how desirous he was of meeting Pius X. Our late President has certainly deserved well of the Catholic Church; not because he has granted to Catholics any special favor, for that he has not done and could not do without contravening his firmest principle; but because, though he differs from us radically in religious views, he has stood with us squarely on the broad ground of our common American citizenship. He has not been afraid to act on the principle that we are as fully entitled to our rights and to recognition as any other American citizens. Decided in his own opinions, no doubt, he is yet singularly free from any taint of bigotry—he is honored and esteemed by Catholics of every shade of political belief. Whether or not he was justified in his interpretation of Bishop Kennedy's message, all sensible men perceive that he merely followed his own sense of honor; and Catholics are as convinced that he acted without the slightest feeling of hostility or disrespect towards the Holy Father as they are certain that Pius X. desired to do whatever he could in conscience to grant an audience to this distinguished man whom he honored for his own character and for the high office he had filled so illustriously. That desire was defeated by a conspiracy of circumstances, to the great regret of the Holy Father and of the Cardinal Secretary of State. The issue was unfortunate, and is deeply regretted by us all; but no great harm can come of it. Honest men will despise the effort of those who try to make political capital out of it; they may smile at them, too, for Mr. Roosevelt has lost nothing by the incident. Though most Catholics, perhaps, believe he acted hastily, all recognize his honorable motive.

We reprint here the view of the incident which the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD expressed at the time in the daily papers:

"In viewing the much-discussed matter of Mr. Roosevelt's failure to visit the Pope, every honest American will give heed to Mr. Roosevelt's own words in his cable message to the *Outlook*: 'The incident will be treated in a matter-of-course way as merely personal and, above all, as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness.'

"There can be no question of the love that the Holy Father bears our country and our non-Catholic brethren. That love has been proven over and over again in public act and document and in his cordial welcome of thousands of non-Catholic Americans who have visited him in Rome. To Leo XIII. Mr. Roosevelt, when President, sent a number of volumes containing the messages of the Presidents, and Leo XIII. sent in return a costly mosaic picture of the Vatican. The present Pontiff has frequently expressed his admiration of American institutions.

"The Holy Father looked forward with pleasure to the expected visit of Mr. Roosevelt. The court of the Vatican is a court, and as such is worthy

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of respect. Like every court, it has its conditions, which all visitors must respect. These conditions are well known, and no prospective visitor—even among the most notable sovereigns of the world—thinks of violating them. If he does so he knows that he will not be received, and he knows also that he will have no one but himself to blame. Only a few days since the Imperial Chancellor of the German Empire took great care to observe the proper etiquette, and the Kaiser himself, in his latest visit to Rome, observed it also as a matter of courtesy.

"The Vatican expressed the great pleasure that it would take in welcoming Mr. Roosevelt, and, at the same time, kindly intimated that he should give assurance that he would in no way violate the etiquette of the court. Mr. Roosevelt was free to accept or reject the conditions. They were in no way dishonorable to him; in no way unworthy. He chose to assert that he would accept no conditions—that he must be left free to do absolutely as he liked. There was nothing left for the Vatican to do but to refuse the audience. The same conditions apply to Mr. Roosevelt as to any other man. Every American may rest assured that to refuse the audience caused much pain and regret to the Holy Father, who had expressed his delight at meeting Mr. Roosevelt.

"And it must be a cause of equal regret to every American that Mr. Roosevelt did not see his way to accept conditions which the Vatican out of self-respect had to lay down, and hear from the lips of the great ruler of Christendom his words of love for America and its people."

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On May 7 the Boston *Pilot* published the following as part of an editorial headed "The Transcript's Mistake":

Let us say right here that the sentiments expressed by THE CATHOLIC WORLD on this question remind us more of the timid shilly-shallying of half-heartedness than the protest of a loyal-hearted Catholic. It states that "no great harm can come of the incident." Of course no harm can come to the Vatican, but that is not on account of any such defence as that of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, but because the Church has strong and loyal defenders of her dignity and the dignity of the Holy See.

But great harm can come to Catholics by the weakening of the sense of reverence for things that touch them deeply. THE CATHOLIC WORLD makes it apparent that it is appealing rather to non-Catholics than to strong, loyal Catholics. That is not the way to convert non-Catholics, but rather to lead them to despise us. . . . It would be well if THE CATHOLIC WORLD would not be so solicitous of the commendations of its non-Catholic readers and think more of the straight stand that a real and true Catholic periodical is bound in duty to take.

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We leave the issue, if there be any issue, to the judgment of the Catholic public.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Alchemist's Secret. By Isabel Cecilia Williams. Price 85 cents postpaid.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

The Month of Mary. By Rev. B. Hammer, O.F.M.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Undesirable Governess. By F. Marion Crawford. Price $1.50.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Everyday Ethics. Price $1.25. *The Hinderances to Good Citizenship.* Price $1.15. *Morals in Modern Business.* Price $1.25.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:

Peter of New Amsterdam. A Story of Old New York. By James Otis. Price 35 cents net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Newman Memorial Sermons. By Rev. Father Joseph Rickaby and V. Rev. Canon McIntyre. *Principles of Political Economy.* By John Stuart Mill.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Clare Lorraine. By "Lee." *Damien of Molokai.* By May Quinlan. *Buds and Blossoms.* By Bishop Colton. *A Bit of Old Ivory; and Other Stories.* Price $1.25. *The Raccolta.* By Ambrose St. John. Price $1 net. *The Boys of St. Batts'.* By R. P. Garrold, S.J.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

The Development of Christianity. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, New York:

Bishop Potter, The People's Friend. By H. A. Keyser.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena. By H. J. Mozaus.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn:

My Road to the True Church. By Frank Johnston. Price 10 cents.

WASHINGTON PRESS, Boston:

Astronomical Essays. By Rev. George V. Leahy, S.T.L. Price $1.

JOSEPH M. TALLY, Providence, R. I.:

The Divine Story. By C. J. Holland, S.T.L. Price $1 net

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Hiawatha's Black Robe. By E. Leahy. Price 35 cents net. *Peggy the Millionaire.* By Mary Costello. Price 35 cents net. *The Coming of the King.* By Arthur Synan. Price 35 cents net. *Earl or Chieftain.* By Patricia Dillon. Price 35 cents net. *Margaret's Influence.* By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.SS.R. Price $1. *Manual of Church History.* Vol. I. By Dr. F. X. Funk. Price $2.75 net. *The Formation of Character.* By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. Price 15 cents net. *Handbook of Practical Economics.* By J. Schrivers, C.SS.R. Price $1.35 net. *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.* By Rev. H. K. Mann. Price $3 net.

CATHOLIC REGISTER AND CANADIAN EXTENSION, Toronto, Can.:

The Catholic Paper. By Rev. J. T. Roche, LL.D. Pamphlet.

ELLIOTT STOCK, London:

Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism. By Harold M. Wiener. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, London:

The Ring of Pope Xystus. By F. C. Conybeare, M.A. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

BLOUD ET CIE., Paris, France:

La Vérité du Catholicisme. Par J. Bricout. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:

Scrupules. Par M. l'Abbé Grimes. Price 1 *fr.*

LIBRAIRIE ARMAND COLIN, Paris:

La Question de Finlande. Par Rene Henry. Price 1 *fr.*

F. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

L'Âme de Jeanne d'Arc. Par l'Abbé Stephen Coube. Price 4 *fr.*

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHINA.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE evangelization of the vast empire of China has long held a prominent place in the history of missionary labors in the East. Tradition alleges that the Apostle Thomas journeyed thither to preach the Gospel, and it appears certain that the Nestorians carried on missions in China in the sixth and seventh centuries with some success, the protection of the Emperor being extended to them. On the withdrawal of the imperial favor, however, this heretical form of Christianity died out. Somewhat later China seems to have again been the scene of missionary effort, as the tablet of Sian-fu, a stone discovered in 1625, dated 781, bears an inscription to the effect that in the eighth century missionaries from the West were propagating the Christian religion in the country.

It was the determination of that greatest of missionaries, St. Francis Xavier, after the completion of his work in Japan, to introduce Christianity into China, an attempt long resisted by the Portugese authorities in Goa and elsewhere, and finally frustrated by the impediments thrown by them in the way. Hardly had Xavier made known his purpose when he was met by the opposition and even persecution of Alvarez, the resident at Malacca and former friend of the saint, who became the inveterate opponent of his missionary expedition. Harassed and worn out, the saint died when he was at the point of realizing the object of his ambition. He bequeathed, however, his double spirit to Father Matteo Ricci, S.J., who ar-

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rived about thirty years later at Macao, where several priests from Portugal were already established with a view of ministering to the needs of the residents, and converting, if possible, such natives as came in contact with them. The Franciscans, Dominicans, and other orders had, in the meantime, not neglected this field of labor, despite the determined opposition of the traders, especially the Portugese, who regarded with the liveliest apprehension the introduction of missionary work which might, from the intimacy with which religious and political life were interwoven in China, cause complications of a serious character, fatal to the interests of commerce, and perhaps end in their exclusion from the empire.

Father Ricci is described as "a man of great scientific attainments, of invincible perseverance, of varied resource, and of winning manners, maintaining, with all these gifts, a single eye to the conversion of the Chinese, the bringing of the people of all ranks to the Christian faith." He and his companion, Father Ruggiero, found it difficult to obtain a footing, and they worked their way up to the capital, where Ricci was favorably received by the Emperor, and was elevated by him to a high social rank.

During the period which elapsed before, and that which immediately succeeded, his death in 1610, the course of the mission progressed steadily, until in 1645 controversy arose respecting the degree of toleration which was to be extended to the ceremonial and political usages of the converts, and also as to the term to be employed to signify the true God. An appeal was made to the Propaganda in regard to these questions; the decision given was that the presence of Christians in the idols' temples and the sacrifices to Confucius therein were condemned; also the ancestral worship practised by the Chinese. At a later period another appeal to Rome was made by the Jesuits; their contention being that the worship of Confucius was of a civil character, and that of ancestors was merely homage, not real worship, and could, therefore, be practised without injury to the Christian faith. After a lengthy investigation of the questions in dispute, the Pope decreed that all participation of Christian converts in such rites was to be prohibited; and the word *Tien Chu*, to signify God, was approved of, in contradistinction to the term *Tien* (the Supreme Emperor). Meanwhile recurrence had been had to the Chinese Emperor, who gave a contrary verdict. The mis-

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sionaries, of course, obeyed the Pope, and this setting aside of the authority of their Emperor incensed the Chinese to such a degree that an edict was issued forbidding the propagation of Catholicism in the country, and only allowing a few missionaries to remain who were required for scientific purposes in Peking. Some obeyed the edict requiring them to depart, but others remained, carrying on their work in secret.

In writing about 1724 Captain Brinkley remarks (*China, Its History, Arts, and Literature*, Brinkley, Vol. XI., p. 140, 1904): "At no time were there fewer than forty priests in the country. The presence of these men must have been known to thousands upon thousands of people outside the circle of their converts. In traveling to and from their stations, in their religious ministrations, in their daily lives, however secluded, it is impossible that their identity can have been concealed. Yet, with exceptions so rare as to prove the rule, the people never betrayed them. On the part of their converts fidelity might have been expected. But that men and women whom they called 'pagans' should have refrained from betraying them, indicates a spirit very different to the bitter anti-foreign sentiment now shown by the Chinese nation. The fact already deduced from independent records is thus strongly confirmed, that outside the narrow areas where the abuses of medieval trade and the violence of medieval traders created an atmosphere of passion, no animosity was harbored against foreigners." And speaking of a later period, the same writer says that "while the people in and about Canton and Macao were calling foreigners 'devils,' and stoning or bambooing them whenever opportunity offered, the people of districts in the interior treated them with courtesy, respect, and even friendship." The Chinese are a proud people, who have always entertained a supreme contempt for every other country and nation. Their inborn hatred of foreigners has been roused and intensified by the high-handed, offensive, and cruel conduct of the European traders who came to their ports.

Disguised as natives, the priests penetrated into the interior in order to disassociate themselves from the mercantile classes of foreigners, and there worked unobtrusively and inconspicuously at their various stations, living a life of truly apostolic poverty. In hardly any instance has a traveler reached a point where he has not found that a member of the Catholic clergy had gone before him.

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"The missionary in China," it has been said, "must denationalize himself," and this the Catholic priest does. People at home have little idea of the sacrifices men of culture and refinement, often of noble birth, make for the furtherance of Christianity, and the hardships and privations they heroically endure. Travelers tell of one who, though comparatively young, falls a victim to starvation and fever; of another who has seen no European, except perhaps a fellow-priest at long intervals, for the space of thirty years; of a third driven from his station and forced to fly for his life. The anguish of such absolute loneliness and isolation alone would be intolerable without the sustaining power of divine grace. European customs, habits, luxuries, are all abandoned from the moment they set foot on the shores of China; parents, friends, and home are in many cases heard of no more, and they know that their graves will be far away from the land of their birth. When they left *la belle France* they left it without any hope of return." No work is too hard for them, no living too poor; they are not deterred by epidemic of sickness or threatened massacre; they have simply devoted themselves to the propagation of the faith and nothing can turn them from their purpose. They wear the dress of the Chinese, eat their food, conform to their customs and habits, shave their heads, and adapt the pig-tail, identify themselves with the natives as far as possible. "The great mortality amongst the missionaries," says a writer on China, "cannot be attributed to the climate, for diplomats and consuls bear their residence in China well enough; it is to be explained by the hard lives they lead, especially the Chinese food, the want of medical help, and the privations of every kind to which they are exposed; the indescribably filthy state of the towns and houses, the lack of real privacy and quiet. In most instances the missionary occupies a Chinese house, with mud floor, a straw bed, paper windows, devoid of every kind of comfort."

"I recollect one priest in a most remote village," writes Mrs. Archibald Little in *The Land of the Blue Gown* (1902), "showing me—half excusing himself, half proudly—his one great luxury, a little window with glass panes he had put in near his writing-table so as to write and read till later in the evening. He showed me a set of photographs of his native village in France, but I noticed that he dared not glance at them himself while we were there. What this expatriation means

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to a Frenchman is enough to indicate the immensity of the sacrifice he voluntarily makes without any expectation of ever again re-visiting his beloved country. Yet not a single Frenchman has ever left this post. '*Pas un! Ni pour cause de maladies, ni pour affaires particulières, ni pour aller a Peking. Pas un seul,*' says the Procureur somewhat proudly."

In 1824, under pressure from foreign Powers, an Imperial edict was promulgated granting entire toleration of Christianity throughout the Empire. By this act Christianity was placed on a different plane from the other foreign religions, Buddhism and Mohammedanism, to which China of its own accord extended complete toleration. Christianity is, therefore, associated in the minds of the Chinese with the humiliation of the Empire—coercion on the part of the hated foreigner—a calamity yet fresh in the memory of the present generation.

Subsequently to the war carried on in China by the English in 1860, in which France joined on account of the torture and beheading of one of her missionaries in Kwangsi, a treaty was concluded in which it was agreed that the religious and charitable institutions, the churches, colleges, cemeteries, houses, and all other possessions confiscated from the Christians during the persecution of 1724, should be restored; and the protection of foreign Christians in China was formally assumed by the French, to whom thus belongs the honor of inaugurating the new era of religion in that country. Unhappily the Catholic Church has, in consequence, been associated with what appears the aggressive policy of France, a power which is suspected by the natives of employing the missionaries as political and even military spies. "After the cross, the sword; first the missionaries, then the gun-boat, then the land-grabbing; such is the process of events in the Chinese mind," says one who wrote in 1901.

It is, indeed, deeply to be deplored that the outcome of the intercourse of the Christian nations with China should have been that, as lately as the opening years of the present century, she stored up a fund of the deepest resentment towards them; and that during that intercourse missionaries—those more especially of the Catholic Church, because under French protection—should be regarded with distrust and hatred; not because they taught the "worship of the Lord of Heaven" (the Catholic Faith), to show the Chinese how to attain to the "better land" in the next world; but because they were the brethren

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of the "foreign devils," only anxious to deprive them of the land and the wealth they possess in the present one.

A memorial drawn up in 1905 shows clearly that the deepest cause of aversion to Christianity is not the religion as such but its close connection with the so-called Protective Powers. That China distrusts them, and returns hatred and aversion for their violent encroachment upon her most intimate domestic affairs is not to be wondered at in so proud and exclusive a nation. When she sees that the mission has recourse to the armed force of Protective Powers, the distrust and aversion are extended to the Church and Mission also, and since the edict of toleration, fear of foreign aggression has led to violent outbreaks of hostility and terrible persecution of missionaries and Christian converts with every fresh scare of interference and encroachment on the part of foreigners. Perhaps, also, the consciousness of having the political Protective Power behind them makes some missionaries—Protestants chiefly—overlook certain delicate considerations in their dealings with the native authorities, the neglect of which wounds beyond measure the Chinese, who in this respect are very sensitive. "Hence, in the edict of toleration, proclaimed in 1886, the Imperial Government deems it necessary to state that Chinamen who may embrace Christianity are entitled to protection from their own Government, to which alone they owe obedience. The promulgation of this edict followed immediately upon the decision of the Pope to send a Papal Legate to the Court of Peking, to represent him as the sole foreign power interested in the Chinese Roman Catholics, thereby disclaiming all political protection from France."

Prior to this, the same principle had already been enunciated by a French missionary, Père Louvet, who says: "The efforts of the missionaries must be directed to keeping their work clear of politics. From this point of view I, for one, can only deplore the intervention of the "European Powers."

As an eminent expert in Chinese affairs, Père Joseph Gonnet, S.J., insisted decades ago, "the models, even in this respect, must be the missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who conformed in every possible way—in language, dress, manners, customs, forms of social intercourse, etiquette—to the peculiarities of the Chinese, and spared their national susceptibilities with punctilious care."

"The French hostilities of 1883 had, moreover, some effect,"

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we learn from Professor Parker, "in concentrating upon the Roman Catholics most of the odium which was formerly shared in equal measure by Protestants."

The first Protestant missionary to China was the Reverend Robert Morrison, who arrived in 1807. There was so strong a feeling against all Europeans that he was unable to carry on evangelistic work and occupied himself with translating the Bible into Chinese. The first version of the Gospels was made by an unknown Catholic missionary as early as the seventeenth century, and this Mr. Morrison used as the basis of his translation of the New Testament. Later on, when English missionaries, together with some American ones, gained a footing in Macao, and after the Nanking Treaty of 1842, when Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain, were able to penetrate into the interior, their great and primary object was to effect indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures, sending out agents to scatter them broadcast among a people to whom, without explanation or elucidation, they were simply unintelligible. Nay more, since Christian ideas cannot well find terms in the Chinese language to convey them aright, and the allusions to rites and customs diametrically opposed to those of the Chinese gave rise to scandal and persecution, the sacred books were either flung aside in contempt, or were put to the use of wrapping up parcels or making the soles of boots and shoes. Thus it became apparent, even to those who distributed them, that the Scriptures were useless as a means of conveying revealed truth to the Chinese, and served rather to retard the progress of Christianity amongst them. Moreover, the different terms adopted to designate the one true God in literature and preaching—the Jesuits employing Tien Chu (Lord of Heaven), the American Protestants Chen Shen (True Spirit), the English Shang-ti (Supreme Lord)—confused and bewildered the natives; yet more so the multiplicity of sects and their internecine warfare. In 1906 there were no less than eighty-two distinct societies of divers creeds and practice working in China, and all mutually antagonistic. In one matter they were united; in hostility to the Catholic Church. The life of the Protestant missionary also brings religion into contempt. Social and family cares occupy his attention to the exclusion of weightier matters, as a writer ironically remarks: "The birth of a babe excites more interest than the conversion of a heathen." The married clergyman cannot be expected to in-

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habit a native house, to sit on the floor, sleep on a mat, eat from a plate of plantain leaves, and dispense with the books, furniture, musical instruments of his country: there is little about him of the grace of self-denial and self-sacrifice, which the Chinaman appreciates. Every great religious teacher in the East who has made his mark has been a rigid ascetic, and celibacy constitutes an important element of self-sacrifice in the eyes of the Chinese. "A priest," they have been heard to say, "and yet married!" The Protestant missionary is, moreover, often a man of low birth and narrow horizon, who displays intolerant scorn of native customs and superstitions, as if he imagined the evangelization of an ancient, highly cultivated race was to be effected by imperious commands instead of tactful prudence and sympathy. "I will have no convert who permits his wife to cramp her feet," said one; and this speech illustrates the mental attitude of the majority.

All this tends to enhance the contempt and hatred felt for the foreigner; but the greatest, most formidable impediment to the success of the Catholic missionary is the unchristian lives of the European traders and military officers. The Chinese, irritated by the offensive airs of patronage and superiority assumed by these unwelcome invaders of their country, exasperated by inexcusable acts of high-handed violence, injustice, and wrong, see in our efforts to gain a commercial footing in China nothing but a lust of gain, a determination to exploit the resources of the country for their own enrichment. As late as 1867 excesses of the most ruthless kind were perpetrated in abundance: the Portuguese initiated these villainous proceedings and other nations followed. The intercourse with these people can scarcely convince the Chinese of the doctrines they profess, "it has been such," says a writer on the subject, "as to store up a fund of the deepest resentment towards them." Can they be expected to feel respect for the Christianity which their arrogant oppressors profess, by the principles of which they claim to be guided, and which so many of their compatriots have come to teach? "Nay more," as the Rev. A. Williamson, a Protestant missionary, observes, "the Chinese are learning evil faster than they are learning good. They are adding foreign vices to their own, aping foreign free-living and evil habits; in and around our centres of commerce they are less honest, less moral, less receptive to divine truth than formerly by a long way. From

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contact with drunken sailors, swearing sea-captains, and unscrupulous traders they constantly learn new lessons in the school of duplicity and immorality. Western civilization is proving no blessing to the Chinese." And speaking of official and military residents Major Knollys (*English Life in China*, 1885) remarks: "The majority of our countrymen seem to have left their religion behind them in England."

The fact that the Chinese visit on the head of the Catholic missionaries the offences of the English and Americans, accounts for the frequent risings of the natives against them. In 1891 a serious riot took place in I-chang, when the Jesuit mission was burned and the graves violated; two Chinese Sisters connected with the mission were accused of drugging the children, in order to stupify them and take away speech and hearing, that they might steal them and send them to Shanghai. The rioters destroyed everything of a foreign nature on which they could lay their hands.

In 1895 there were riots in Sz'Ch'wan. The Catholic bishop, after rough handling from the mob, managed to escape. Over forty stations were destroyed in that province, the missionaries having to fly over mountain passes and untrodden paths to find a refuge. "The history of the Tz-Coo Mission," says Mr. Cooper (*Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce*, 1871) "may, from the date of its establishment, be traced in the blood of numbers of brave and noble-minded priests, who have fallen by poison or the knife in the cause of their religion." During the Tibetan revolt in 1905 four French priests were murdered.

"The establishment of an orphanage," says Sir H. R. Douglas (*Europe and the Far East*, 1904, pp. 134-5), "under the care of the Sisters of Mercy at Tientsin, a port opened in 1858 to foreign trade, had aroused considerable ill-will on the part of the people, who credited the Sisters with the horrors at times charged against the missionaries. In 1871 a peculiarly fatal epidemic broke out in the orphanage, and the rumor spread abroad that the Sisters were murdering their charges wholesale. An angry mob surrounded the house and demanded admission. The Sisters invited five individuals to enter and inspect the premises. At an ill moment the French Consul drove the inspectors out of the building, with the result that he and his clerk were beaten to death. The infuriated mob

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set fire to the cathedral before wreaking their vengeance on the Sisters, eight of whom were murdered; their Superior was bound to a post, and the assailants inflicted on her all the tortures in which they are so terribly skilled, finally cutting her body into small pieces. The remaining Sisters were first outraged, then murdered, their home and church set on fire, and their mangled bodies thrown into the flames."

The story of the Boxer rising in 1900 is too well known to need repetition here. It represented the wrath and hatred of sixty years' growth.

The habit of concealment is natural to the Chinese, and grievances may exist and grow unsuspected beneath their blank, expressionless faces, until some trifle lets loose the storm of fury, fed by a thousand mutual misunderstandings and genuine causes of complaint. Thus it was in 1900. "I think," said Mgr. Favier (whose Vicariate was Pe Tche-li, in which Peking is situated) to Mrs. Archibald Little,† "12,000 Christians lost their lives in that rising; three of our European, four Chinese, priests, and many of our Sisters. One priest hung on a crucifix, nailed, for three days before he died." Mgr. Hamer, Vicar-Apostolic of Mongolia, was delivered over to the mercy of the soldiers, who took him for three days in the streets, everybody being at liberty to torture him. All his hair was pulled out, his nose, fingers, and ears cut off. After this they wrapped him in stuff soaked in oil, and hanging him head downwards, set fire to his feet. His heart was eaten by two beggars." Thirty-four hundred native Christians were beseiged in the cathedral and reduced to the starvation point; yet not one evinced the slightest disposition to yield to reiterated invitations to surrender.

The orphanages, or more strictly asylums, of which there are sometimes six or seven in a single mission, managed by the members of different religious orders, are for the reception of infants who would otherwise be destroyed. Although infanticide is forbidden by the law, thousands of newly-born babes—almost exclusively girls—are either smothered by their parents or exposed in the streets and waysides to perish. Women unblushingly own to having killed four or five of their offspring, or even to having buried them alive.

"A Roman Catholic priest, who had lived twenty-one years

† *Round About My Peking Garden*, 1905, p. 11.

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in Peking, told me," writes Miss Fielde (*Pagoda Shadows*, 1890, Adele Fielde) "that during the year 1882 seven hundred little castaway girls had been gathered up alive from the ruts and pits of the street, and brought in by the messengers sent out on such service from the Roman Catholic Foundling Asylum of that city; and that during the previous ten years over eight thousand infants had been thus found and sheltered by the same institution."

Baron Von Hübner, writing in 1871 (*A Ramble Round the World*. Translated by Lady Herbert, Vol. II., p. 197), speaks thus of his visit to one of these houses. "We were taken to the orphanage, the *Salle d'asile* of the babies brought to the Sisters by their families or picked up in the street. These poor little creatures, all girls, who when they arrive are just bundles of skin and bone, devoured by vermin, and generally full of disease and wounds, are baptized, clothed, their wounds dressed, and if they survive, brought up in this house, and married to their co-religionists, or else placed as servants in Christian families. We went into one of the large rooms. It was spacious, beautifully clean, and well ventilated. All along the walls are ranged cradles, each containing two children. A number of Sisters, leaning over them, were tending them with the utmost care. Only yesterday these poor little creatures were thrown out on a dungheap, left to be devoured by pigs, or to expire in a slow and horrible agony; to-day they have found mothers, who, to save them, have come from the uttermost parts of the earth on the wings of God-like charity."

The girls remain in the orphanages until their eighteenth or twentieth year. The majority marry, and become model wives and mothers, edifying all who come in contact with them, and handing down to their children the virtues acquired during their training by the Sisters. Bridegrooms are not wanting for them, because the families of converts have more boys than girls. A small number prefer to remain unmarried, to devote themselves to the care of the children in the orphanage, and when more advanced in age to assist poor and sick women and baptize dying children.

Yet the Sisters—"foreign barbarians"—who carry on this good work are accused of kidnapping young children to take out their hearts and eyes for sale to foreign merchants to make chemicals and medicines (*Human Publications*. Translated 1892).

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Nor are these suspicions confined to the lower orders. We are told that "the famous General 'Tseng Kwo-Fan was talking one day with an English doctor on the subject of this babies' eyes fraud, when he suddenly said: 'It is of no use to deny it, for I have some of the dried specimens,' and he pulled out a packet of gelatine capsules used for covering castor-oil and other nauseous drugs."

All this hatred, distrust, and persecution is the Nemesis of a long course of oppression and unscrupulous injustice on the part of Western nations, actuated only by the desire of temporal advantage.

Many pages might be filled with the testimony of non-Catholics to the work of our missionaries in China. We give the two following. Sir Robert Hart, speaking at Leeds, says: "The ability, energy, self-denial of the Roman Catholic missionaries demands our hearty admiration and attracts our sympathy. They have done a great work both in spreading the knowledge of one God and Savior and in teaching every kind of useful knowledge." "The Jesuits," says Professor Parker, "who compel veneration and respect in China by the sheer force of their erudition and self-denial, have the good sense to discern that the Chinese intellect demands their very best men. In the province of Kiangnan alone they have nearly four hundred priests, seminaries, schools, orphanages, two observatories, a natural history museum, a printing press, workrooms, and workshops." "The Franciscans," writes Mr. Consul Alabaster, in his report on the trade of Hankow for 1883, "confine their chief operations to the neighborhood of the port, where they now have a strong position; the prudence of their directors, their noble charities avoiding, on the one hand, sources of irritation and winning for them the respect and kindly feeling both of authorities and people."

The number of Catholic priests in China, as given by Father de Moidrey, S.J., in his report for 1909, is as follows: Bishops, 45; Priests, European (including about five Americans), 1,379; Priests, Chinese, 631. The following statistics on Catholic Missions are given by Hilarión Gil: Missions, 44; Seminarists, 1,215; European Lay Brothers, 229; Native Lay Brothers, 130; European Nuns, 558; Chinese Nuns, 1,328.*

* *The Catholic Mind.* April 8, 1910.

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A DYING MAN'S DIARY.

EDITED BY W. S. LILLY.

II.

Y first thought, when I fully recovered consciousness, was: Would to God that I had never woke! There has been, ever since I knew my fate, something hideous about the meeting with each succeeding day. Since my engagement to Beatrice her daily letter had been my first care, and my man had been in the habit of bringing it to me immediately on the arrival of the post. This morning I found it by my bedside. Haydyn afterwards told me he had brought it as usual at eight o'clock but was deterred from waking me, I was so sound asleep and looked so worn and ill. Poor little letter, I thought as I broke the seal; the last gleam of sunshine for my heart; the last word of happiness I shall ever listen to. It was as all her letters have been: a simple reflection of her pure, true soul. My eyes began to fill as I read over the tender, delicate words. I could picture her so well as she wrote it, her slight, graceful figure bending over the writing desk I had given her, the smile and blush which succeeded each other on her face, her fits of sweet musing between the sentences, for she had told me, half-penitently, how she loved to linger out this occupation and to fill the morning sometimes with the task of half an hour. Then I thought of her as she would be at that moment, pale and terror struck, all the sunlight faded from her bright face, holding my last letter in her trembling hands. My man came in, and I hid my face in the pillows, for I did not wish him to see it then. He has lived with me ever since I left Oxford, has traveled with me many thousand miles, and nursed me in more than one illness. And his faithful sagacity divined that something was amiss. He fidgeted about the room for some minutes; and then broke out: "I hope you are not ill this morning, sir." I said: "No, thank you; but I am rather tired; I was rather late last night." He asked

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if he might bring me a cup of tea, to which I assented, glad to get him out of the room. As soon as the door closed, I got up and bathed my face. Why not let him know? I thought. He must know soon; and of what use to put it off? But then I reflected, that I had better mature my plans first. Determine how and where to spend the short time which remained to me; then break to him my secret. A few months —it may be weeks—and more than a fortnight has gone! I have no time to lose. I remembered, too, that I had told a dozen men last night; an additional reason for speedily resolving when and how my short course was to be run.

Haydyn entered with the tea, and drawing attention to a pile of gold which lay on the mantel-piece, said: "I found this in your pocket this morning, sir." I had forgotten my winnings; and now the question was what to do with them. Among the follies and vices of my youth, not free from stains, gambling was not one. For years I had not touched a card; and in the days when I used to play occasionally my gains had been so small and unfrequent as never to embarrass me. Now there was this considerable sum before me which I had not wanted to win; and did not think of keeping. To return it to the men from whom I had won it was out of the question. I was at a loss for some minutes what to do with it. At last I thought of the Mission Church, with its hard worked clergy and poor congregation. Yes; there was the solution of the difficulty. I would give it to that work which was sacred to me from its slight association with her. I told Haydyn to put the money in a bag and take it to one of the clergy of the church. I sent with it this note.

"The donor wishes this money to be employed for pious and charitable uses, at the discretion of the clergy of St. —— Mission Chapel. He is particularly anxious that his name may not be known, and desires that no inquiries may be made regarding him." I gave this to Haydyn to read, reiterating to him my desire to remain anonymous. In the course of a few hours he returned, bringing me this letter of acknowledgment from the Incumbent of the Church:

"SIR: Allow me, on behalf of myself and my colleagues, to thank you for the donation of £147 10 0, which we have this morning received. We think we shall best fulfill the directions you have given regarding its employment, if we de-

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vote one-half to the poor; and one-half to the services of the Church. I trust you will allow me to add that we thank God for putting it into your heart to come to our assistance. The distress in this district from sickness, want, and vice is always great; and although the services of one of the mission priests, of all the choir, and of the organist, are gratuitously given, we have incurred a debt for those small expenses necessarily attending our ministry, which, without this providential supply, we should not have known how to liquidate. Your wish to remain anonymous will, of course, be respected by us; but in our solemn acts of intercession with Him from Whom no secrets are hid you will not be forgotten. Finally, I trust you will permit me to say that if, at any time, our office and ministry should be needed by you, we trust you will not forget that you have a claim on us of which we shall be gladly reminded." There was something about this letter which struck me as familiar and I asked Haydyn what the clergyman who had given it to him was like. From his description I thought the writer must have been the man whom I heard preach last night. And there is something in the tone of the letter which recalls his sermon to me.

And now let me think of my brief future. I have never kept a diary or been accustomed to record my own thoughts and feelings, except in the few notices of them which might find their way into my letters to my few correspondents. But it has been a relief to me since I began to write these sheets. I feel less alone with my terrible secret since I have entrusted it to these mute confidants. I think I shall persevere with it. This record of what I have suffered will have an interest for one or two when I am gone. What to do? One thing only seems clear to me. I must not see her except once, perhaps at the very last, if I am to play my short part manfully. I shall better reconcile myself to the thought of losing her, if I thus anticipate the separation. And it will be better for her; I know her heart is mine, and the sight of me, sinking day by day, would wring it as nothing else can. But the temptation to go to her will be very strong at times; and perhaps my will may weaken as my physical strength declines. I think it will be safest for me to leave England. Yes; that will be best. I will go to Italy. My brother Henry, I know, will come out with me and I ought to be with him. I should

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like before I die to see the grave of the poet whose name, like mine, was writ in water; and to stand by the spot where the heart of Shelley lies. Perhaps, too, among the desolate ruins of the Imperial City, the dust and embers of a dead world, I may learn the pettiness of my own griefs; standing on the land of the stern old Roman philosopher I may, perhaps, catch something of his spirit and learn to estimate justly the insignificance of my worthless life. And yet it is not worthless, for it is consecrated to her. If it were not for that!

December 30.

This morning I saw her brother. I was sitting over my fire, my face buried in my hands, a position in which I pass many hours daily, thinking. There was a knock at my door and Charles B—— came in. I ought to have expected him, for I had asked her to send him to me; but I had forgotten it, and I started in surprise when I saw him. He wrung my hand and stood silent for a long time, turning his face to the fire. I was very calm; sorrow for his distress, I think, was the uppermost feeling in my mind. At last he broke out with a sob: "God help you, old fellow! I don't know what to say to you." I said: "Sit down, Charles, and tell me about her. There is not much to be said about me. I have had time to think it over, and I hope I shall bear it like a man. But tell me about her." He sat down and it was some minutes before he could trust himself to speak. I poured him out a liqueur glass of brandy and made him drink it. Then I said again: "Don't think about me, Charles, but about her. We must do all we can to help her bear it. She showed you my letter?" "Yes"; he replied, "I read it yesterday. She got it as usual, at about ten o'clock, and went up to her own room to read it. At luncheon time she had not come down, and we sent up for her; when her maid came into the room looking very frightened, and told us she feared her mistress was ill. She was deadly pale, the girl said, and was sitting before her toilet table looking at a letter. I rushed up to her room, and found her as the maid had told me. I took her hand and asked her what was the matter. She did not answer me for a minute; and when I repeated my question she put your letter before me. She watched me narrowly as I read it. I suppose my face must have shown how shocked I was; for

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before I had finished it she cried, in a tone I shall never forget: 'It is true, then,' and fainted away. It was a very long time before she recovered consciousness; and then she was in a high fever. We got her to bed, where she has been ever since, my mother watching over her. She does nothing but moan and murmur your name, poor child."

I heard him in silence. Then I said: "Have you told me all?" "Yes"; he replied, "all; the doctor has been to see her three times. He says there is no occasion for alarm; he tells us to keep her perfectly quiet and make her take a little nourishment from time to time, and leave the rest to nature." We did not talk much more. My mind was full of the saddest thoughts. I tried to think the worst was over for her; but I knew that the long days of bitter, hopeless anguish which awaited her would be far harder to bear than that first outburst of passionate grief. Charles B—— spoke a few disconnected words of sympathy. I wrung his hand, but found nothing to say in reply to them. At last his presence grew intolerable to me; and I asked him to leave me and go to her. "You may be of use there," I added, "and you will telegraph to me this evening about her." He promised to do so, and to conceal nothing. When he had quitted the room, I locked the door and threw myself on my knees in a passion of weeping: "O God! help her to bear it," I said over and over again. At last the evening closed in. Haydyn came for orders. I unlocked the door, glad that the darkness concealed my face, dismissed him, lighted my candles, and sat down to write this. He has just come again with this telegram from Charles B——: "B—— had a great fit of sobbing at four o'clock which quite exhausted her; she is now sleeping quietly. The doctor says she will be better to-morrow. Will telegraph again in the morning." Poor child, I would sacrifice half my remaining days to procure her a quiet rest to-night. I could not stay in my rooms, so I dressed and went to The Travelers to dine.

December 31.

I dined at The Travelers last night, in a corner alone, and was thoroughly exhausted when I came back here. I slept as I have not done for three weeks. It was eight o'clock when I woke this morning from dreams that were too happy. For in sleep I am never conscious of my misery. I see her face

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much more plainly than I can in my waking moments, and see it without a pang. I have found in my own experiences: the truth of Sir Thomas Brown's saying that we with difficulty recall to our minds the features of those we best love. Even with her picture before me, I can but dimly image forth that slight, small figure and that delicately shaped head, with its massive coronet of golden hair. But in my sleep I touch her hand and hear her soft low voice, and rejoice in the subtle grace of her presence, as really as when I am with her in the external world. And herein I try to take comfort. If, as the poet teaches, death is sleep's brother, may not this happiness be continued to me when I am gone hence? I think I should be almost content to die, if I could be sure that I should dream of her in my grave.

And she! what will become of her? I have tried to think that out. Poor child, her young, fresh heart is smitten down, and pierced through and through. But will not time heal it? God knows I trust it will without the least reserve of selfish feeling. And yet it is hard to think of another being to her all I have been—and more! Still I would have it so. Ah, how cruel she would think it, if she could read these lines; and yet, if you ever see these lines, dearest, believe me, my heart was never more brimful of love for you than at the moment when I wrote them.

While I was dressing this morning I got this telegram from Charles B——: "Beatrice passed a good night. This morning she is free from fever, though weak. She is very pale and worn, but is quite composed. Dr. S—— says she is much better and wishes her to get up and go on the lawn for an hour in the afternoon. Will telegraph again in the evening and will come up to-morrow." I read the telegram with a feeling of sad relief, and sat down to follow out the thoughts it aroused in me. What a multitude of memories those words, "the lawn," presented to me: the rosebeds amongst which she loved to linger; the rivulet which has so often reflected our forms, blending them in a sweet indistinctness that I loved to watch, and to point out to her as an emblem of our future lives; the long, broad expanse of velvety turf which seemed to bound in gladness under the pressure of her little feet; and, dearer than all, the spreading beech, with its rustic seat, where we have passed so many hours reading or talking, or in sweet,

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silent thought, broken oftener by looks than words. One day of transcendent happiness came back to me with startling vividness. She had been reading to me from her copy of Petrarch. I well remember the sonnet and how every fibre of my heart thrilled as her clear, silvery voice brought out all the delicate music of the verses, whose full meaning she hardly grasps perhaps. Then, she confessed to me, with many a blush and pretty hesitation, that she had herself written some sonnets: I must not criticise them too harshly as, although she had lived so long in Italy, she was not apt at acquiring languages. She would not read them to me; but she was curious to hear how they sounded when read; she had shown them to no one else; I must read them aloud. How well I remember every line; but I will not write them here—no eye but mine has seen them; the sweet melody of their rhythm, the simple grace and quiet refinement of their thoughts, are pictures of that sweet soul revealed only to me, and to be treasured up among my most sacred possessions until death tears them from me. They pleased her no longer, she said; girlish fancies about birds and flowers and pictures, when she had hardly known that there was anything dearer in life. Did any man ever hear a sweeter confession from the woman he loved? I thought, too, of another day, when in that same hallowed spot she put into my hand a little locked volume, and its key. It was the book in which she had recorded from time to time her thoughts since she was sixteen, she told me. It had been to her as a confessor, she said; all her grave faults had been faithfully written down; all her troubles and all her happiness—no, not all her happiness, she added softly; that would be impossible; no, I was not to look at it then. I might keep it until—until she asked me for it. She should not write in it any more, for I had said hard things about journals and diaries. How I have treasured that book; how I have pondered over the sweet secrets of that pure soul so unreservedly confided to me. As I thought of these things I rose to draw it from its hiding place and my eye fell upon the telegram which recalled me to the bitter present. I had for a while forgotten the hours had crept on with their relentless pace as I had been lost in my reveries, the afternoon had come; and I pictured her, pale and worn, the happy light extinct in her eyes, walking wearily on the spot where my fancy had been dwelling. And that was what

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our love had come to! Was it too great for earth? So near an approach to heavenly happiness as to provoke God's jealousy? I took her book in my hands. The figure of the cross on its cover seemed to answer my thought. But I could not endure the answer. I laid it down with a bitter curse in my heart, which only my reverence for her banished from my tongue.

January 1.

I went to bed last night thinking of the letter from Beatrice, which I felt sure the morning would bring me. I lay awake for many hours in the dull pain of hopeless expectation. I thought of those words of Keats:

> "To know the pain and feel it,
> When there is none to heal it,
> Nor numbèd sense to steal it!"

and the sad refrain kept echoing in my ears, banishing the sleep which I badly needed. For already I begin to feel physically weaker; partly, no doubt, from the exhausting effects of the violent emotions I have undergone during the last weeks; and partly, I think, from the progress of the disease. It was almost morning when I sunk into a heavy, unrefreshing slumber; and as the clock struck seven I awoke again; I think no hour ever felt so long to any man as the next. Eight o'clock struck and Haydyn came into my room: I saw nothing but the letter which he held in his hand. I turned it over and over before I opened it. The address in her fine, delicately shaped handwriting seemed strangely familiar, and yet when I looked at it a little closer I thought I saw that her hand must have trembled as she wrote it. At last I broke the seal and read it. It was six hours ago: and it has hardly left my hand since. Every word of it is graven on my memory as in letters of fire. It gives me a strange pleasure to write it down here: Noble heart! Did ever man win such a treasure before?

"MY OWN DEAREST ARTHUR: I have been very ill, else I think I should have found it hard to obey you and to keep silence for two days. Now I am strong enough to write, and, oh! how much I have to say to you! But I am glad that I have not been able to write before, for it has given me the more time to think and to pray, with your last sad letter before me.

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It is very hard for me to lay aside the reserve of my sex and say what I am going to say to you; and if I had not sought for help, where I know it is always to be found, I could not summon up courage to ask you what I am going to ask you. But I have tried so hard to forget myself; not to think about my loss, but about you only; and would He to Whom I have looked for guidance, and Who has never failed those who put their trust in Him, let me do wrong? Arthur, dear Arthur, I want our engagement not to be broken off. I want our wedding on the day it was fixed for. I do not want to give you up, darling, until death claims you for God. Why should not you be mine till then? If, indeed, the doctors are right, and He, in His infinite goodness, will call you so soon, may He help us to bow our heads and worship! But why should I not be your wife? Can any one be to you what I will be? Is it not the special mission of us women to nurse the sick and tend the dying? Can there be any mitigation of my loss like the thought that I have been with you all through your weakness and sufferings? Ah, dearest Arthur, do think of me; if you are to be taken away from me, and as you say the future we had planned is an empty dream, what comfort can there be to me like the recollection that I have been all I can to you; and have gone hand in hand with you to the very margin of the great river which I hope it is not wrong to wish to cross very soon after you? Ah, you won't deny me this poor consolation: your name and the thought that I have ministered to you, as no one but a wife can, for a few short months. Think, too, dearest Arthur, is it not my duty? I would not ask you, if it were only my love for you which prompted me. But would it not be base indeed of me to leave you when you most want me? Ah, do not make me do wrong; and it would be wrong and cowardly to desert you. Dear, dear Arthur, do not reject me; I have tried to make you know me fully since we were engaged; and have you not told me how astonished you were at the deep determination which you found under my quiet manner? Will you not believe me then when I tell you that my future, so far as the world goes, is inseparably bound up with you? This is no rhapsody of a girl of nineteen, but the quiet resolve of a woman whose heart has been given to you once for all, and who has oldened by many years in the last two days. If God takes

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you away from me, I shall go into a sisterhood, and devote my days until He calls me, too, to Him and His poor. Yes; my future in the world is limited by yours. Why should we not spend it together? If you think of me, will not the remembrance of our short wedded life be my most precious treasure? And if I think of you, who can be to you what I will be?

"I have shown this to my mother. How good she has been to me! She said: 'I cannot say you are wrong, Beatrice.' No; I am not wrong; for I am not only following the dictates of my heart, but I have had counsel of Him Who is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things. Surely He would not forsake me in this greatest need. Dearest Arthur, do not let a false dignity stand in your way. Do you not love me well enough to sacrifice that for me? May God bless and comfort you is my prayer day and night. Before I wrote this letter I took up my prayer-book and I came upon these words: 'My heart and my flesh faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.' Will you think of them sometimes, for my sake? You are much wiser than I am, and it is not for me to try to teach you, but when I read those words I thought I must tell them to you. Dearest Arthur, I must not sit at my desk any more to-day, for I am not strong yet and my mother is very anxious about me. But I must write one last word. I love you more than ever, for I feel that you have more need of my love now."

I was sitting thinking over this letter, in a passion of tenderness and regret, when Charles B—— came in. Beatrice was better, he told me; she had been quite composed since she wrote to me yesterday, and had returned to the usual habits of her life. I asked him if he had heard anything of the contents of the letter? "No"; he replied. He could only guess from a little talk he had had with Beatrice. "She had said nothing but death should take you from her; that she should be more to you instead of less now." I put the letter into his hands and bade him read it. He read it twice in silence, and then gave it back to me, saying only: "Poor child!" "Child!" I replied, "she is a heroine of love and pity. There is none like her, none." I do not think we spoke again for half-an-hour. Then I said: "Charles, I must inflict another wound upon that noble heart. I must write to-day—what a way

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of beginning the New Year—and tell her that I cannot accept the sacrifice she would make. You must try to comfort her. You must tell her that I should be base indeed and unworthy of her, if I for one moment hesitated about that." He wrung my hand and said: "I know, I know; but it will be a terrible blow to her." By a great effort I changed the conversation and began to tell him about my plans. Fortunately he had recently returned from traveling in Italy, and could help me to settle my route. When did I think of coming back? he asked. I told him not until I felt the end approaching "Then I should return to see her once more before I am laid in the quiet country church where my ancestors are sleeping." The conversation then flowed back to the old channel; and gradually ceased. He went away at last promising, what I know it was superfluous to ask, that he would be everything he could be to Beatrice; and would write to me constantly of her. And now I must write to her my last letter perhaps. I shall tell her all that is in my heart about her if I can. Poor heart—the cause of all my misery. How odd it feels now; and I am so drowsy. I must put this aside and lie down.

(He never rose again. His faithful servant, coming into the room, found him on the sofa, dead.)

NOTE.—This profoundly interesting document—"A Dying Man's Diary"—teaches, it seems to us, a great Catholic lesson. A brave and honorable man, but one who was void of religious faith, was utterly overwhelmed by the evil tidings of his approaching death in circumstances which, indeed, were most tragic. One cannot but help think how differently those same tidings would have affected him had he been a Catholic. Even a lax and worldly one would have found in such a great tribulation an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast. And the lesson is brought out the more clearly because of the magnificent way in which she whom he loved, and who loved him, met, by reason of her Christian faith, the terrible trial. The woman eventually became a Catholic and later a nun. Her death has made possible the publication of this unique diary.—[EDITOR C. W.]

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A DAUGHTER OF VENICE.

BY AN IRISH URSULINE.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

"There is a glorious city in the sea:
The sea is in the broad the narrow straits,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt seaweed
Clings to the marble of her palaces."

OVER fourteen hundred years have passed away since fierce hordes of Visigoths and Huns, sweeping over Venetia, as the Northern part of Italy was then named, made the terrified inhabitants fly before them and take refuge in the islands of the Lagoons of the Adriatic. Numbers of the fugitives settled in the Rialto, where they founded a small republic governed by ten tribunes. Here a populous city rose up, as if by magic, and, extending gradually over seventy-two islands, became, in course of time, the historic, poetic, and artistic Venice, the "Bride of the Sea," the aspect of which is stately and magnificent.

Its great school of painting, which holds the first place among the schools of the world for the brilliancy and harmony of its coloring, had its origin in the sixth century through the Greek mosaics of Grado and Torcello. The most ancient pictorial relics within the ancient territory of the Doges, are preserved at Verona, in the subterranean chambers of the nunnery of Santi Nazario e Celso. The symbols, the attitudes, the drapery, the touch and manipulation indicate that they are the works of foreign masters produced before the initiation of native art. Five centuries later, in 1070, the Doge Selvo brought mosaic workers from Greece to adorn the Church of St. Mark. This magnificent cathedral, which is a singular but brilliant combination of the Gothic and Oriental styles of architecture, occupies one side of the historic square. The famous bronze horses, obtained as plunder at the siege of Constantinople during the fourth Crusade, stand on pillars in front of the great entrance where, over elaborately ornamented pedestals, three gonfalons of silk and gold once waved to the breeze, symbolizing the triple dominions of the Republic—Venice, Cyprus, and the Morea.

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The special emblem of the Evangelist, the winged lion, is sculptured on the façade of this famous building, and also stands on a pillar of classic beauty near the entrance of the piazza which bears the saint's name. This world-renowned republic having, in the thirteenth century, reached the highest point of glory, power, and warlike prowess, the Byzantine Empire became subject to it when in 1204 the Doge, Enrico Dandolo, conquered Constantinople. Then Venice was flooded with Byzantine artists, under whose influence and teaching its school of painting progressed so rapidly that, when Jacopo Bellini and his sons, Gentile and Giovanni, came from Padua and settled down near the Rialto, the day of "the city of the lion," as one of the great centres of Italian art, had dawned. About the middle of the fifteenth century Bellini's little workshop began to produce altar pieces and other sacred pictures, and his sons were employed in the decoration of the hall of the Consiglio Maggiore.

Antonello da Massina, who had got possession of the secret method of the Brothers Van Eyck, the inventors of painting in oils, came to Venice in 1473, and the first canvas of the Sicilian was a revelation and a subject of wonder for the painter brotherhoods. On the scaffoldings and in the hall of the Palazzo, which they were beautifying with their artistically conceived and dashingly executed frescoes, a wave of excitement and a tempest of debate would run round, as they discussed the new medium, even for them an unsolved mystery. The story goes that Giovanni Bellini, disguising himself as a man of noble birth, commissioned the unsuspecting Antonello to paint his portrait and, observing every movement of his hand, saw him dip his brush from time to time in "oil" and soon the new method was taught in the school of the Bellini. Here a large number of students were trained, one of the most distinguished being Vittore Carpaccio, the poet historian of art, whose pictures, illustrating the life and martyrdom of St. Ursula, the royal Irish virgin martyr, rank as one of the noblest series of medieval painting. The ideal beauty of the pictorial scene which represents the young Celtic princess lying in ecstatic repose with her protecting angel hovering near is, according to many competent judges, the loveliest conception that ever came from the mind of man.

The years sped on, the great work progressed and, about the year 1500, the golden period of the Venetian school com-

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menced. It was initiated and carried on by Tiziano Vecellio da Cadore, of whom we learn from the traditions of his race, that, while yet an infant, he foretold his fame as a colorist by attempting to paint a picture of the Madonna with the juice of brilliantly colored flowers. When a boy of nine, his father Gregorio Vecellio, took him from Cadore to Venice and placed him in the school of Sebastiano Zuccato. He changed later to that of Bellini, where he and Giorgione, then aged respectively 18 and 19, worked side by side. In 1516 he finished his Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a picture of dazzling splendor. At the time he executed this glorious masterpiece, his future pupil, Tintoretto, was four years old.

II.—MARIETTA'S MISSION.

Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, when our little story opens, the power, wealth, medieval grandeur, and artistic fame of the world-renowned republic had attained its zenith. There, in these far-away days, close to the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, stood a house, on the front of which long stripes of red, green, blue, and yellow announced in mute but expressive language: "Dyeing done here." The absence of the piece of colored cloth usually hung out as a sign, the silence which reigned within and around, the long unused boilers, turned upside down on the flagged yard at the back, told plainly that the colored ensigns had lost their meaning and that "Dyeing was no longer done there."

In one of the deserted workshops, on the wall of which was inscribed: "*Il disegno di Michel Agnolo; il colorito di Tiziano*," a tall, powerfully built man stood, with palette and brush, before an easel on which was a work of art, glowing with the unsurpassed coloring of the Venetian school, softened by blue or ash-colored tints, which added to the effect of the Chiaroscuro. The artist, whose brush, wielded by a skillful hand, passed rapidly over the canvas, blending, harmonizing, softening, and retouching the lights and shadows of his masterpiece, was Jacopo Robusti, the dyer's son, known to the world as Tintoretto. His father, seeing him when a little boy daubing the workshop colors on the walls at every vacant spot, judged that it would be unwise to oppose so strong a natural impulse and procured him a place among the pupils of Titian.

An ideal Venetian of the sixteenth century in his imper-

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ious independence and resolution to recognize no master, he threw himself into his work with a fierce energy which earned for him, from the society of artists of Saint Roch, the title of *Il Furioso*. Ridolfi's estimate of his genius is: "No one of all our painters stands out of the canvas like the dyer's son; robust as his name; a true type of his indomitable race." In truth, the wonderful sweep and grandeur which his contemporaries called *Stravagante*, the lavish power with which he treated every subject, cannot fail to excite admiration and wonder. At the time this little sketch treats of he had lost his wife, who left him two children, a son named Domenico and a daughter named Marietta, both of whom had been tenderly cared for by his aged mother.

A glorious Italian day was drawing to its close; the sun was setting behind the Lagoon, its fading rays flooding the canals, the ancient historic buildings, the stately churches in rich crimson light.

The silence was suddenly broken by the soft, harmonious chiming of the bells ringing out the evening Angelus. As the melodious sounds floated over the city, the master devoutly bent his knee, made the sign of salvation, and recited aloud: "*Angelus Domini nunciavit Mariæ, et concepit de Spiritu Sancto,*" etc. Then, rising, he stepped back a little from his canvas, passed a critical glance over the result of his day's work, put palette and brushes aside, and, remembering that the next day, being the eve of the great feast of the Ascension, should be devoted to preparation for the espousals of the city with the Adriatic, placed his unfinished picture behind a screen, until he should be able to resume his work. Then, passing quickly out into the garden attached to the house, he advanced towards the entrance gate with his quick, firm step, as a venerable and picturesquely clad old Venetian dame came in by it.

Taking her wrinkled hand in his he said lovingly and gently: "Lean on me, Mother, you seem weary."

"Not weary, my son," she answered, "but anxious—yes, anxious and troubled about our beloved children, Domenico and Marietta."

"Troubled about our children, Mother, may I ask why?"

"Ah, my son, you are so occupied with your dyeing that you do not notice what goes on even in your own house."

"Occupied with my dyeing!" exclaimed the Tintoretto, drawing himself up proudly, "though you are the widow of a

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dyer, remember you are the mother of the painter, Signor Jacopo Robusti—the Tintoretto."

"The Tintoretto, the Tintoretto," she repeated, leaning lovingly on the strong arm, "and what does that name recall? Were you not, in the bygone happy days, the sturdy little boy who toddled about the workshops and beautified the walls here, there, and everywhere with the dyer's colors? Tintoretto, the little dyer—"

"Yes, yes, *Madre mia*"; he answered tenderly, as the memory of her devoted love and care came back to him, "for you I am always the little dyer, the son of Jacopo Robusti, *Il Tintore*. And now, tell me, what makes you anxious about our children?"

"*Figlio mio*, I am haunted by the look of care on the beautiful face of our Marietta, and by the change in the appearance of Domenico. The boy is much altered and not for the better; he no longer gives me his love and confidence. Then I can never find him in his workshop, which is always locked, and when I knock at the door he does not answer me."

"Ah, you do not know what it means to be an artist; he does not answer you, because a true artist becomes absorbed and lost in his work, and hears nothing of what goes on around him. Domenico is my pride and my joy and, like myself, sets up as his standard and watchword: 'The design of Michel Angelo, the coloring of Titian.' Have you seen his last picture, which the canons of San' Ambrogio have ordered for their Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto?"

"How could I see it, Jacopo, I who never see himself? The boy is never at home!"

"That is to say, Mother, he never stirs from his work. I rather approve of that habit of his of locking himself in his studio; it prevents his being interrupted. My Domenico, before many years pass away, will stand forth as one of the greatest masters of our famous school, and hold one of the first places among the colorists of the world!"

The devoted mother, now remaining silent, bowed her aged head and leant more lovingly and trustfully on the strong arm of her son. As they moved on slowly towards the entrance of the dyer's house, Tintoretto said: "Where is Marietta? Why is she not here?"

"She is out, Jacopo."

"Out at supper time? This is constantly happening, and

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is one of my causes of dissatisfaction. I have no time to watch over her and I confide her to your care. Where is she?"

"Your daughter does not require to be watched over by us; she is an angel and the heavenly spirits protect and guard her!"

As she gave utterance to this consoling thought, the garden gate opened again and admitted a vision of medieval beauty, gracefulness, and dignity. It was a young girl of madonna-like loveliness whom they both now advanced to meet. Her rich brown hair, fastened up by pins of gold, left the snow white forehead bare on which were written, in unmistakable characters, the innocence and modesty of a privileged soul. Long lashes veiled the lustrous beauty of her dark Italian eyes, which had a far-away look, telling of high and holy aspirations that lift the mind above the passing things of earth and make it wander into the mystic regions of exalted conception and artistic idealism! Her features, perfect in outline, were devoid of the downy freshness of youth; could it be some secret sorrow that banished the rosy tint of girlhood from the soft, snow-white cheek?

"Marietta," said the Tintoretto, "where have you been all the afternoon?"

"At the Grimani Palace, Father," she answered.

"Marietta, Marietta," said Jacopo, as the three walked into the supper-room, "you are no longer the little child whom the kind, motherly countess petted, caressed, and supplied with sweets and toys—you will soon arrive at the marriageable age, and her eldest son, Masino Grimani, is a youth of twenty."

"And what objection have you to all that, my son?" interrupted the old lady as she seated herself at the table. "If the young count admires our child and appreciates her worth, why should she not become the Countess Masino Grimani?"

"Certainly, if God so wills it," replied the master; "but I give the preference to one of her own rank, who would not be ashamed to call the dyer's son, Father, and who would not look down on her grandmother. We must not aspire above our station in life, Mother."

"We are not forbidden to rise, Jacopo."

"No, undoubtedly, provided we rise by talent and good conduct."

"Does talent give us the entrance into higher society, my son? Have you been ennobled?"

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The young girl, fixing her eyes lovingly on the solemn, bearded face of her sire, now exclaimed: "Oh, Grandmother, how can you, the mother of the Tintoretto, speak so? Venice is proud of my father and rejoices that she can number him among her most illustrious sons. Has he not that true nobility which is derived from artistic genius and daily increasing fame? What title of Count, Marquis, or Prince, can rank with that of the Tintoretto?"

"Ah, my little one," said the aged dame," you have spoken the truth; who, indeed, holds a higher place in the esteem of our fellow-townsmen than my little dyer? And yet he will never get beyond dyeing, even though he should paint angels, saints, apostles, kings, queens, doges, gondoliers, and all the rest of them! He will always be grinding colors like my poor dear husband—my poor—dear—Robusti."

"Oh, I beg of you, dear Granny, let us talk no more of painting and dyeing!"

"You are right, Marietta," again responded the old lady, "What I want now to speak of is a very different subject indeed. I am anxious to know where your brother is; as I passed his workshop about midday, I happened to look in; he was not there, neither could I see any signs of recent work; do you know anything of his movements?"

As this question was addressed to her the lovely girl's pallor increased, and she answered in a broken, hesitating voice: "You must not be displeased with Domenico; this morning several of his young comrades called and asked him to help them with some decorations they are putting up on the Riva; remember the feast of the great ceremony of the Espousals draws near."

"True, true, my child," exclaimed the Tintoretto, "and I too must now go to the artists' reunion to arrange all about the part we are to take in the glorious pageant."

So saying, he rose from the table, fixed his eyes lovingly on the queen-like face of his daughter, and, hastening to the canal, was soon being swiftly carried in a gondola towards the meeting place of the artists of St. Roch. When alone with Marietta, Signora Robusti again tried to make out the truth about her grandson, but the faithful sister skillfully shielded him, and finally succeeded in turning the conversation to other topics.

The solemn striking of the great clock of St. Mark's now

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resounded over the city that lay bathed in soft moonlight, and Marietta, putting her arm lovingly round Dame Robusti, said: "This is your hour for retiring, Grandmother, come to your room, you must be tired; I will wait up for Father."

Next morning, before the sun had risen and while all was still silent in the dyer's house, the door of one of the rooms gently opened and Marietta, stepping noiselessly down the stairs, stood in the hall listening anxiously.

"Not a sound," she murmured, "alas! he has not returned; for the whole night I have watched and waited in vain. Brother, Brother, how sadly you are to blame!"

Advancing to the entrance door, she opened it cautiously and darted into the street. Hastening onwards she came to the Church of St. Mark, knelt at the closed door in fervent supplication for help and guidance, then hurried in the direction of the canal, on the bank of which she stood, and, lifting her eyes heavenwards, sent up the cry of her stricken heart to Him who alone could help her. A gondola approached the landing place—a well-known voice fell upon her ear—a tall, handsome youth walked towards her.

"Domenico!" she cried. What tender reproach in that one word.

"I kown all you have to say, Sister," he replied, hanging his head in shame, "I am a ne'er-do-well—a good-for-nothing—a—"

"You are worse than all that, you are a bad, ungrateful son, an unkind, heartless brother. You, so gifted, so clever—you, of whom poor deluded Father is so proud—go on day after day deceiving him; you, who might rise to be one of the great masters of Venice, whose name might go down to posterity surrounded by a halo of glory equal to that of Titian or Tintoretto, abuse your gifts, bury your talents, and devote the precious days of youth to frivolous and degrading pleasure."

The young man shuddered, passed his hand over his fevered brow, and tried to speak, but the devoted sister, putting her hand on his shoulder, said: "Come, come, Domenico, we must hasten home now and you must get up to your studio before Father leaves his room."

Then, linking her arm in his, she hurried him past the grand façade of the church, from which the winged lion seemed to look down on the erring one in mute disapproval.

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III.—THE ESPOUSALS.

At dawn of day on the feast of the Ascension, 1554, the chiming of the joy bells from the spires and towers of the ducal city filled the air with melody which, passing over the still waters, lingered round the distant shores, and woke magic echoes in the pine and olive groves of the islands of the Lagoon. The sacred edifices were thronged from an early hour with devout worshippers who assisted at the High Masses which were celebrated with the utmost pomp and ceremony. As the day went on, the sun poured down its golden rays on a scene of ideal beauty and joy. A fleet of gondolas, steered so skillfully that they seemed to glide and turn at will, their steel prows flashing in the sun and their keels silently tracing a line of pearl over the bright green waters, swept along the walls of marble façaded palaces, the names and artistically carved heraldic achievements of which recalled golden memories of the past.

At the traditional hour the reigning Doge, Francesco Donato, in all the pomp and state of his exalted office, invested, like the ancient Spartan monarchs, with the majesty of a king and the power and liberty of a citizen, rode down in the splendidly decorated "Búcine d'Oro" to the Lido. There he stood on the deck in all the glory of the historic robes of office, the state umbrella over his head, surroundered by his court and by the Knights of the Venetian military order, distinguished by the brilliant star of twelve points, their symbolic device.

Down the Riva were ranged in order: the ecclesiastical dignitaries and clergy, in a barge covered with cloth of gold and in all the glory of their sacred vestments. Then came the noble inheritors of great names, among whom could be numbered the Michieli, descendants of the conqueror of Tyre, who, in the day of triumph, displayed on the ramparts of the fallen city the Banner of St. Mark beside the Standard of Jerusalem, the city of "the vision of peace"; the Dandolo, who bore a white and red shield, symbolizing innocence and beauty, martial power and courage; the Gradenigo, of the Bend; the Foscari, bearing the winged lion and open book, with many other representatives of the great merchant princes of the "Bride of the Sea."

Next in rank were the members of the Society of St. Roch, conspicuous among whom were Titian, Palma Vecchio, Tintoret-

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to, Pordenone, Bonifazio, Sebastiano del Piombo, and many others whose names have come down to us, through the centuries, surrounded by a halo of glory and artistic fame. While all waited in hushed and expectant silence, the golden barge rode out into the sea and the Doge dropped a priceless ring into the surging waters. The silver trumpets rang out a harmonious fanfare, which was taken up by the city bells and, while joy and triumph reigned supreme, the thoughts of many a stately dame and chivalrous knight wandered back three centuries to that memorable day, the prelude to the first espousals, when the aged Doge, Sebastiano Ziani, who had nobly and generously taken the part of Pope Alexander III. against the fierce tyrant, Frederick Barbarossa, returned in triumph, after conquering the Imperial Fleet and was received at the Lido by the exiled Sovereign Pontiff who, hailing him as lord and master of the sea, placed in his hand a priceless ring with which he was later to wed the Adriatic. Must not their hearts and those of all true Venetians have swelled with pride as they recalled, on each recurring anniversary, that other scene of unparalleled solemnity and historic interest when his Holiness, enthroned in all the pomp and splendor of his sacred office, before the entrance of St. Mark's, received the homage and submission of the "Red Beard" who, approaching him, knelt and kissed his foot, which the Pontiff then placed on the Imperial neck, entoning the Psalm "*Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulavit.*" It was during the stay of Alexander in Venice that, the feast of the Ascension being celebrated with special solemnity, the pageant of the Espousals was fully recorded for the first time, when Ziani wedded the sea with the Papal ring and changed the primitive rite by which, in the tenth century, the triumph of Pietro Orseolo over the Narentani was celebrated, into the more imposing histrionic ceremony of the twelfth.

While the joyous chimes still rang out, the golden barge again passed through the Lido and the return journey began. As the gondolas glided noiselessly back to the city, the eyes of many a dignified signora and graceful maiden were directed towards one over which waved a richly embroidered flag emblazoned with the arms of the Grimani. On its raised platform the countess was seated, Marietta Robusti, though only the daughter of an artist, held the place of honor on her right, and on her left stood the young Count Masino Grimani, des-

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tined one day to hold the high office of Doge and to perform the same symbolic ceremony which had just touched and gladdened all hearts.

As they drew nearer to the city, having passed the island of Sant' Andrea, the mother's eyes rested meaningly on the thoughtful countenance of her son who, as if in answer to a wish thus silently communicated, went to join a gay group of guests some distance down the deck.

She then took Marietta's hand and, drawing her gently toward her, said: "My child, I mean to ask your father to allow you to spend some time with me. You look pale and tired and a rest will be good for you. You should look on me as a second mother; have I not known and loved you since you were a little child?"

"Oh, beloved Madam," exclaimed the beautiful girl, "you have indeed been a second mother to me, and the remembrance of your loving smypathy has helped me on through many a weary day of trial, anxiety, and disappointment; but, much as I long to be with you, I cannot now desert my post—if I do so, I shall be false to my mission."

"Your mission! what do you mean?"

"My one aim and end in life is to save my beloved father from the sorrow and disgrace which his son's conduct is likely to bring on him, and to rescue Domenico from degradation by leading him back to the path of truth, honor, and earnest work, from which he has wandered."

"Alas, my poor Marietta," answered the countess, "that is a painful and difficult mission, for the success of which I have prayed much."

"Ah, then, you already know the sad story of my trouble?"

"I do, my child, and I shall continue to pray, to hope, and wait in silence for better news."

"Oh, Signora, what a heart of gold is yours! Such is your condescending goodness to me, that I now long to open my mind unreservedly to you."

"And why not do so, Marietta?" exclaimed the noble, generous dame, "perhaps I can help you?"

The lovely girl now fixed her eyes trustfully on the gentle face bent lovingly towards her and said: "The truth is that since Father gains barely enough to cover his own expenses and to keep up appearances and provide necessary comforts for dear

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old grandmother, I devote every available moment to painting. In order to keep my secret, I sell my works under my brother's name; up to this I have escaped detection."

"You have painted these beautiful pictures that have made a name for your brother—a name to which he has no claim? How nobly you have acted and how you deserve to be rewarded! If you accept my invitation, and accompany me later on a tour of pleasure, which Masino is anxious I should enjoy with him and his friends, some good angel may open up to you a new and successful way to attain your end."

"Delightful as that tour would be for me, I cannot see how it could bring about such a result."

"Has it never occurred to you, Marietta, that my son admires you and would be happy to make you his wife? As the young Countess Masino Grimani you would have wealth, influence, position, and what would all that mean for those you love?"

As these words came from the motherly heart, a modest blush passed over the lovely face of the maiden, who replied in a broken, trembling voice: "Oh, my true and generous friend, what answer can I, a poor, unknown girl, give to such a proposal? But in truth, I am not called to such a position. God has made known His will to me, which is that, when I have done all I can to save Domenico, and have been the stay and comfort of my father, He calls me to a higher and holier life than that of the married state."

Raising her eyes heavenwards in thanksgiving the countess exclaimed: "Ah, I have always thought that you were called to something high and holy. Now I at once renounce the sweet dream of one day calling you my daughter. Far from trying to draw you away from your divinely inspired vocation, I shall daily pray and long for its realization."

Marietta was about to speak again, but the gay group of excursionists, as they swept past "San Nicolò del Lido," gathered round their hostess to thank her for the treat she had given them, and soon the gay company stood in groups on the landing place where the Tintoretto was waiting for Marietta. The Countess accosted him with gracious dignity, saying how much she had enjoyed his daughter's company. The great master, bowing low before her, took the proffered hand, which he kissed respectfully, thanking her for the kindness shown his child.

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"My child also, Signor Robusti; do you not know how dear she is to me?"

Then embracing Marietta she said: "Remember I expect to see you soon again."

"To visit you, Signora, is always a joy for me. I shall very soon have that honor and happiness, I trust."

IV.—MARIETTA'S TRIUMPH.

At an early hour, the morning after the Espousals, Jacopo Robusti again stood before his easel, and, under his bold, firm touch his masterpiece, "The Last Supper," rapidly advanced. It is, say the critics, "a miracle of art"—so perfect is the perspective, that the apartment appears double its real size. The master's own verdict is, however, the highest encomium, for he ranks it with his "Crucifixion" and his "Miracle of the Slave," to which three works alone he affixed his name.

The hours flew by, and towards midday the door of the studio opened and Dame Robusti came in, holding in her hand a large square envelope from which hung a large seal. This she gave to Jacopo saying: "My son, a courier in royal livery, and mounted on a splendid horse, has just brought this for you." Jacopo, looking at the seal, exclaimed: "The royal arms of Spain!" Then, hurriedly opening the letter and looking at the signature, he said: "It is from King Philip! He speaks of a portrait painted by my daughter—forsooth, as if a woman could produce a work worthy of royal admiration. Of course this is a mistake, he means my son, and he invites him to his court! Oh, what an honor! What joy and glory for me! Mother, Mother, go for my boy. I knew my Domenico had a future—a great future before him!"

Rushing to the door, she cried out: "Domenico, Domenico, come quickly!"

After a short interval the old dame hurried her grandson down the stairs and into his father's presence, who said: "My boy, I have glorious news for you—read that."

Domenico took the letter in his trembling hands and, glancing at its contents, exclaimed: "It is not meant for me, Father; it is for Marietta."

"You must be mistaken, boy; doubtless his Majesty has seen some Spanish noble's portrait from your hand. Your sister daubs, but does not paint."

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"My sister daubs? O Father! is that your estimate of her talent?"

"Yes; your sister is a good-for-nothing, stupid girl! After all I have spent on her musical training, she cannot now play a note. I asked her this morning to sing for me while I worked, and the young lady made no end of idle excuses. When I insisted on her going for her mandolin, she burst into tears. I have banished her from my presence. I wish to see her no more."

"My poor Marietta," said Domenico, as his eyes filled with tears. "You are displeased with my sister—you have punished her—and she, the true and faithful one, did not tell you that it is to toil for me, to make up for the time I misspend, that she works from early morning at the pictures you think are mine? Not content with that, she supports us all by her portrait painting. You know, Father, how little we contribute to keep up our home. Our Marietta is a genius, a true artist, an angel of goodness. The King's letter is certainly for her; come now and see for yourself."

Jacopo and Dame Robusti hastened after Domenico, who approached the door of his studio, and peeping through the keyhole, whispered: "She is there; she is there!"

The impetuous Jacopo burst open the door and rushed in, followed by the others. At sight of her father Marietta sprang back from the canvas on which she was working, and casting herself on her knees said: "Father, Father, forgive me, I have disobeyed you. I am—"

"Oh, my child, it is I who am at fault—it is I who must beg for forgiveness for having wronged an angel of goodness."

Then, catching sight of the picture, he exclaimed: "What coloring, what harmony, what artistic effect! Who has painted it?"

"It was my brother." "It was my sister," both cried out together.

"It was you, Domenico, who designed that head."

"It was you, Marietta, who painted it—and those angels and that background. Father, everywhere you see my sister's touch—so soft, so harmonious, so perfectly blended, and yet so bold and firm!"

"Ah, no, no, Brother; much of what you sing the praises of is your work and not mine."

"Noble girl," exclaimed Domenico, "exalt me and shield me

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no longer. I am overwhelmed with shame; your generous unselfishness has at last conquered; and, from this day, I shall be a changed man."

"You are both my beloved children," said the proud father, as he embraced them, adding: "And you, Marietta, are a great painter. My God, I thank Thee! I shall now die happy."

"She is more than a great painter," said the old grandmother, as she pressed the girl to her heart, "she is a good, dutiful daughter, a devoted sister, and a true Christian."

All was now changed in the home of the Robusti, where happiness, peace, and contentment, combined with earnest work, henceforth reigned supreme. The beautiful girl artist sat daily at her easel, a fond, proud father bending over her, under whose teaching she attained perfection in design and coloring. She shrank from the studies necessary for historical subjects, and devoted herself to portrait painting, in which she acquired such fame that her contemporaries ranked her productions with those of Titian. The nobility of Venice became her generous patrons, while the Emperor Maximilian, the King of Spain, and the Archduke Ferdinand, by promises of wealth, position, and imperial and royal distinctions, in vain endeavored to attract her to their courts. Compared with her sacred mission and her exalted vocation, all earthly honors were to her but as the passing vapors of the morning that disappear before the first rays of the sun.

The peaceful days, like all things of earth, passed rapidly away, and the now prosperous artists moved to the Palazzo Camello, where the venerable Dame Robusti was soon called to her reward. Being no longer under the watchful eye and the motherly care of her devoted grandmother, Marietta's natural weakness of constitution, increased by early anxiety and toil, began to tell its sad tale, and, before she was able to carry out her cherished project of serving God in the life of prayer, self-sacrifice, and peace of the cloister, she heard the voice of her Beloved calling her to be crowned. The father and brother, for whom she had heroically deferred the realization of her fondest hopes and highest aspirations, shed many bitter tears beside her bier, and her solemn obsequies, in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, were attended by all the celebrities of Venice, conspicuous amongst whom were the Countess Grimani and her son, Masino.

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H. G. WELLS.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

III.

IN the latter part of my first article, and in the whole of my second, I discussed the economic factor in social reform. A clear distinction has been drawn between productive and unproductive surplus; our quarrel was not with surplus as such, but with unproductive surplus.

Nor did we quarrel with the private ownership of surplus, but only with its unproductive use, and in this, of course, we differ from our author. We saw, in fine, that the difficulty was not one of State against individual, of capitalist against Socialist, but simply of the unproductive use of surplus whether by the State or the individual.

In *New Worlds for Old* (1908) Mr. Wells has given us certainly the most popular and probably the calmest and clearest statement yet put forward of the methods and intentions of Socialism. Here, indeed, we have a brilliant discussion of our social evils, and, as a quick and simple remedy, Socialism, largely and variously explained. At the very outset he has seen, what so many Socialists have not, the fact that such reforms as he is pleased to advocate need something more than the disinterested application of knowledge to bring about their practical initiation and growth. Good-will, he tells us, is needed to make Socialism "go." The problems before him are essentially and intensely human, all too human for the success of any merely scientific solution. There is a fine ring about his announcement that "there is food enough for all, shelter enough for all, wealth for all—men need only to *know* it and *will* it."

But immediately after this clear acknowledgment of the importance of good-will we are introduced to what is called the fundamental idea of Socialism. "The fundamental idea of Socialism is the same fundamental idea as that upon which all really scientific work is carried on. It is the denial that chance impulse and the individual will and happening consti-

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tute the only possible methods by which things may be done in the world" (p. 22).

Here we have an instance of a device somewhat too frequently used by Mr. Wells. He embarks upon controversy, his ship is out of harbor, but there is not wind enough to fill his mainsail, so he claps on all extra sail to catch whatever breeze of favor there be. But presently, when his mainsail fills out, he discards this mere auxiliary canvas as useless or even dangerous, and he is apt to forget that he has ever used it at all, much more that without its help he could never have got under weigh.

What we want to know is whether he considers the individual human will to be a main or merely a minor factor in all possible human reform. And this leads us at once to the central question of property and private ownership, upon which he bases his second main generalization.

"The idea of private ownership of things is enormously and mischievously exaggerated in the contemporary world. The conception of private property has been extended to land, to material, to the values and resources accumulated by past generations, to the vast variety of things that are properly the inheritance of the whole race. As a result of this (we have our present evils). . . . *The Socialist holds that the community as a whole should be inalienably the owner and administrator of the land, of raw materials, of values and resources accumulated from the past, and that private property should be of a terminable nature*, and subject to the general welfare" (*N.*, pp. 88–9).

I must call the reader's careful attention to this second generalization, especially to the part in italics, for it has both a body and a tail, and which wags which I cannot at present decide. The body most unmistakably asserts that "the community as a whole should be inalienably the owner and administrator of the land, of raw materials, of values and resources accumulated from the past"; but in the tail we find that "private property (of what kind he does not say) should be of a terminable nature." I do not for a moment wish to diminish or exaggerate Mr. Wells' intentional meaning, but in order to make a definition serve any useful purpose it should be framed rather to exclude than admit confusion. We must seek further light. There is no doubt that else-

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where he has much to say on behalf of private ownership. It is better, therefore, to give *ipsissima verba*.

"The factor that leads the World State on from one phase of development to the next is the interplay of individualities; to speak teleologically, the world exists for the sake of and through initiative, and individuality is the method of initiative. Each man and woman, to the extent that his or her individuality is marked, breaks the law of precedent, transgresses the general formula, and makes a new experiment for the direction of the life force. It is impossible, therefore, for the State, which represents all and is preoccupied with the average, to make effectual experiments and intelligent innovations, and so supply the essential substance of life. . . . Within this scheme, which makes the State the source of all energy, and the final legatee, what will be the nature of the property a man may own? Under modern conditions—indeed, under any conditions—a man without some negotiable property is a man without freedom, and the extent of his property is very largely the measure of his freedom. . . . With a certain small property a man is free to do many things. . . . (But) very speedily, under terrestrial conditions, the property of a man may reach such proportions that his freedom oppresses the freedom of others."

"The object sought in the code of property laws that one would find in operation in Utopia would be the same object that pervades the whole Utopian organization, namely a universal maximum of individual freedom. . . . A modern Utopian most assuredly must have a practically unqualified property in all those things that become, as it were, by possession, extensions and expressions of his personality . . . so intimate is this property that I have no doubt Utopia will give a man posthumous rights over it."

Even the limited liability company, "which has so facilitated freedom and progress," will be permitted, not of course as a profit-grubbing machine, but in order to encourage all inventive ventures, "all new machinery, all new methods, all uncertain and variable and non-universal undertakings (which) are no business of the State." Even land may be leased out to communities and individuals, but must never pass out of the possession of the State. It would appear, then, that what a man must never be allowed to hold and to have inalienably

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as his own is a piece of land however small and, as we shall see later, a wife (*U.*, pp. 88–97, 175–213).

The problem of private ownership has two sides, upon each of which we must concentrate our attention:

(1.) There is man desiring to own property.

(2.) There is a certain limited amount of property to be owned.

The most difficult factor in the problem is the first—that of man desiring to own property. But it is upon the second and more simple factor that the Socialist has specialized, and his solution would be effective if it met the whole dynamic problem. He has clearly got hold of the quantitative side of the question, namely, that there is only a limited amount of property; but he has failed to grasp the qualitative side of it, namely, that there is an unlimited intensity of human desire directed towards its private possession. Not only is this intensity of human desire unlimited, but, unfortunately, it is at present extravagantly inordinate. The limited nature of property is, then, a big difficulty; but it is not nearly so big a difficulty as the unlimited and inordinate desires of men, for they alone are the cause of the abuses which at present attend private ownership. Human desire is only inordinate when it is directed to wrong ends or is directed to right ends too excessively; when it is, for instance, wholly concentrated upon material ends it always runs to excess, always becomes inordinate. Man has not only a body, but a mind and spirit as well, and when he lives an intense and fully developed life he is brimming over with creative and integrating desires of every sort, and if only these desires be rightly directed towards their lawful ends, he will become in every sense of the word a socially fit and finely productive member of the community. But if, on the other hand, he say, not only in his mind but also in his heart, that there is no God, or refuse to discipline himself to the bonds of marriage and concentrate his whole desire upon the accumulation of quantitative things, to the neglect of his neighbors' rights of love, life, and property, he is socially useless and disintegrating, and no amount of expropriation will ever of itself make him any better. Socialism has no machinery powerful enough to organize, economize, intellectualize, or spiritualize the desires of men—all she can do is to materialize them to a still greater extent.

Comte, it will be remembered, divided historic time into

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three successive stages of civilization, which he called respectively the Theological, the Metaphysical, and the Positive. His only mistake was to suppose these stages successive rather than simultaneous, universal and not individual. Every human being, as psychologists and physiologists are now insisting, recapitulates within himself a microcosmic history of humanity—he is at once and in himself theological, metaphysical, and positive; in simpler words, he is at once and in himself a spiritual, an intellectual, and a physical being. Now corresponding to these three determinations of his nature, man has three determinations of desire—the desire of the soul, the desire of the mind, and the desire of the body.

The desire of the soul must be purged, illuminated, and finally sanctified by union with God Himself; the desire of the mind must be encouraged to the discipline of knowledge and humbled by a frequent contemplation of eternal truths; the desire of the body satisfied as need be, but kept within lawful and sacred bonds. These desires, too, it will clearly follow, must always be either integrating in an ascending order to what is spiritual, or disintegrating in a descending order to what is material, that is to say, the more a man desires spiritual things the less he will desire material things for their own sake; and, on the contrary, the more he desires material things the less he will desire spiritual. This, at any rate, is the Catholic theory of human desire.

Desire being the very stuff of life, the Church has ever been pre-eminently concerned to cherish, discipline, and organize it; and it is generally allowed that in this field no other institution in the world has attempted or achieved so much. Socialism has almost neglected this aspect of dynamic economy. Like Martha, she has been too busy with the merely quantitative side of economics to attend to the one great necessary economy of human desires. Socialism does not know how to deal with the selfish passions of man, and, even if she did, has no intrinsic ability to turn them into integrating powers of social benefit.

Socialism has neglected human desire, and wherever she has come across it she has singularly misunderstood it—as in the case of the family, which I shall speak of later, and in that of private ownership, which we are now discussing. The desire to own a small piece of land is either right or wrong—that being right according to the Socialists which benefits the com-

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munity, and that being wrong which does not. Since Socialism forbids all private ownership in land whatsoever she evidently considers the desire to own wrong; but on careful search for the reason of this wrongness, I find it to consist, in her opinion, in the excessive desire for ownership on the part of a few men (*N.*, pp. 88, 93, 97). "Abolish private ownership in land," says the Socialist, "even when it is right, in order to prevent it from becoming wrong by excess." My conclusion, however, is a different one: "Encourage the desire for small pieces of land, because distribution is right and socially beneficial; but discourage the desire to own land on a large scale, because being excessive it is socially harmful." This last is, of course, the policy advocated by Leo XIII., and rests upon the simple principle that it is good to encourage desires so long as they remain good, but necessary to discourage them whenever they become bad. We see, here, in its very simplest form, the cardinal error upon which Socialism rests, namely, *the compulsory prohibition of human desires even when right and lawful.*

We now come to Mr. Wells and the family, including, of course, his views on the position of woman, marriage, the bringing up of children, and the relation of all these to his socialistic State.

One cannot but come to the conclusion that he has no living and central faith in the family as such or in marriage itself —they are things on the very margin of his integrated experience; he does not place marriage high among his important institutions; he subjects it in all things to the State, which he seems to regard as its paramount superior; he uses many fine adjectives about it, but he has no strong conviction of its substantive importance; he only writes of it out of necessity and as it affects other things to him much more important than itself; he is not "for" it in any positive sense, and, as far as I am able to judge, is almost blind to its place and significance in the economy of human life.

In fact, whether we turn to his novels or to his more definitely sociological work, we shall not long be left in doubt. Marriage is not one of the things which through faith has gained his good report; he does not believe in it, or rather he believes it to be a failure. His characters may be intellectually heroic, but they are never emotionally so; they are simply creatures without a shred of emotional self-discipline or stabil-

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ity; and this is especially true of his men. Is it surprising to find, then, that their marriages turn out to be failures? Marriage is a much more searching and practical test of a man's emotional integrity than perhaps Mr. Wells may imagine; and those who submit themselves to it with such excruciating failure as do these characters of his, are apt, for the very sake of their self-respect, to attribute their failure rather to the examination than to themselves. Mr. Wells' characters are unfit for human society, because they are such dangerously disintegrating forces—their very intellectual efficiencies only serving to enhance and intensify their emotionally disintegrating power over the unfortunate men and still more unfortunate women with whom they are brought into contact. George Ponderevo, in *Tono-Bungay*, brilliantly intellectual but disastrously ineffective because of the hopeless disorder of his emotional life, is the incarnation of a very modern type of man, a type which reverses the old order both of nature and of grace. The old order contended, and still contends, that *unity of desire* is prior in time and importance to the *unity of explicit thought*: "Seek first," it says, "the kingdom of ordered personal desire, and all things—all minor unities—shall be added in due time and proper measure." Among these minor unities is that of explicit, discursive, speculative thought; all, in a word, that we understand by modern science. Science is busied, and rightly so, about many things, "the many that change and pass"; but, on that very account, she is the more apt to forget the "One that remains," from Whom alone is to be gained that disciplined unity of personal desire which passeth understanding but never passeth away.

Mr. Wells has, so far, neglected the study of the highest laws of human relationship—those laws which are most practically exhibited in the working of the Christian family, and which radiate from it out towards society with most beneficent effect. And what is most of all to be noticed about these laws is that they express themselves primarily in the order of disciplined emotion, and only secondarily in the order of explicit thought.

In order to emphasize the importance of this statement as to the relative order and importance of disciplined emotion and explicit thought I may be allowed to quote Professor Stanley Hall, who speaks of "the growing recognition by psychology

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that, as the will is larger than the intellect, so the instincts and feelings are at the root both of reason and will" (*Adolescence*, Stanley Hall. Vol. II., p. 138); and again: "Our scripture will itself be regenerated and re-revealed as the record of man's highest insights into meaning, and his most practical utilization of his own life, which far transcends anything known to modern psychology and ethics, and all chiefly because it recognized love as the central power in the soul, and presented both patterns and precepts how, instead of a way of death, it could open up a way of life" (*Ib.*, p. 129).

Mr. Wells, then, attaches so little importance to the family because he attaches so little importance to the discipline of human emotion and desire. As he himself has said, every man "has within his own composition, the whole diapason of (an) emotional fool." But would it not be wiser, by healthy training, to tune these notes to a less discordant pitch than to attempt their utter suppression and desperately to fail in that attempt? Take, for instance, his description given in *Anticipations* of the coming engineer and the life he is going to lead. He will be a man in whom "the emotional and mystical elements in his religion will be subordinate or absent"—this side of his nature being so neglected lest it should interfere with his purely scientific career. "If sensuality is to appear at all largely, it will appear without any trappings of sentiment or mysticism." Marriage is to be a concession to the flesh necessary to secure efficiency; it is throughout a secondary thing, a something that distracts a man from the highest purposes of individual achievement; in fact, so great is the danger in this respect that it will probably be necessary to modify the traditional and Christian conception of it. "It is impossible to ignore the forces making for a considerable relaxation of the institution of permanent monogamous marriage in the coming years. . . . I guess, without attempting to refer to statistics, that our present society must show quite an unprecedented number and (an) increasing number of male and female celibates—not religious celibates, but people, for the most part, whose standard of personal comfort has such a relation to their earning power that they shirk or cannot enter the matrimonial grouping. The institution of permanent monogamous marriage —except in the ideal Roman Catholic community—is sustained at present entirely by the inertia of custom, and by a number

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of sentimental and practical considerations, considerations that may very possibly undergo modification in the face of the altered relationship of husband and wife that the present development of childless *ménages* is bringing about. . . . It must be remembered that both for husband and wife in most cases monogamic life-marriage involves an element of sacrifice, it is an institution of late appearance in the history of mankind, and it does not completely fit the psychology or physiology of any but very exceptional characters of either sex. For the man it involves considerable restraint . . . for the woman it commonly implies many uncongenial submissions. . . . Will a generation to whom marriage will be no longer necessarily associated with the birth and rearing of children, or with the immediate co-operation and sympathy of husband and wife in common proceedings, retain its present feeling for the extreme sanctity of the permanent marriage bond?" (*A.*, pp. 125-128). This is indeed casting away the rudder in order to lighten the ship!

Such reading as this, though very distasteful to a Catholic, must be openly dealt with—mere distaste is no positive antiseptic to such virulent poison. Marriage—perpetual monogamous marriage—according to this view is no longer to become a necessary rule of highly civilized life, because, forsooth, emotional restraint is so painfully irksome to men and women of ungoverned passions. Does Mr. Wells deliberately countenance the relaxation or abandonment of marriage because there are so many bad people in the world who make marriage hideous to themselves and their neighbors by an utter refusal to abide by its inmost law? If so, he deliberately encourages the abandonment in despair of all moral hope, training, and discipline whatever. This is the worst kind of pragmatism—that kind for which there being no absolute moral law, morals become mere expressions of human convention; if any man finds it difficult to practice this convention, he may abandon the attempt on the plea that for him, at any rate, it has no pragmatic value. The end of such philosophy is not difficult to foresee.

But lest I should seem to be judging our author by a solitary pronouncement, I must ask the reader to exercise his patience even further. "*The* question of marriage," says Mr. Wells, "is the most complicated and difficult in the whole range

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of Utopian problems." What then are the lines upon which he will grapple with it? Roughly speaking, State interference!

First, the State would interfere with the marriage contract itself. Mr. Wells is against compulsory pairing, but is in favor of "general limiting conditions." "The State is justified in saying, before you may add children to the community for the community to educate and in part to support, you must be above a certain minimum of personal efficiency, and this you must show by holding a position of solvency and independence in the world; you must be above a certain age, and a certain minimum of physical development, and free from any transmissible disease. You must not be a criminal unless you have expiated your offence. Failing these simple qualifications, if you and some person conspire and add population to the State, we will, for the sake of humanity, take over the innocent victim of your passions, but we shall insist that you are under a debt to the State of a peculiar sort, and one you will certainly pay, even if it is necessary to use restraint to get payment out of you; it is a debt that has in the last resort your liberty as security, and, moreover, if this happens a second time, or if it is a disease or imbecility you have multiplied, we shall take an absolutely effectual guarantee that neither you nor your partner offend again in this matter" (*U.*, p. 184).

Secondly, the State will interfere to make women as economically free as men. "It is a fact that almost every point in which a woman differs from man is an economic disadvantage to her, her incapacity for great stresses of exertion, her frequent liability to slight illness, her weaker initiative, her inferior invention and resourcefulness, her relative incapacity for organization and combination, and the possibilities of emotional complications whenever she is in economic dependence on men" (*U.*, p. 187). The remedy for this economic inferiority of women is as simple as it is finally destructive of all that marriage has ever meant to the best of women and men. "Since the State is to exercise the right of forbidding motherhood, a woman who is, or is becoming a mother, is as much entitled to wages above the minimum wage . . . as a bishop in the State Church. . . . In Utopia a career of wholesome motherhood would be, under such circumstances as I have suggested, a remunerative calling." In this case, as in

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others, the Socialist is so much wiser than nature, but far less economical. Mr. Wells himself has pointed out elsewhere that it is better wherever possible to displace the spirit of gain by the spirit of service, the great creative things of life being done for nothing—that is to say for love (*N.*, Chap. V.).

Thirdly, the State will interfere after marriage between the husband and wife "on account of clashing freedoms." Also the one unavoidable condition of marriage will be the faithfulness of the wife; "her infidelity being demonstrated, must at once terminate marriage and release both her husband and the State from any liability for the support of her illegitimate offspring. That, at any rate, is beyond controversy. A woman who is divorced on this account will be divorced as a public offender. Mr. Wells being at last brought face to face with a practical problem of conduct takes a much more strictly ethical line than he seemed inclined to do in his more disinterestedly speculative *Anticipations*. He has become almost a Calvinist in his new zeal for State morality, but, as always happens with State moralists, he is so much rougher than the Church in his treatment of human frailty—his only way is that of the broad arrow and the mailed fist, to her that hath not shall be taken away even that which she hath, no place being given for hope or recovery.

Lastly, the State will interfere with marriage in respect to the children. He treats of this at length in chapter III. of *New Worlds for Old*. "One general maladjustment," he says, "covers every case of neglected or ill-brought-up children in the world, and that is this, that with or without decent excuse, the parent has not been equal to the task of rearing a civilized citizen. We have demanded too much of the parent, materially and morally. . . . There are two courses open to us. The first is to relieve the parents by lowering the standard of our demand; the second is to relieve them by supplementing their efforts." According to Mr. Wells the child stands between two authorities, that of its parents and that of the State. In his opinion the State is in every way the more efficient of these two authorities, and certainly the higher authority. He therefore argues that to the State should be given all powers of interference, to be used by it at its own discretion. This view I believe to be wrong. The Christian family—father, mother, and child or children—is an organic thing and lives an organic

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life. The best and only way to treat it is in and for itself. Like an individual, or even like a State, it may be starved and so become ineffective and socially dangerous. In the first place it must be properly fed, but it is to be fed in order that it may do things for itself and not in order that things should be done for it by proxy. So far, then, the State is of assistance. The State must use its proper powers in order to ensure the economic basis of family life. As Cardinal Manning said: "The minimum wage must be sufficient to maintain a man and his home." But, as I have shown in my last paper, this minimum wage of maintenance may be obtained without resorting to Socialism. The State must ensure a living wage as just payment for work done, but it can never, and should never, attempt to relieve the family of its own responsible life or any part of its own characteristic work. The father must do for the family—for the mother, the children, and himself—what he alone can most effectually and characteristically do; the mother must do for her husband, for her children, and for herself what she is most fitted by her nature to undertake; and the children must do for their parents and for themselves what they can.

The business of the State is not, then, to detach the members of the family from their organic body in order to make them separately and selfishly efficient—we only cut off a member from the body as a last and dreadful resource to prevent organic poisoning. The business of the State is rather that of helping the family to a healthy, co-operative, and productive unity. What it must avoid, except in the most extreme cases, is treatment of a kind which would tend to the entire separation of members of the family from the family as a whole, whether in the matter of feeding, education, instruction, or employment. And what is more, when help is given through the State, it should, as far as possible, be given *through the father*, who, as the responsible head and bread-winner, is in the highest place of directive authority.* Why tear asunder

* Mr. Wells resigned his position on the Executive Board of the Fabian Society in 1908 because he found himself in disagreement with that body on this very point. In a letter to the secretary he writes: "My chief objection to the (Fabian) basis is its disregard of that claim of every child upon the State, which is primary and fundamental to my conception of Socialism. *A scheme which proposes to leave mother and child economically dependent upon the father is to me not Socialism at all.* It forbids the practical freedom of women and leaves the essential evils of the Individualist system untouched. . . . I do not care to remain permanently identified with formulæ that misstate my views by this tremendous omission."

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this material and spiritual whole which God has made and made to co-operate into dissevered units, who must each, in the most self-regarding and selfish manner, look to the State for food, clothing, shelter, and the rest? The State was never meant to appropriate to itself the main parental duties and responsibilities. It was rather meant to prevent other people, exploiting employers and the like, from appropriating them. What parents, especially poor parents, need most of all just now is a wider, freer, healthier family sphere in which to be properly parental.

"The family," wrote Leo XIII., "may be regarded as the cradle of civil society, and it is in great measure within the circle of family life that the destiny of the State is fostered. . . . Parents hold from nature their right of training the children to whom they have given birth." Education at schools is, of course, necessary, yet he reminds us "that the minds of children are most of all influenced by the training they receive at home."

The Christian family is a self-integrating thing. All possible social reform must be based on this fact. Socialism is not based on this fact, because Socialism has never envisaged the family as such. Socialism regards the father of a family not as a father at all, but as a unit producing or failing to produce for the good of the community; the mother is not thought of as the wife of a given husband, but as the producer for State benefit of one, two, or more babies; the very children are but producers *in potentia*. This is the Socialist's mistake.

The family is, after the Church, the most effectively qualitative institution in life; it is the private battle-ground of individuality; it means freedom for good or evil; it means that economy of human affections which gives them their maximum creative power and makes them formative of all that is most characteristically human in the mother, in the father, and in the child. It is the holy and terrible place which God has consecrated for the free struggle between the human will and the powers of evil. There the child may find all effective helps and spurs to morality, and there he will best learn to fight for the strong and healthful possession of his own soul, his own body, and his own hearth. The family is a private place, and that is why Socialists dislike it; it is a place of self-possession, and it is sacredly exclusive, because God made it so.

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PATRICIA, THE PROBLEM.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER I.

ND why shouldn't he drink himself to death?"

The other members of the conference turned towards Miss Cuthbert with varied expressions of wondering dismay.

The agent smiled faintly. "There are the usual reasons," she began, then hesitated. After all, the question seemed open to discussion. It was the first time that Miss Cuthbert had spoken. She had come in an hour before with Miss Delarue, a sweet-faced little saint, who gave all her waking moments to charity problems. The new recruit, in her handsome furs, looked oddly out of place among these earnest workers, and yet there was a possibility of power about her that made the other occupants of the room vaguely feel their own deficiencies—an energizing quality not quite submerged by her present apparent indifference.

"Of course I don't know the man," she went on, "but if, as you say, he has no work, no health, no friends, no prospects, no definite religion—how are you going to appeal to him? Drink seems the logical outcome."

"Oh, we can't work on those principles," protested Miss Delarue. "The man must have some good in him somewhere. I think I can get him a place in the country where he will have work out of doors and a good home. Will you send him to me to-morrow?"

The tired eyes of the agent brightened as she made a note of this offer on the minutes. Any hint of a solution to these pitiful human problems was received so gratefully that Miss Cuthbert found herself questioning whether the agent could care so much; for this case, only partially disposed of, seemed to count so little among the many other soul tragedies which the agent brought from her file, neatly docketted and coldly classified in their large envelopes of brown manila.

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These papers, spread out upon the table, read of shattered pride, sin, and shame, the cry of the unborn, petitions from the dying, untiring love, cruel vindictiveness. Some of the letters were almost illegible, written by the untutored, the crafty, or by hands stiffened by age or weakened by want. There were long accounts of help given, help withheld—the world-old stories to which the ages have but added slight differences in outline.

Miss Cuthbert's strong face revealed growing impatience. The office, with its air-tight stove, was stuffy and unattractive, though the agent had done her best to touch it into some semblance of a home. On the window sill two yellowing geraniums struggled for existence in the chance sunlight; the rest of the room was furnished in derelicts. A three-legged sofa was prudently propped on its maimed side by a soap box over which had been draped, with accurate carelessness, a bright-hued serape. A chromo, flanked by a calendar, hung on the whitewashed wall, and a high-backed rocker with a carpet seat stood waiting for the chairman who did not come.

Miss Cuthbert's quick eyes took in all these trifling details, while she listened to the arguments going on about her. Her mind was distracted by her own affairs. She had told Miss Delarue that she was in no mood to listen to the miseries of other people. She regretted that she had been persuaded to come.

At last some one suggested that the meeting adjourn, and Miss Cuthbert promptly seconded the motion. Once out of the office she breathed in the fresh air delightedly and hurried to her little electric run-about that stood, a black-coated aristocrat, amid the muddied drays and wagons that creaked their way over the cobble-stones of this barely respectable street.

"Now Marie," she said, turning to her friend, "jump in beside me and tell me that you are satisfied."

"I'm not at all satisfied," smiled Miss Delarue, tucking the heavy fur rugs about her feet. "You are in a contrary mood, Patricia. Some day you will find the work interesting, I know."

"Never!" said the other decidedly, as she started the machine. "You won't believe me, because you are an unhaloed saint, while I am such a sinner. We live at the poles of the spiritual world."

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"If you would only go into the work, Patricia," pleaded Marie, "I know you would be a power. I am going to make Hugh talk to you."

Patricia smiled tolerently. "And who is Hugh?" she asked.

"My cousin—I am sure you have heard me speak of Doctor Farrell."

"Oh, you mean the paragon who used to write to you while we were in Paris. Please forgive me, Marie dear, but I hate your cousin from hearsay."

"But you don't know him. You are so unreasonable to-day."

Patricia laughed good-naturedly. "I have always heard that unreasonableness was a woman's privilege. If your cousin is so much interested in slums and settlements, why wasn't he at the conference to-day?"

"I don't know. I wish he had been. He is so helpful; he has had so much experience in dealing with the poor."

Patricia looked dreamily off into the distance. "What leads him to take an interest in such things? I cannot understand this seeking after paupers. I couldn't stand going to their houses. I don't want to see them—dirty, ragged, smelly creatures—I don't want to hear their multitudinous woes. I want to be happy, Marie dear, I want to grasp at all the happiness I can."

"You can't be happy in yourself," returned Marie seriously.

"Well, I don't expect to go into solitary confinement," she laughed again. "Look at the people. I couldn't live alone in a world full of people."

They had turned into one of the wide avenues where the mist of the damp winter afternoon was broken by crowds of smartly dressed men and women. Two or three teas were in progress and the striped awnings, stretched from curb to doorway, contributed a bit of flaming color to offset the grayness of the sky.

"I don't understand your cousin Hugh," said Miss Cuthbert again, after a long silence given to steering her machine through an intricate passage between vehicles. "What does he do for a living? Why doesn't he enter your priesthood? Why this passion for paupers?"

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"Which question shall I answer first?" smiled Marie, tightening her fur scarf about her throat. "Please, dear Patricia, slow down a bit. You are exceeding the speed limit I know."

"I usually do," said Patricia recklessly. "Half the time the policemen never see, but you are a nervous little thing, so I'll slow down if it makes you any more comfortable. Is this slow enough? Now tell me about your cousin."

"Well, to begin, he is very rich. My grandfather had only two children, you know, and he divided his estate between them. My uncle, Hugh's father, invested his share wisely and doubled the original amount, I believe. My mother knew nothing about business, and lost everything she had before I was born. As for the other question, about the priesthood, that seems rather ridiculous. I wouldn't call Hugh pious. You know it's no longer unique to go in for settlement work. Hugh has always felt an enormous pity for the suffering. When he was a boy the house was kept full of sick kittens, lame dogs, broken-winged birds. I remember as a child I was afraid to go to my uncle's, for fear some of the invalids would fly at me. I haven't seen much of Hugh in years. He was away at college and then he spent so much time studying in Berlin; and while Father lived we were always on the move, seeking our fortune and never finding it—"

Miss Cuthbert rested her large hand sympathetically upon her friend's for a moment. "It was a lucky day for me when Father found you," she said.

"Lucky for us," said Maria. "You have made my mother so comfortable and happy."

"I don't know," said Patricia reflectively, "sometimes I think she has found the position very trying. We are not your sort, Marie dear, and you know it. I have been half-way tamed, but dear old Dad never will be—he is too old to change."

"He has been very good to us."

"I think there is a special reason," said Patricia enigmatically.

"I don't know what you mean—"

"Perhaps I don't either. Here we are at home. What a monstrosity this house is! I don't think I ever comprehended its whole hideousness before."

As the machine stopped a man in livery came hurrying out to assist the ladies to alight and to take charge of the machine

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and the sable robes. Miss Cuthbert sat quite still for a moment, looking up at her home, lost in revery.

The Hon. Tom Cuthbert's mansion was most conspicuous for its ornate exterior. He had planned it himself from some fancied castle that he had seen pictured in his boyhood, and the bewildered architect, after a short sermon on repose in simplicity, realizing that his suggestions were useless and ill-timed, and that a hundred-thousand-dollar contract was slipping from him, cast his ready imagination into that of his client and perpetrated a palace of disproportioned turrets, gables, and gargoyles. The Hon. Tom would like to have added a drawbridge with sewer connections, if the authorities had not insisted upon his keeping within well-defined building lines.

At first Patricia had wandered through the frescoed rooms with a child's delight in their gorgeousness of color, but, after four years of foreign travel, she had returned home with a different point of view.

"Dad, dear," she said on the night of her arrival, coming up behind him and putting her arms around his neck, "your house is too gay and I don't like it."

"Don't like it!" exclaimed the Hon. Tom, catching at the large white hands and keeping them clasped in front of his grizzled whiskers. "I'm sure I've been as exemplary as a Sunday-School while you've been gone. Gay! Why, Pat dear, the house has been as lonely as a sepulchre without you."

"Sepulchre," laughed Patricia. "Who ever saw a red-green-blue-satin sepulchre. It looks like a Fiji Islander's."

He turned and stared up at his daughter with a wondering admiration. Her frankness pleased him. It brought back the girl he remembered. He had had a strange feeling all evening that he had lost her. This beautiful woman, in her Paris gown, that he had met at the dock that afternoon, seemed so different from the disheveled, careless girl who had gone from him.

"Well, then, fix it to suit yourself," he said good-naturedly. "Now that you are here you are boss of the ranch. We've got the stuff to do anything we please. Leave the walls standing and tear the blooming insides out."

"I will," said Patricia, running her fingers caressingly through his thin hair. "I'm so glad to be back again to boss you. You always spoilt me, Dad. You've always given me my own way about everything."

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"Well, if I hadn't, ten to one you would have taken it. You're a chip of the old block, Pat, though the Lord be thanked your face was cut after a different pattern. I'd take no prize in a beauty show, while you—"

"Do you really think I'm pretty, Dad?" she interrupted him. "Do you really think I've improved?"

"Improved!" he gave a long, low whistle. "When I think of you riding around the prairie with your dusty skirts and your hair flying, and a sombrero that some cow man left at our place because things in that territory had grown too hot for him and he had to leave in a hurry, I can't believe my eyes. You're stunning, Pat; something like the Goddess of Liberty come to shore—"

Patricia stooped and kissed him on his growing bald spot.

"But I'm the same on the inside, Dad," she said, "just the same."

He wheeled around suddenly and faced her. "I don't know," he said, with a troubled expression in his keen gray eyes. "I—don't—know—I don't feel so sure of that."

CHAPTER II.

Bob Bingham had been drunk twice before he was six years old from draining the glasses that his convivial father left standing at all hours around his bed-room. The first time that he had actually keeled over on the floor his blear-eyed parent had been roused to some degree of solicitude and had rushed frantically for a doctor, who answered the urgent summons clad unconventionally in trousers, trailing suspenders, and pajama coat. After examining the child he had quickly pronounced it a case of alcoholism, and then he proceeded to deliver an irate lecture to both father and child. But it had no effect. Bob drank again as often as he got the chance.

Mr. Bingham, a prosperous saloon keeper, with some vague ideas of parental duty and still mistier views on education, had insisted that his son Bob should finish at the high school and then go on to college, from which he was promptly expelled for drunkenness and disorder. A short time after this his old father died. Bob spent a few days of sober respectability, in which he planned out a radical change of life, but, after hearing the will read, and realizing that he was sole heir to

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his father's large business, and that there was a fortune, far exceeding his maudlin expectations, to his credit in the bank, he went on a spree to celebrate and signed papers so recklessly that his next genuine sober moment found him without a cent.

Since that time he had drifted aimlessly from place to place, in his happy-go-lucky fashion, making friends and losing them with equal cheerfulness, working spasmodically in all sorts of situations and trying nearly every trade, for his fingers were skillful and his quick mind retained some of its cleverness even when half befogged by liquor. The world had been his tramping ground. He had seen all sorts of civilizations, and could tell wondrous stories of his experiences. His own code of ethics was so elastic that he had a vast toleration for the follies and sins of his fellows, and his unfailing sense of humor made him a philosopher in the midst of his deprivations. But now that he was getting older his body craved food and definite shelter for the winter.

This afternoon, as he reached Tom Cuthbert's door, he looked up at the house in some dismay. From the pauper's point of view it looked unsympathetically discouraging; but mounting the steps he rang the bell, while he glanced uncertainly at the card he held in his hand.

It bore the name of a charitable organization and on the back the agent had written: "Ask for Miss Delarue."

Bob was uncertain of the name, the writing was indistinct, and his eyes had lost some of their power. When the door opened he thrust the bit of pasteboard on the butler, saying: "That's the name of the lady I came to see."

"She don't buy of peddlers," snapped the man, who bore some resemblance to a turtle in his tight-fitting livery.

"I'm not a tin peddler," said Bob, grinning in his old genial way, "the Lord forbid. Chase yourself and get the lady. I'm here by appointment—special invitation—understand? I'll come in out of this west wind, since you insist on it. Now shut the door—don't cool off the gentleman's house. Used to be a butler myself in my early days. Staid a week—couldn't stand the job answering bells and acting like a fool."

Fearful of this tall, heavily built stranger, the butler moved cautiously away to report his presence, leaving Bob to find a seat in the hall or drawing-room as he saw fit.

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Bob meditated aloud: "If I go in the parlor she may give me a job in the legislature," he grinned; "if I stay in the hall she may take me for a cook"; and, attracted by the glow of an open grate that he saw in the distance, he walked boldly between the satin portières into the paneled drawing-room. "I look like a burglar," he said, viewing himself with critical indifference in the long mirror above the mantel. "Ought to have had a shave and borrowed some clothes—up against the big bugs this time." He pulled at his frayed collar and tried to straighten his stringy red cravat, and then sat restfully down in one of the brocade-covered chairs, feeling equal to any emergency. He had played the part of a gentleman before not unsuccessfully.

He began deliberately to plan out a dramatic life-story for the present occasion, when he was forced by surprise back into his own personality.

Miss Delarue was out, so Miss Cuthbert had graciously consented to meet the man whose case she had declared hopeless when she had heard it reported to the conference the day before. For a moment she stood speechless in the doorway, startled by the familiar face of her visitor, which was reflected in the gold framed mirror, then she came forward, holding out both hands with frank cordiality: "Bob Bingham!" she exclaimed. "Well I might have guessed it, though they did not mention your name. No money—no health—and drinking again. How do you do?"

"It—it ain't Pat Cuthbert?" he gasped. "If it wasn't for your red hair, Pat. Surely it ain't little Pat Cuthbert that I used to take on my knee?"

"And tell stories to before the wood fire." She paused for a moment, seeming to enjoy his astonishment. "I've grown up, Bob; you know I had to grow up."

As she spoke the barriers of the years were razed. Following a common impulse, she had fallen naturally back into her old attitude towards this favorite comrade of her childhood. He had noticed her when others neglected her, he had given her her first visions of a world outside her own; his stories of his many-sided adventures had made him a hero in her eyes; she had always found him a delightful companion when he was sober, and a harmless one when he was drunk.

"Lord! I should say you had grown up," he said, as his

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bloodshot eyes gazed intently in her face, seeking a glimpse of the girl he had known. "And—and you live here?"

"Since two weeks ago."

"Is this place Tom's?"

"It is."

"Are—are you keeping a hotel?"

"Not now," she laughed. "We have money—loads of money. Dad struck it rich—a gold mine. It's like your story of the fairy princess all come true."

"Well I'll be ——," said Bob, sinking limply back in the brocade chair, "and from what particular hole in the ground did he get it?"

"The Larimee Mine." She sat down and propped her spangled slippers up on the brass fender. "You remember the old Larimee that you all used to laugh about."

"Lord save us! And he got this out of that?" And his glance roamed around the room as if he were taking an inventory of its valuable possessions. "Wonder how he got the claim—wonder if he bought it clean outright. Used to belong to a party here in the East, I believe. Your pa wasn't born yesterday, you know."

"Oh, I don't know how he got it," she said carelessly. "We have it—that's the main point. Now tell me what you want, Bob."

"Lord! I don't know just this minute. I came here to work some sort of a bluff; and I've butted into you folks, who know me too well. I'm not as young as I once was. It's getting chilly outside. I reckon I've got to go to work."

"Work, Bob? Do you really think you could keep at it? What kind of work? What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Seven years ago," said Bob reflectively. "Let's see—same old thing, I reckon. I was a year at your pa's tavern, trying to keep his books, while you rode round the country on those wild Indian ponies, trying to break your neck; then you went away to school, and that spoiled you—"

"Spoiled me?"

"Well, next time I saw you, you were tamed considerable."

"I had to grow up, Bob."

"Of course, that's the trouble with most of us. Sorry I

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didn't pike out for glory when I was fit to go. I've been such a blooming fool."

She looked up at him, her eyes full of their old childish sympathy. "Most of us are, Bob, sooner or later," she said comfortingly. "But what are you going to do now?"

"I don't just know."

"Are you hungry?"

"Well, now that you mention it—"

"Come in then and have some lunch."

He followed her awkwardly, fearful of treading on the train of her clinging gown. The handsome dress and the elaborate style of coiffure all seemed unfamiliar, and he found himself wondering, with a half-defined sense of resentment, whether charity or her old hospitality had impelled the invitation.

She seated herself at the head of the long mahogany table, and motioning her guest to a seat by her side she rang the bell for the butler to bring back the lunch dishes which had just been removed. "I have finished," she said, and the smile brought back the atmosphere of friendliness which had seemed lost for the moment. "I'll drink another cup of tea, just to be sociable."

"Lord, I'm not used to such magnificence," said Bob, picking up some of the silver and examining it. "How does Tom take to all these fixings? I've been prospecting with him when we ain't had so much as a fork between us."

"We can get used to anything," she said; and for the first time since his arrival she became conscious of the chasm of the years. She noticed the shabbiness of his clothes and the grime of the hand that rested on the gleaming table-cloth.

"Except starvation," he said. His eyes turned hungrily towards the massive sideboard, where stood some half-full decanters. "Please, Pat, don't you want to give me a drink?"

"Indeed I do not," she answered promptly. "Don't ask it. Didn't I try to keep you sober seven years ago?"

"Without success."

"You didn't drink so much that winter. You told me so yourself."

"I drank more than was good for me."

"Well you always did that."

He laughed good-naturedly. "Right again, Pat," he said

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"Then will you tell me why I was brought here this afternoon? Your name wasn't on that card I sent in."

"I know. Miss Delarue wanted to see you."

"And who is she?"

"She is a friend of mine. She waited in all morning to see you; and when you did not come she left the message with me."

"Then fire ahead."

"She has a place for you as caretaker. A cousin of hers owns a place in the country about twenty miles from here. He wants a man to go there and live and take care of his horses."

"And you are going to recommend me as a sober, industrious citizen?"

"I don't know," she said, "they won't come to me for recommendations; and if they do—well, Bob, if you'll take the place, I'll try to help you every way I can. I suppose I'll lie for you if I have to. Miss Delarue would think it a sin—"

"And who is Miss Delarue?"

"Dear me, Bob, Miss Delarue is a saint, while I—well, you know I might have been one too if I had had a mother."

"Well, religion ain't in my line, either," he returned with cheerful resignation. "Saints! how was any one going to get religion in that God-forsaken country you came from? Ranch men and sheep grazing, and afterwards prospecting with your dad. I used to say you ought to have been a boy; but, now —Lord! what a woman."

She seemed pleased at his frank admiration. "It's my clothes, Bob," she said, as she smoothed out a fold in her soft dress with a caressing touch. "They make me seem so fine. You know, Bob, I always wanted good clothes."

"Clothes can't do the whole business," he said with conviction. "I ain't disputing that money's a good thing to get, but it's hard to hold. I'm glad it don't make you forget old times."

"No"; she said, and the brightness died out of her face for a moment, "but I'm trying to forget; I don't want to remember. I couldn't be poor again and go back. I couldn't, Bob."

"Well, I wouldn't mind," he said, gulping down his tea, "but I've never stepped up."

"But you will, Bob?" she entreated. "You'll take this

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nice place in the country and get strong and keep sober? Promise me you will keep sober."

"I never have," he said helplessly. "You know, Pat, I never have."

"Suppose, Bob, I gave you some money, what would you do with it?"

"You want the honest truth?"

"Yes."

"Then I'd make for the nearest saloon on the block."

"But there are no saloons on the block, and I am going to trust you, Bob. Somebody has got to trust you. You will need carfare to go to this place in the country; and you ought to have an overcoat. I'm going to give you fifty dollars; you may need it."

"No doubt about that," he grinned, "but I've experienced the sensation before. I'm not taking your pocket money, Pat."

She fumbled in the gold bag she carried and slipped a roll of bills into his hand.

"You know we have plenty, Bob. Dad gives me all the money I care to spend."

"Well, if it's Tom's I ain't so particular. Might have had a piece of the Larimee myself if I had staid long enough to get on to the curves of the deal."

"Perhaps," she said composedly.

"And now tell me who is this tenderfoot?"

"I don't know him. Here is his address. He's not our sort, Bob. He's been respectable for generations. He owns an estate that his grandfather and his great-grandfather had before him, and it was given by the king to his great-great-grandfather.

"Depends on how you look at it. Kings ain't overly respectable."

"Perhaps not," she said, "but the present owner is a model of goodness; works in the slums and starts settlements and fresh air farms for poor children."

"Sounds like an easy job," observed her visitor.

"But he doesn't do it for money, Bob. He has a fortune."

"Then what does he do it for?"

"Piety, I guess," said Patricia with a little grimace.

"Oh Lord! And his name?"

"Hugh Farrell," she said.

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CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Delarue sat in the tapestried library, holding a hand-painted screen between her face and the firelight. The screen was symbolic. All her life she had struggled to shut out the real, elemental things by pretty ruses or baubles of some sort. But, in spite of her efforts, she had experienced enough of the meagreness of poverty to make her sensitively aware of her present luxurious surroundings. Soft cushions were to her like caresses, her palate craved highly-seasoned food, she liked to think of cooking as a fine art, a maid had become almost a necessity. After all, she told herself, these things were her birthright, so that outwardly she accepted them as a matter of course, while mentally she exaggerated the service she gave in exchange for this sumptuous livelihood.

The butler, moving noiselessly over the heavy rugs, appeared suddenly before her with a card tray.

"If you would only clear your throat, James," she protested, glancing at the card. "You are like a ghost. I never could stand being startled. Please clear your throat hereafter when I do not hear you coming. Ask the gentleman to come in here."

As the man went to do her bidding she rose from her chair and stood waiting to greet her guest. She had long studied the value of effect, and she knew that she made a stately picture, posed thus with her back to the fire. The light could not accentuate her wrinkles, her trailing gown fell in graceful folds from her well-rounded figure, which had none of the puffiness or angularity of old age. Her gray hair was arranged in softening waves, after an approved fashion, and her lorgnette, granted as a concession to her dimming eyes, and worn reluctantly while reading, now dangled idly from a chain of unique workmanship.

"Why, my dear Hugh," she said with well modulated affection, as she held out her arms to the tall man who came eagerly forward. "I thought you would never come."

He stooped to kiss her affectionately. "I've been away for the last two weeks. Didn't Marie tell you that I was out of town?"

"Business in these days seems to be an excuse for every-

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thing," she said a trifle fretfully, "though there is no denying that it has a most necessary place in the world. If my poor, dear husband had had the business instinct of a baby, I wouldn't be in my present position, I know."

Hugh looked around the room in some curiosity, as if he were trying to comprehend the situation at a glance, and then he took the deep-seated chair opposite to his aunt. As the firelight flared in his face, Mrs. Delarue scrutinized him carefully.

"Too tall—too thin—too pale," she said to herself; and then aloud: "Why don't you grow a beard, Hugh? You are so—so ascetic looking, I feel that you ought to have on a cassock and a beretta and all the other habiliments of Rome."

"Just because I prefer to shave?" His smile drove the sadness out of his eyes for a moment. "I believe I feel cleaner without whiskers; but if it would contribute to the happiness of my relatives—"

"Now don't be absurd," she interrupted him. "I see no reason why a man should be any uglier than necessary."

"I don't know that I do either," he admitted humorously. "I don't know that I ever considered the matter analytically before."

"Few men do," she said with feminine finality. "Beauty is to a woman what business is to a man. In other words, she ought to make a business of being beautiful."

"Some women are created exempt from such labor," he said with old-fashioned gallantry, looking into her handsome face with genuine admiration.

"Not at all," she contradicted him, "that's a myth that men cling to. I've been studying the subject scientifically of late, for in Paris I've been transforming Tom Cuthbert's daughter into a beauty."

She stopped, feeling aware of his inattention. Somewhere through the long glittering stretches of the house sounded the faint music of a harp. Hugh was listening to catch the elusive melody.

"And did you succeed?" he asked, feeling that his aunt had paused for some sort of a response.

"You shall see," she smiled her satisfaction. "But of course you won't realize the difference that five years have made. When I saw her first out West I knew she had pos-

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sibilities. She developed very quickly. She must have inherited some sense of refinement from her mother, who died many years ago."

"Certainly not from her father," he said without much interest.

"Oh, no; he's quite impossible," the old lady agreed; "but he's so enormously rich that people forgive his manners and his finger nails."

"Finger nails!"

"Well you know, dear, they are of the grubby, stubby sort, and never quite clean; but, then, we don't see much of him. He spends all his time looking after his interests; never reads a book—studies the stock exchange—adds to his fortune daily—very generous and kind-hearted; but, as I said before, impossible socially—quite impossible."

"And you have undertaken to launch his daughter?"

"I suppose so, though that was not in the original contract. You see it was this way. Your poor dear Uncle Henri had lung trouble, though he never would admit it, and we had gone West for his health, and while we were there some one persuaded him to invest what little money he had in mining stock. We soon found out that we had buried our money, and I believe the disappointment killed Henri, for he lay down and seemed to be dying from sheer hopelessness and despair, and then one day he began to cry out for a priest—you know he always was very religious and I was always worldly. Marie inherits her piety from him. Well, this day I was desperate, for I felt that he was dying, and I went downstairs to find out if, by chance, there was a mission anywhere in the vicinity, and I saw Patricia standing on the porch. She had on boots, a short skirt, a man's sombrero, and when I questioned her she told me that she would get the priest, and, mounting a horse that was standing in the yard, she rode off astride without a word to any one. The priest arrived late that night—I found out afterwards that Patricia had ridden thirty miles to bring him through an almost impassible road; and she is not a Catholic, so she had no belief to spur her on."

She paused for a moment. Hugh's eyes showed a gleam of interest. "Have you converted her?" he asked.

"No, indeed; why, my dear Hugh, she is a perfect heathen

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as far as any religious convictions go. I think she believes vaguely in a God, but that is all. She never had any training, she had no one to teach her anything. She grew up in her father's tavern, watched over by a slattern of a woman. Her father sent her to boarding school for a time, and she was expelled because she broke every rule—not from any spirit of maliciousness, you understand, but because she didn't see sufficient reason for keeping them."

"Well, perhaps they were unreasonable."

"Not at all. You cannot manage an institution without rules; but Patricia was unused to discipline of any kind. She talked in her class and in the dormitories. She studied the lessons that interested her and left alone the ones she did not like. She went out shopping several times without permission; and the effect was bad on the other girls, for she was a general favorite."

"Then how did you succeed in taming her?"

The music of the harp grew louder. The invisible musician was playing some old Irish lullabies that his nurse had crooned to him in his cradle; they seemed to soothe away the troubles of a world.

"My part was easy," his aunt went on. "You see, Henri left us absolutely penniless, and Tom Cuthbert—I don't know whether he understood the real situation or not—asked me to take Marie and Patricia abroad. 'I want to make her a lady,' he said, 'a lady like her mother was. I don't know how.' He gave us a most generous allowance. Patricia is so intelligent that her development was astonishing. We had a charming little circle in Paris—some of dear Henri's relatives among the nobility; most exclusive, you know—Patricia was a great success. She really could have made a brilliant marriage; but in some ways she is peculiar, and her ideas of marriage are absurd."

"What are her ideas?" he asked, knowing that she had again paused for a vivifying question.

"Well, she believes in love."

"Don't you?"

"Of course; but I know it has its limitations. It can't live on nothing a year. Patricia talks comradeship and intellectual equality, and demands more than our grandmothers ever dreamed of."

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"You would hardly expect the viewpoint of her grandmother?"

"No, not exactly; but in my day women were not so analytical. If a man cared for her and could provide comfortably, she was married and contented."

"It sounds rather barbarous," he said.

She tapped his arm lightly with her lorgnette. "I never expect you to agree with me, Hugh dear. Your father was a most obstinate boy; but I do want your help with Patricia."

"How?" he asked in some dismay.

"I want you to introduce her to your friends."

"Oh, my dear aunt," he said, laughing as he stretched out his feet to the fire. "If you could see my friends—ragpickers, charwomen, newsboys, drunks. I dropped out of your sort of society years ago. I'm a social outlaw. I never pay a dinner call. I rarely answer an invitation—I haven't time—"

"You are still very presentable," she said, surveying his faultless evening clothes; "and if, as a rich man, you choose to dabble in all sorts of queer philanthropies, it makes you all the more interesting in these days when every one is supposed to have a fad of some sort. Now it will be a real charity to help me this winter. I want Patricia to join the Southern Assembly, and we will need you. As I told you before, Tom Cuthbert is quite impossible socially, and a man is useful in so many ways."

"Well, until you find some one more amiable and more ornamental, I'm willing to be used," he said resignedly, "but I hate assemblies. I don't know how to dance and I never hope to learn—I can't comprehend afternoon teas, and I only find dinners tolerable when the cook is a chef. So please marry off Miss Patricia as quickly as you can."

She leaned over and rested her wrinkled face against his shoulder, more conscious of the fine quality of his coat than any real definite feeling of affection. "I knew you would be good," she said. "Now, go find the girls. I want you to see Patricia. They are in the music room. I will join you there as soon as I finish this chapter of my novel. People in books are so satisfactory. They always do what one expects they will do."

"Must I go?" he asked pathetically. He was very tired. The deep leather chair was so comfortable, and his aunt's

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prattle required so little response, that he could listen to the dreamy, far-away music with his old childish unquestioning sense of peace.

"Of course you must go," she said, "I want your opinion of my protégée."

He arose reluctantly, and following the music he passed through the ornate magnificence of the hall; the conservatory and the music room were at the extreme end. The fragrance of exotics seemed a fit accompaniment to the rare melody of the harp. He stopped for a moment to listen, and then he knocked softly upon the framework of the door.

"Come in," some one said, and pushing the silken portière aside he found himself alone with Patricia.

For a moment she did not look up. She was sitting on a low stool, dressed all in white, her reddish hair resting in sharp contrast against the gold of the harp, her large white hands caught dreamily at the strings, as if she were trying to express some melody of her own improvising. At last she turned—

"I suppose you are Dr. Farrell," she said indifferently. "Marie has a headache and has gone upstairs." She held out her hand. It lay inert in his for a moment. "I am Patricia, the problem," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

There was something antagonistic in Patricia's greeting that roused his curiosity at once.

"Will you keep on with your music?" he began, finding a cushioned divan by the door.

"I think it might be safer," she said.

"Safer?"

"Safer for a beginning"; she forced a mirthless little laugh. "Your aunt has been telling you all about me—all about us—I hate to be dissected. I know she wants your opinion—I feel that it is going to be most unfavorable. I think I shall try to make it so."

He listened in some amazement, and then, with an intuition rare in men, he comprehended her position. If she had not actually heard his aunt's conversation, she could rightly conjecture it. The five years had been an education in books

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and travel. They had brought to her a love of culture and refinement, a knowledge of the conventions which neither overawed nor encompassed her. Her long, impressionable childhood, spent on the wide-stretching plains, where all boundary lines are lost in misty horizons, had left her free. Mrs. Delarue's standards would be accepted so far as they seemed desirable. To Patricia they would never prove formative. They were no part of her; she used them, or she discarded them, as she saw fit.

She had again taken her place on the low stool, but suddenly she pushed the harp from her. "I'm in no humor for music," she said.

He surveyed her for a few moments in silence. Her figure was silhouetted against the tall French windows. The heavy velvet curtains had been pulled apart to coax in the last glow of the sunset; and now the moon was rising from behind some black pines, that stood out, lance-like, guarding the city. The small, red-shaded light in the room mingled strangely with the white brilliance from outside.

"A moment ago," Hugh said, "I fancied you a saint set in a stained-glass window, or perhaps one of the seraphim with a harp; but a saint out of humor—"

"Perhaps you are not so far wrong," she interrupted. "Stained-glass saints are not sanctified, you know. I always think of them in sections leaded together, sometimes most awkwardly. Your aunt has given you the pieces to form an image as you like. Perhaps I won't recognize myself when you get through; but it really doesn't matter."

"I think it does," he said, a trifle disconcerted and not knowing what else to say.

"What is the use of pretending?" she began, smoothing her wavy hair back from her forehead as if she were already tired of the interview. "We won't like each other."

"I'm sorry," he said gently; and he wondered if he felt, or forced, the tone of regret in his voice. "But we need not know each other if you don't wish it." He rose, preparatory to taking his deparature.

"Yes, we must"; she said with a certain imperiousness. "Please sit down. You see I have persuaded Mrs. Delarue to remain with me this winter, and she will expect to see a great deal of you; and then Marie likes you and feels so much

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sympathy with your work. Mrs. Delarue would not understand your not coming here frequently. So we must know each other. I fear I have made a rude beginning."

"I don't know," he said, and there was a gleam of humor in his eyes, "I have met many people; but I believe I never made such progress in an acquaintanceship before. Of course I can understand perfectly any one disliking me, but still, feelling of any sort usually has some foundation. You see we don't know each other. Don't you think your judgment is a bit rash?"

She caught the expression in his eyes and smiled back at him. "Perhaps," she admitted, "but I have heard things."

"What things?" he asked.

"Oh, good things," she replied hastily. "Marie tells me you are so religious—few men are—I don't think I should like the type. She tells me that you live in a settlement, although you have a beautiful home of your own. I can't understand any one choosing to be surrounded by the ugly, vicious things of life when he could escape them. Marie tells me that you studied medicine so that you could practice only among the poor. I never could endure the sight of suffering. When I was a child and we were living on a ranch, I ran away whenever Father branded the cattle. I've run away now, and I mean to stay away."

"I can understand that point of view, too," he said slowly.

She looked quickly up at him, incredulity in her eyes.

"I don't believe you can," she said. "You have never been really poor yourself. You have only made believe."

"There are many things worse than poverty," he said, falling back upon this platitude to urge her to go on.

"Then I don't know them," she said quickly. "Poverty seems to embrace all other forms of misery. I seem to have felt them all. I was born in a shanty out on the plains. My mother cooked and washed and ironed for eight ranchmen. We had nothing but the sheep—nothing in the house but the barest necessities, and few of those—and my mother, now that I am old enough to understand, was not used to privation. She had come from a beautiful New England village to teach a little Western school. She loved music and the artistic things of life. The work was too hard for her. Her health began to fail, and that summer we moved further on. The

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sheep had proved a failure. Father had heard that rich gold mines had been discovered about a hundred miles away, and again we moved on. We took possession of a little cabin that had been abandoned several years before, and while Father went prospecting, Mother, in her struggle for food and fuel, began to furnish meals to some of the miners. Then Father added several rooms to the cabin, and opened a bar, and called the place the Golden Eagle. Mother protested, but Father could not understand her objections. His father and his father's father had kept a saloon, and he called my mother a little Puritan. I remember the word—I puzzled over it as a child—I was four when she died. Poverty killed her. It was the grind, the burden, the ugliness, the cramping of her soul into surroundings from which there seemed no escape. You have never felt it. At any time you could give up. You have not known the horror of it all—the sordid, desperate struggle to keep a badly vitalized body when all energy of mind and soul seem gone."

"You could not have felt that either."

"Yes"; she said, "I saw it and felt it. The woman who came to take care of me when my mother died had not a thought above her dish pans and her glass of grog at night. In the saloon men gambled and fought for infinitesimal nuggets. One night there was a murder. I heard the angry voices and then groans out of a sudden silence. I was only twelve, and I put my fingers in my ears and buried my head under the bedclothes. Old Emily, who slept in the room with me, told me to go to sleep. 'If it's a killin',' she said; ''tain't goin' to mend matters to have you settin' up all night.' Oh, I want to keep away from it—I could not go back. I hate the sight of the struggle—the struggle of the body to live—just to live."

While she talked her face had flushed into beauty. He had listened in silent amazement. He had expected to find Miss Cuthbert a snob, ambitious only for social supremacy. He tried to fancy her in the old world society, of which his aunt had spoken. Had they welcomed her candor as refreshingly American, after their satiety with ancestral codes? Was she always so frank as she had been with him; or had she felt forced to explain herself more fully, since Mrs. Delarue had taken him into her confidence?

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"I know the lower world is an unlovely one," he said, "but we can't keep our hands off. After all, they are our neighbors."

"We can keep our hands off if we choose, and I choose. I want to be happy for a little while. I want to live for my own happiness alone."

"Some women could," he said reflectively, "but I don't believe you are one of them. You will never find your happiness that way."

She went to the window, and turning her back upon him she looked out into the garden. The bare trees were ice laden and in the moonlight seemed to be hung with sparkling fruit.

"How do you know?" she said stiffly. "Please don't preach to me. It wouldn't do any good. I have the vaguest ideas of religion. Life is so mysterious I don't want to think about it. I want to accept what has been given to me as unquestioningly as I can."

"For how long?" Again his eyes showed a humorous light.

"Oh, I don't know. As long as I can. The world is full of beautiful things. I'll see that side only; and keep away from the dark corners." She spoke with the wilfulness of a child.

"You can't," he said. And his lean white face had some of the severity of the anchorite about it. "The dark corners are everywhere; and we depend upon our neighbors at every turn. They build our houses, our bridges, our railroads. They clothe us, they furnish us with food and fuel; our luxuries, our necessities, depend upon that under world. Are we to render it no service in return?"

"I cannot think as you do; and that is another reason for my being happy." She looked out again into the garden, and then, as if animated by some sudden impulse, she took her place at the harp and lightly touched the strings. "Now listen to my creed," she said.

The music began stealthily, as if it feared resistance, then it spoke and revealed to him a wonder world. It led him through primeval forests, where nature rioted unassailed, and unfolded colors of changing green and gold, the tinkle of pale lily ponds—birds drinking from unpressed grapes then singing to their nesting heights—the whir of wings—the splash of tiny

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waterfalls—then away with the wind—past fields of crackling corn, past lowing cattle dozing in the sun, across the murmuring grasses of the plains—up—up to peaks of eternal snow—flaming clouds—seas of molten fire—widths of stars—the peace of dark-riven gorges, broken only by the tumultuousness of mountain streams.

The music stopped. Patricia sat silent, only half-conscious of her guest. He stirred uneasily. "What a power. What pagan power!" he exclaimed.

"You understand?"

"It's a mood," he said. "Only a mood."

She shook her head. "The mood is me." Then she laughed. "I may be ungrammatical; but I always try to tell the truth."

Her tone and the forced laugh brought him back to the ordinary world of conventions.

"Your music is wonderful," he said; and then, seeking to relieve the tensity of the situation, he added: "That alone would preserve you from pauperism"; and he arose to bid her good-night, feeling, in some intangible way, that she wished to dismiss him from her thoughts and her presence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SOME THOUGHTS ON CRITICISM.

BY S. M. P.

"HE suffered from critics who were forever shearing the wild tresses of poetry between rusty rules, who could never see a literary bough project beyond the trim level of its day but they must lop it with a crooked criticism, who kept indomitably planting in the defiles of fame the established canons, that had been spiked by poet after poet. . . ."

So wrote Francis Thompson of a great forerunner of the early nineteenth century, and so might it be written of many another in the further past. And if it is not to be true of the poets of the future, it is needful for critics to reconsider their office and its responsibilities. In all spheres of mental activity we are gaining from new heights, new outlooks, and why not in this one?

It is true, indeed, that never has finer or more interpretative criticism been written than within the last hundred years, but this work has been done, for the most part, on the acknowledged masterpieces of the world's literature, on dead and gone authors, and with the assured approbation of an almost entirely concurring generation. But the critic has another and more difficult office, that of being adequate to a new genius, or literary force, of his own day. It is here that he should hesitate, that he should look to his qualifications, no matter what good work he has already done. It is here that disasters have multiplied, and too often he who has charmed us with his interpretation of old authors is quite unfit to lead us beyond the outer courts of the new.

In all departments of life or art there tends to grow in the minds of proficients an ideal out of what has pleased and attracted them in the past. Before the bar of this ideal original forces, coming on the scene, are too often doomed. Those who have settled the graver problems of life or art for themselves, and have lived along these lines, consciously or unconsciously, cease to be much interested in what coming seers would unfold. But "a poet is not merely a purveyor to es-

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tablished tastes"; he is also "a compelling and shaping force, a light thrown on the dark places of changeful human experience." His recognition therefore is more likely to come from among those to whom, from the impact of temperament, life can still bring surprising knowledge, who are searching for those responses which their own time or the near future alone can give. Out of such should come the *appreciative critic* for whom every artist seeks. Great preachers have confessed to composing and delivering their best sermons for an audience of one, the ideal listener and exemplar of their theme —hundreds were charmed, only one soul was deep enough for the seed to bring fullest fruit. So too the poet or artist has in his heart the ideal critic whose nature responds to his utterance as thirsty earth to the summer shower, as sunflower to the sun.

He therefore who responds, who appreciates, who praises where praise is due, fulfills one, and the most important, office of the critic. Alas! the name carries with it the idea of a different function: but—and a modern writer has put it well —"the absolute naming of qualities, not the degree in which they are present or absent, is the function of criticism" . . . "criticism ideally is the perfect praise of perfect art, but, failing the perfect art, it must needs be a measurer of imperfection." Too often it has been little more! It is so much easier to find fault than to doff one's prejudices and enter into the soul of another.

Hence the multitude of unqualified critics of indefinite varieties, all keeping with the elements more or less kindly mixed, the tendency to solve life and its activities by fixed formulas, by old laws, rather than by conscientious study, or sympathetic appreciation. And such is the apparent strength of their attitude, that the result to their victim is a sense of closing mental trap-doors; and a prison to which stone walls and iron bars were comparative freedom.

"Failing the perfect art, it must needs be a measurer of imperfection," this, the last resort, is still in many cases looked on as the whole duty of criticism, notwithstanding the great warnings of the past. Francis Jeffrey and William Wordsworth stand out as clear-cut examples of unqualified critic and victim. The lesson should have taught us all wary walking! Yet still the dauntless critics rush in where angels fear to tread, carrying with them the framework of "fixed criteria!"

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Recently I heard a lecture on Francis Thompson that was an example of this, a revelation of what might be called *mis*interpretative criticism. The lecturer set up his "canons" and proceeded to test the poet by them. Fortunately Thompson passed the trial with honor, though he failed to "fit in" completely, being condemned where he is most individual, and therefore most precious to lovers of literature. The lecturer described individualism as the bane of literature. Of course largeness of utterance and height of vision are essentials, but all great poetry is not objective. "The Hound of Heaven," for instance, not only reveals to us the ways of the soul, but also illustrates the continuous patience of God. The poet sings what he has learnt of the winding ways of man to God. And in all great art there is a certain individual coloring, a way even of touching or attaining to large issues, that constitutes no small part of its fascination; in the greatest passages of great poems what stirs us beside their eternal truth is that a man has been here and this is his soul.

As an instance of baneful individualism, our critic quotes the following passage from "Sister Songs" as expressing a relation of personal and psychological dependence such as no healthy-minded man would acknowledge!

> "In all I work, my hand includeth thine;
> Thou rushest down in every stream
> Whose passion frets my spirit's deepening gorge;
> Unhood'st mine eyas-heart, and fliest my dream;
> Thou swing'st the hammers of my forge;
> As the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,
> Moves all the labouring surges of the world.
> Pierce where thou wilt the springing thought in me.
> And there thy pictured countenance lies unfurled,
> As in the cut fern lies the imaged tree."

Multitudinous are the ways of man to God and diverse surely and infinite in their variety His ways to men. Thank God! some of us know, and carry with us still, the strength of a human influence that lifted us for a moment, held us poised for a glance perhaps, yet sent us in the impetus of that moment far on the full tide of a higher life to a glad and holy goal. These are but human helps, yet a human being may

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bring a divine influence to poor starved souls beaten down with the surges of misunderstanding and stress of work or loneliness. And cannot a poet well sing for us, what many of us have felt, that this loving influence entered into all we did and stimulated us in our difficult feats? Literary criticism can speak from many altitudes. Its soundings can, so to speak, be taken from various degrees of the literary compass. But it should never forget that, given a poet, a great part of the interest and pleasure he affords us lies in the fact that he sets forth a man's discovery of the truth anew. "There is," says Paul Bourget, "a deal of individual suffering, of defeated aspiration, an immense and tragic failure of countless life-histories in that embodiment of a shade of feeling, sublime, or delicately touching, which we call a work of art." How many and how great obstacles has the spirit overcome? The answer to this question, as well as the vision of the spirit which overcame, counts in art.

Of course some critics deal out withering scorn to those who do not apply universally their "labor-saving apparatus," or venture to move without the "established canons!" Humility and a sense of poetic beauty would seem to be excellent substitutes for the "canons." Jeffrey applied "fixed criteria" to Wordsworth's poems, and we know now who is laughed at, though Jeffrey was a thoroughly logical man, capable of appreciating recognized poetry, but in no sense capable of recognizing or doing justice to a new poet.

Again some critics lay it down as a test, that a great poet must always set before himself a great and noble aim, and this in the face of literary biography. The stuff of which great poetry is made is, indeed, always noble and everlastingly true. But the man who is a poet does not consciously set this end before himself—it is set for him. He often exemplifies Milton's dictum, that he who would write an heroic poem, his whole life should be an heroic poem. And how frequently is the poetry greater than the life, greater than the poet realizes. He does but sing because he must, out of an idealism that is "the revenge of the mutilated desires of his heart." The central love is there. It is that which sings, though the poor wastrel may starve it sadly, while feeding on the garlic and onions of Egypt. I am sure Shakespeare felt that he was a sorry sinner, but "Macbeth" teaches eternal truth in an eter-

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nally convincing way. I do not think it irreverent to say, one might use this play as a text-book for a retreat, and not have exhausted the sublime suggestiveness of Act V. as a commentary on the wages of sin. He and many more builded better than they knew, but not better than God meant, Who makes provision for the long road and the eleventh hour, guiding home many far-wandering sheep by the light of art—surprising souls, as we have seen in our own day, where they least expected it, and sending them back to the bosom of the Truth. He will always have His blind workers who give their authentic witness to Him, as in the days of St. Paul.

Of such critics as move by arbitrary rules, Professor Raleigh says:

> The monkey and the parrot die hard in man. It is they who foster the widespread belief that criticism is a kind of shorthand system, whereby right judgments, based on admitted principles, can be attained at the cost of infinitely less labor than was involved in the production of the work to be judged. Given that the principles are sound and sufficient, then, they argue, if there be no error of detail in the application, the result will be valid. They overlook, however, one important element in the case. Poetry is original or it is nothing. The admitted principles can never be sufficient to cover all the cases that may arise; if they were, there would be no reason why men of fair intellectual abilities should employ themselves in turning out goods to prescribed patterns. All poetry begins at the beginning, it creates its own world, and presents the eternally novel matter of experience in words that charm the ear of the simplest listener.
>
> Criticism must do the same; it must follow the poet, if he gives any token of being worth the following, step by step, recreating his experiences, hanging on his words, disciplining itself to the measure of his paces, believing in him, and living with him, until looking back on the way it has been led, it shall be able to say whether the adventure is good and the goal worthy.
>
> There is no short cut to the end desired. Standards, eternal principles, formulas, summaries, and shibboleths, if they be substituted for the living experience, are obstacles and pitfalls.

Let us, then, not make fixed and eternal what God has not made so. He has made man of infinite variety.

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Interpretative criticism, as well as judicial criticism, has its limits and dangers. Space will allow me to point out only one. The best interpreter and appreciator of the contemporary genius, though he be polished to perfect clarity of vision and acuteness in the sense of proportion, has, after all, but one man's point of view, admirably as it may be focussed. He can but suggest or set forth what has swung into his range of vision from his angle of observation, and therefore he should not claim, as Jeffrey did, to speak finally on the poets of his time.

Comparative and judicial criticism will grow out of a consensus of views and must come later. They belong to another branch of the art. The contemporary critic is not in a position to judge finally—for many poets have, over and above their essential utterance, a message to their time that is beside the question of their enduring fame. Byron and Wordsworth may be cited as instances—the former was in harmony with his age, the latter contravened it. But the harmony and the discord have ceased to obscure the essential utterance of both.

If the poet is born, not made, so perhaps must be his ideal interpretative critic—yet the literary sense can be taught or developed, to a great extent, though it requires from master and pupil what is too rarely given. Deep study, much sweat of the mind, and long practice in differentiating, must accompany the bitter gifts of nature. Literature is deep and wide as life—indeed a knowledge of it is a splendid equipment for any career—and perhaps nowhere else, but in religion, are the disadvantages of a little learning or a hasty, irreverent spirit so apparent.

And criticism of the contemporary genius can only be safely practised by those who have explored the depth and breadth of literature, *not* finding therein rules, and crystallization of soul, but the wisdom of humility. It is the science of the humble, of those who know something of the possibilities and limitations of their own souls, and who are still in sympathy with the ever-questing hearts of men; who have, moreover, a keen instinct for the subtle differences of style that are to be encountered in a region that has yielded such diverse spirits as Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Walt Whitman, and such opposite productions as "Tam O'Shanter" and "The Anthem of Earth."

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HAYDN.

BY EDWARD F. CURRAN.

FROM the territory of Croatia, bordering on the frontiers of Bosnia and Slavonia, came the ancestors of Franz Joseph Haydn. Caspar Haiden, the composer's great-grandfather, is the first relative in the direct line that we can trace, and he was born close to Hainburg. His son Thomas afterwards became a burgher of this town, and his grandson Mathias tramped some ten miles distant and settled at Rohrau or Trstenik. Here Mathias set up as wheelwright, and it would appear also became sacristan of the little church, and in due time a kind of magistrate.

Mathias married, November 24, 1728, in his twenty-ninth year, Maria Koller, a young cook in the household of Count Harrach. Of their twelve children Franz Joseph was the second, and was born on either the 31st of March or the 1st of April, 1732. The latter date was the one accepted by Joseph in after years, and he used to say jokingly that his brother Michael had selected the 31st of March so that he would not have a brother an April fool.

Being in no way different from children of his class Joseph's childish tricks and prattle were let go unrecorded, for nobody saw in the wheelwright's toddling child anything out of the ordinary. The father and mother were naturally of a musical turn, though neither possessed any knowledge of the art; both parents sang a little, and the father spent his evenings after the day's toil singing and accompanying himself on the harp. The household was a typical Catholic one. Mathias, being an honest tradesman, loving his home, and the wife, a thrifty and kind woman, doing all she could to make the family circle pleasant and agreeable. It is no wonder, then, that their children grew up filled with filial love and deeply imbued with Catholicity.

Little Joseph was not long attending the village school before his love for music showed itself. He could not play any instrument, but his observing eyes noted the schoolmaster playing the violin, and in the evenings as he sat by his father's

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side he imitated the teacher, using two pieces of stick for violin and bow, and keeping perfect time to the singing of his father. This childish amusement was the cause of bringing a great change into his life in 1738.

It was the fond desire of the mother that one day Joseph should be ordained a priest; the father, however, had more worldly notions, and hoped that his son would at some future time bring renown to the family. But the choice of a vocation for the child was settled abruptly by a visit of a relative, Johann Mathias Frankh, school-teacher and choir director of Hainburg, the ancestral home of the Haydns. Frankh, with the eye of a musician, observed Joseph keeping time with his pieces of stick, and discovered that he had also a voice, so he offered to bring the child to Hainburg and teach him music. After some objection on the part of the mother, who with maternal intuition felt that the dearest wish of her life would not be fulfilled if the boy left her, Joseph, at the tender age of six, was borne away from home.

Under Frankh and his wife the child had not a very happy time. Frankh was a rough teacher of the hedge-school species, obsessed with the idea that the end of a stick was the most favorable means of driving knowledge into his pupils. Accordingly Haydn was not spared but received his share, and a goodly share, of cuffings from his master. Still, the little fellow was acquiring a solid ground-work in violin and harpsichord playing, and his voice became so remarkably sweet that his name was known throughout the surrounding countryside. Frankh's tuition, therefore, although rude was most beneficial, and Haydn in after years, when he had acquired world-wide fame, attributed much of his success to, and spoke with kindness of, Frankh. Griesinger recorded that Haydn said to him on one occasion: "I shall be grateful to Frankh as long as I live for keeping me so hard at work, though I used to get more flogging than food." For Frau Frankh, however, Haydn did not cherish the same kind feelings. She was a slovenly, lazy woman, and allowed the boy to become neglected, and failed to keep him clean; indeed, the child sadly missed the loving care of his mother.

But soon the scene was again to change for him. Georg Reuter, the Kapellmeister of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, came, in 1740, on a visit to the parish priest of Hainburg. While there he heard of Haydn, and had the child brought be-

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fore him. Reuter put Joseph through an examination in music, and was greatly pleased with the ability of the little fellow. On one point only, so runs the story, did Haydn fail; he could not perform that musical embellishment which nowadays every tenth-rate soprano must attempt and murder. "How is it that you cannot shake?" asked Reuter. "How can I when Herr Frankh cannot do it himself?" was the answer. The Viennese then gave Haydn one lesson, and so rapidly did the boy imitate Reuter that the latter then and there determined on securing him for his choir.

In his eighth year Haydn arrived in Vienna, and was admitted to the Cathedral choir. If his two years' pupilage at Hainburg was unpleasant, they compared favorably with the succeeding years he spent under Reuter. It has been asserted that this Kapellmeister was jealous and afraid to teach Haydn, lest the pupil should oust the master. This theory on the face of it is too flimsy to bear examination. To me Reuter seems to have been merely a careless, bad-tempered musician; one of those men who, having once learned sufficient to obtain a lucrative post, were (and *are*) accustomed to do as little work as possible. Haydn avowed that he had received only two lessons in composition while he was under Frankh.

But, like all who have a thirst for knowledge, the boy took care to learn privately as much as he could of harmony and counterpoint. He managed to buy two celebrated theoretical works, Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum* and Mattheson's *Perfect Conductor*, over which he pored incessantly. In the meantime he was working also at original compositions, some of which he had the temerity to show to Reuter, and was promptly snubbed for his trouble. He had now reached his eighteenth year, and when his voice broke his term of usefulness in the choir was at an end. The Empress Maria Theresa complained that he sang like a crow, and Reuter had no alternative but to show subserviency to her Majesty. Still he did not immediately dismiss Haydn. I feel more and more inclined to think that underneath his rugged exterior Reuter had a secret regard for the boy, and loathed to send him adrift. It had to be done, however, and when Haydn broke the school discipline he seized the opportunity to fly into a rage, and while in it to steel his heart to the unpleasant task. In the rain and cold of a November evening, 1749, Haydn was driven out, penniless and unknown, into the streets of Vienna.

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Utterly dejected he wandered about, not knowing where to turn or what to do. But fortune befriended him in a chance meeting with an acquaintance, a tenor singer named Spangler, attached to St. Michael's Church; a man for whom every lover of Haydn should have a special regard. Though as poor as the proverbial church mouse, Spangler pitied the boy and asked him to share his attic with him. What he offered was misery itself, but Haydn would have a roof at any rate to shelter him from the inclemency of a Viennese winter, and he gladly accepted the offer. During that winter (1749–1750) he lived up under the rafters, doing all that he could to earn sufficient to keep body and soul together. There was nothing in the line of music that he did not try. He sought pupils, he made "arrangements" for any one that would pay him, he serenaded in the streets with his violin, he took part in the festivities connected with baptisms; in a word, wherever a coin was to be earned Haydn was easily found.

At last the first step up the ladder was made when a friendly tradesman gave him a loan of 150 florins. He now hired an attic room in what was known as the Michaelhaus, in the Kohlmarkt. Though this garret was cold and miserable, and in his loneliness he thought the sky filled with black clouds, his coming there was the real turning point in his career, for there dwelt in the same house Metastasio, a poet then at the height of his fame. He, like Haydn, had been through the mill of poverty, and knew well what suffering meant. He was at this time educating a little girl, Marianne von Martinez, daughter of an official attached to the Nuncio, and when he heard of the struggling musician he placed the musical tuition of the girl under Haydn's care.

Metastasio next introduced him to Porpora—the Wandering Jew of the musical tribe—who was giving lessons to a woman living under the patronage of the Venetian Ambassador. Haydn was engaged to act as accompanist at the monthly wages of six ducats (roughly about $13.00), and have the privilege of blacking Porpora's shoes, brushing his clothes, and taking meals with his servants! But Haydn did not mind these indignities so long as he could learn. He was eagerly seeking musical knowledge, and to be in the companionship of Porpora—a name then to be conjured with throughout Europe—meant much to the young man. And nobody familiar with Haydn's life can come to any other conclusion than that his period in the service of the Italian was most useful.

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Haydn's reputation was steadily growing, and an opera, "*Der Neue Krummen Teufel*," which was staged in 1752, helped him on considerably. In 1755 he was invited by Baron von Fürnberg, an enthusiastic amateur who kept a private orchestra, to direct a series of concerts, and at the same person's suggestion Count Morzin appointed him, in 1759, Kapellmeister. This post brought him about $100 a year, with free board and lodging. Haydn had not long enjoyed his new office when two misfortunes came; one to the Count, the other to himself. The former fell into financial straits and had to dismiss his orchestra. Haydn's misfortune—both enduring and ever increasing—befell him on November 26, 1760, when he had the ill luck to marry a shrew whom no kindness could tame. Anna Maria Keller made his life as unendurable as she could, but with characteristic honor he was always reticent of her misdoings.

After his premature dismissal by Count Morzin he was almost immediately engaged by Prince Esterházy, to whom some of his compositions were known. The orchestra over which he was to have control numbered from sixteen to twenty-two performers, to which were added a small choir of eight very select voices. Haydn appreciated the position exceedingly, for it gave him the opportunity of having his own compositions tried over as often as he wished. Here is what he said himself: ". . . As conductor of an orchestra I could make experiments, observe what produced an effect and what weakened it, and was thus in a position to improve, alter, make additions and omissions, and be as bold as I pleased."

Year after year was spent in his daily duties with the Esterházy band, and there is nothing out of the ordinary to chronicle in this brief *résumé* of his life. We must, therefore, jump over a number of years until we come to that event which raised him at once among the great masters of music—his visit to England. Cramer, the violinist, in 1787, was the first to invite Haydn to come to London; money was no obstacle, any terms that Haydn demanded should be acceded to willingly. Haydn felt he was not free to accept. Again, Gallini begged him to write an opera for Drury Lane, having in mind, most likely, the possibility of tempting the composer across the Channel to conduct the work. This was also declined. Then Salomon, after making an unsuccessful attempt through an agent, happened to be on the continent seeking singers when he heard of Prince Nikolaus Esterházy's death, and immediately went post

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haste to Vienna, called upon Haydn, and, it is said, made himself known to the master in the following unconventional manner: "My name is Salomon and I have come to take you to London with me. We can settle terms to-morrow." This time Haydn gave way, for he was now practically free of duties with Esterházy. Prince Nikolaus had left him a pension of 1,000 florins on the condition that he would retain the title of Kapellmeister to the family. Prince Anton, the successor of Nikolaus, had not the same musical tastes, and he at once dismissed all the musicians, with the exception of a few necessary for religious service. To Haydn he gave a pension of 400 florins, and only nominally retained his services. Therefore, having nothing to do at Esterház, and having already settled down in Vienna, it did not require much argument to persuade him to undertake the visit to London.

In company with Salomon he started from Vienna on December 15, 1790, went to Bonn, where he met Beethoven, then on to Brussels and Calais. The two arrived in London on January 2, 1791, after a rough passage across the Channel. As this was the first time Haydn had beheld the sea, he gazed on it with curiosity. "I remained on deck," he wrote, "during the whole passage in order to gaze my full at that huge monster—the ocean. So long as there was calm I had no fears, but when at length a violent wind began to blow, rising each minute, and I saw the boisterous high waves running on, I was seized with a little alarm and a little indisposition likewise."

When he had settled down at Salomon's house he was besieged by callers, and every conceivable way of honoring him was adopted by musicians and musical societies. He was not in London long when he foresaw that if visiting and feasting were to be kept up continually he would not be able to fulfill his contract with Salomon, so he first of all moved away from the hurly-burly of the city and took up residence at Lisson Grove, and next decided that he would dine at home every day at four o'clock, and furthermore declined absolutely to receive visitors in the forenoons, which he reserved for composition. This shows what strength of character he had; work and duty first, then pleasure, appeared to be his maxim.

Needless to say his concerts were a prodigious success, though some of the more venomous of his opponents had tried to belittle him in the newspapers. On March 11 the first

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concert took place before one of the most brilliant audiences ever gathered together in the Hanover Square Rooms, and the enthusiasm was great when Haydn appeared in the orchestra. His benefit concert was given on May 16, and then began a round of social successes both in London and in the country. The first great event was the conferring on him of the degree of Doctor of Music by the University of Oxford, where he received an ovation when he appeared in his Doctor's robes. Amid a number of visits to various people that to the Duke of York is the most noteworthy, and it can only be characterized by saying that he had a very pleasant time with all the royalty gathered together at the Duke's residence. The Duchess—a girl of seventeen—played the piano and sang for Haydn, and while he performed she sat by his side. The party began their music at ten each night, and continued playing until two in the morning, when they had supper and succeeded in getting to bed at three o'clock. All seemed to have been captivated by the simplicity of Haydn; the Prince of Wales in particular was attracted to him in an especial way, and honored him by sending him back to London in the royal carriage and horses.

When the year 1792 opened Haydn returned to the routine of concert giving, and after a successful series had ended, and he had visited some friends—which occupied a few weeks of his time—he left London for Vienna. On his way thither he touched at Bonn, where great honor was shown him, and where he again met Beethoven, who seized the opportunity to open the question of becoming a pupil of Haydn's. They evidently came to some arrangement, for in the following December Beethoven arrived in Vienna and began taking lessons. It is better to speak no further on the relations between the two, since it is a matter that could not be treated with justice in a few words, and it is a point over which there has been considerable useless wrangling by partisans of both masters.

A period of comparative inactivity followed Haydn's return home, and he scarcely did anything until 1794, when he set out for a second visit to London on the nineteenth of January. This time he was accompanied by his servant and copyist, Johann Essler, and both, after journeying down the Rhine, arrived in London early in February. The welcome now ac-

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corded the master eclipsed that of his previous visit; in fact, England appeared to have gone wild with delight at seeing his rugged, kind features once again. Just as before, the success of the concerts he directed far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and Haydn found that from a monetary point of view he was a made man. As usual, after the concert season ended, he had to put in his time visiting friends throughout the country, which occupied him till near the close of the year. In the following February, 1795, he conducted another series of concerts, but did not compose anything new for them; he also directed twenty-six concerts for the Prince of Wales at Carlton House, for which he had to apply to Parliament to be remunerated. There was much more work for him to do, but owing to an invitation to resume his old duties from the new Prince Esterházy, who desired to reorganize his household orchestra, he cut short his stay in London, departing from it on August 15, 1795.

When he arrived in Austria he found that the nation was ready to lionize him, and one of the first to set the example of honoring him was Count Harrach, in whose household, as we have seen, the composer's mother had been cook. The Count invited Haydn and a number of nobles to visit Rohrau, and there they found a splendid monument erected in Haydn's honor close to the house in which he had been born. This monument is still standing, and is in the form of a large square pedestal with paneled sides, surmounted by a fine bust of Haydn. The old man was overcome with gratitude at this unexpected honor, and he showed his characteristic humility by conducting his noble companions to the little thatched house, where he pointed out to them the corner in which he used to sit and keep time to his father's music; then falling down he kissed the threshold of the door.

Among those who work in the arts, where imagination has such play, it does not generally happen that a man of sixty-five produces his most mature works, yet such was the case with Haydn; he had done much, but he was to do even greater things. In 1798 "The Creation" was performed; and in 1801 he finished "The Seasons." Of these it will be necessary to say a passing word, but first we must glance at the composition which he himself liked best.

To those who know "The Hymn for the Emperor" or, as

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it is commonly called, "The Austrian Hymn," all words of praise in cold black and white will seem lacking in proper enthusiasm. Only one word can do it justice—it is sublime. Austria was without a suitable national anthem, and Baron van Swieten, the composer's great friend, suggested to Count Saurau, the Prime Minister, that Haydn should be commissioned to write a melody which would be for Austria what "God Save the King" was to England. The suggestion was acted on immediately for, as Count Saurau afterwards explained, there was great need of some national hymn to offset the vigorous propaganda of French Jacobinism which had obtained a fairly strong hold in Vienna. Accordingly the poet priest, Lorenz Leopold Haschka, was commissioned to write suitable words, which when finished were passed on to Haydn to set to music. Those who have a desire to peep into the workshop of the composer and learn what great pains he took to produce the simple hymn, cannot do better than read a delightful little volume entitled *A Croatian Composer* (by Mr. W. H. Hadow), published a few years ago. From the various sketches of the tune there given we can see the foundations built on a Croatian folk-tune, Haydn's treatment of it, and the care he exercised to produce well-balanced phrases. On January 28, 1797, a decree was issued that this composition was to be regarded as the national anthem, and on February 12, the Emperor's birthday, it was sung in all the theatres of the capital. Since then it has become known all over the world, being found even in Protestant hymn-books. Once heard it is never forgotten.

Critics are agreed that, had Haydn never visited England, it is more than probable that the literature of music should not have been enriched by "The Creation." While in London he had seen the powerful influence of Handel's oratorios, and there seems to be no doubt that his ambition was fired to write something on the same lines as "The Messiah." But how he ever succeeded in writing such beautiful music to the rubbishy libretto of "The Creation" is a mystery. It can only be accounted for by saying that genius triumphed. The work was first sung in private, and then publicly on the 19th of March, 1799. It at once took the public by storm, not only in Vienna but in London, and, strangest of all, in gay Paris, where oratorio scarcely ever got a hearing; everywhere the same enthu-

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siasm was aroused by the delightful strains. Indeed it is no wonder, for nobody with the slightest love for good music can fail to appreciate the beauties of such numbers as "With Verdure Clad"; "Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shone"; "In Native Worth"; or those two great choruses, "Achieved is the Glorious Work" and "The Heavens are Telling." Haydn was very much affected himself on the first performance of the work. "One moment," he tells us, "I was as cold as ice, the next I seemed on fire. More than once I was afraid I should have a fit."

"The Seasons," the text of which was based on the work of Thompson the poet, was finished in 1891, and performed, on April 24, at the Schwartzenburg Palace. There was no appreciable difference between its success and that of "The Creation." The same delightful atmosphere pervades the music, and it is impossible to detect any signs of senile decay on the part of the composer. Of late, however, this work has been shelved to some extent, and most likely it will be forgotten when "The Creation" still holds its own. A great misfortune followed the production of "The Seasons"—Haydn's health was shattered. He always attributed his loss of strength to the composition of this work. "I should never," he told Ries, "have undertaken that work. It gave me the finishing stroke." And looking back to what he wrote in 1799 to Breitkopf & Härtel we may understand how he suffered: "The world daily pays me many compliments, even on the fire of my last works; but no one could believe the strain and effort it costs me to produce these, inasmuch as many a day my feeble memory and the unstrung state of my nerves so completely crush me to the earth, that I fall into the most melancholy condition, so much so that for days afterwards I am incapable of finding one single idea. . . ."

The end was now near. In the latter part of 1803 Haydn made his last professional appearance, when he conducted his "Seven Words." He felt himself daily growing weaker, and therefore he withdrew from the public gaze to prepare himself for the lifting of the veil. He was constantly visited, however, by a few friends, principally musicians or members of the Esterházy household; these were welcomed, but to others a card was presented in excuse of his denying to see them, on which were the words, "Fled forever is my strength; old and

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weak am I," set to four bars of music. Still he worked in private at his beloved art, the principal works accomplished being short symphonies and accompaniments to Scotch airs for Thompson the publisher. There is just one humorous touch connected with this work which is worth repeating. Haydn had expressed a desire to obtain some Indian handkerchiefs, and Thompson in sending them to him had the ill-luck to include one for Frau Haydn who had (happily for the husband) been gathered to her forefathers three years before.

"The Creation" was performed at the University on March 27, 1808, in honor of Haydn's seventy-sixth birthday. The old man was carried up in an armchair through the hall while the audience rose from their places as a token of respect. It was a cold night and the ladies around him covered him with their own wraps to protect him. At that striking chorus, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters: and God said: Let there be light, and there was light," Haydn became much moved and exclaimed: "Not I but a Power from above created that"; and as the performance progressed it was seen that he was becoming so dangerously excited that after the first part it was deemed advisable to remove him. As his chair was lifted the most aristocratic in the land crowded around him to bid farewell, and Beethoven came forward and tenderly kissed him on the forehead and hand. When the door was reached the bearers stopped and turned the chair while the old man raised his hand in farewell to the audience. It was a touching incident, and the last in the public career of the master. He struggled on during the year, and on May 31, 1809, breathed forth his last. With a cordon of French soldiers and officers—Vienna being then occupied by the French—to give military honors, his body was placed in a grave, where for five years it lay without any stone or mark above to show who slept beneath.

And now a word on his character. He had all the marks of a truly great man. Though successful far beyond the dreams of vanity he was as modest and as ingenuous as a child. His geniality of temperament as well as his kindness to fellow-artists have become proverbial, and the unique name of "Papa," given him by musicians from Mozart downwards, is in itself a testimony to his towering greatness and his loving, fatherly disposition. Yet if we look at a true likeness of

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him we are somewhat disappointed at the heavy, rugged, and, in a degree, repulsive features. But in all portraits we miss the great telltale feature, his eyes, which contemporaries tell us "beamed with benevolence." His own saying touches off his character perfectly: "Anybody can see by the look of me that I am a good-natured sort of fellow."

His social successes may be attributed to his character, for while he was genial he never forgot the serious side of life, and was an honest, sterling friend. Religion was something real to him, and his Catholic faith peeps out at almost every turn and twist in his life. The most of his actions from early life seem to have been dominated by the spirit of prayer; he begun and ended all his work in that spirit, for on nearly all his scores are to be found these pæons of religion, *Soli Deo Gloria*, *Laus Deo et B. V. Mæ. et Oms. Sis.*, *Laus Omnipotenti Deo et Beatissimæ Virgini Mariæ*, while before he penned a note he wrote down the invocation *In Nomine Domini*. In his old age he gave this advice to a number of boy choristers who visited him: "Be good and industrious and serve God continually." And he tells us that never had he been so pious as while composing "The Creation." "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling that before I sat down to the pianoforte I prayed to God with earnestness that He would enable me to praise Him worthily."

Haydn had the peculiarity of being occasionally possessed with an extraordinary love of fun and mischief; "sometimes a mischievous fit comes over me that is perfectly beyond control," he once told Ries. His dismissal from the Cathedral choir of Vienna arose from his prank of trying a new pair of scissors on the pig-tail of a fellow-chorister's wig; while in London he had his laugh in the "Surprise" Symphony, when he made his somnolent audience jump at a crash of all the instruments. "There the women will scream," he said. Another practical joke was his "Farewell," Symphony,* when one after another the performers in the orchestra arose, blew out their

* It is now known that the introduction of the "Surprise" chord was an afterthought on the part of Haydn, for there is no appearance of it in the original manuscript score of the Symphony. This discovery, due to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, is related in *The Musical Times*, May, 1909, p. 300, with which number was given a facsimile of the passage in question. One important point which the Editor of that journal passes over in silence is that the entire eleven bars have been crossed out by Haydn. There is, therefore, no good reason to declare that the story of Haydn's exclamation is not based on fact. In all likelihood there is another manuscript copy of the Symphony still undiscovered, and when it comes to light the "Surprise" chord will be in evidence.

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desk-lights, and departed until only two violins remained. (There was practical point in his wit here, for he wished gently to remind Prince Esterházy that the musicians desired his Highness to depart and give them freedom to visit their families, and the best of it is that the Prince took the hint). "Jacob's Dream," another outlet to his humor, was a composition intended to "bog" a pretentious violinist; and every one knows that delightful production, the "Toy Symphony," so pleasing to children.

Throughout life he was a hard-working man, keeping at composition steadily and regularly. There were none of these erratic ways which a certain class of self-advertisers attribute to genius: Haydn had no need to pose, no need to make himself remarkable by eccentricities of conduct. From his childhood he felt within himself that he had sufficient ability to produce good work, and he depended on his own talents to arrive at success. Hence his originality, and hence his position in the history of music to-day. He is regarded as the father of instrumentation, the first to raise secular music into a position equal to that previously held by Church music, the man who made the first steps toward placing orchestration on a firm basis, and as being the first to make concrete the forms of the Symphony and the pianoforte Sonata—forms which are now accepted as "classical."

It would be absurd to attempt here an examination of his works, considering that they number, according to some, 1,178, or, as others reckon, 1,407. The greater works, such as his oratorios, symphonies, and string quartettes, are not to be heard on the everyday concert platform, and those of my readers who are acquainted with them will likewise know the position they hold in the art. But many will be anxious to hear what is to be said of his sacred music—fifteen masses, and an equal number of other works intended for church use. The least said, I fear, the better. From these works excerpts could be made which would be suitable for the Church, but on the whole Haydn worked on wrong lines in this form of composition. The fault was not altogether his; he lived at the wrong period to write good sacred music. The plain truth is that he was dealing with a clergy and a laity whose ideas of what was correct in sacred music were warped. It will be noticed by those acquainted with the period that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven (all practically contemporaries) failed lamentably in supplying any work

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which could be added to the musical archives of the Universal Church; the sacred works they did write are more fitted for the concert room than the church. What a chance the Catholic Church lost when she had these three men at her call, for when shall the world ever see again three men of like genius? There are some, I am aware, who defend Haydn, but even his blindest disciple on this point will admit that his masses are light and airy. It will, then, be a test to one's credulity to read that Prince Esterházy found fault with Haydn for writing masses too serious and severe. Yet such was the case. What greater index of the ideas then prevalent is needed? His own defence given to Caspari was, "that at the thought of God, his heart leaped with joy, and he could not help his music doing the same." There is a saying of his brother Michael—a musician whose masses are still popular in Austria —which if not authentic is certainly *bén trováto* and touches off the point nicely: "Joseph, Joseph! take care of thyself; I am afraid that thy sacred music has not come from above, and it will prepare for thee a cool reception there!"

As the pianoforte is the universal household instrument, those who play it may like to know something by Haydn suitable to their executive abilities. It is well first to keep in mind the secret of Haydn. It is to be found in his pure melodies and simple harmonies. On melody he placed paramount importance. "The invention of a fine melody," he declared, "is a work of genius. It is the air which is the charm of music and it is the most difficult to produce." To acquire the true spirit of Haydn it is best to begin with his minor compositions, and gradually go through the entire pianoforte works which are to be found in eight small volumes. How melodic and delightful are his minuets! I do not think there can be anything more beneficial for the musical training of the young than a thorough knowledge of these simple compositions, or of his charming *Deutsche Tänse*. After once becoming familiar with Haydn's works, sound ideas of what is real music and a sense of rhythm will in a great measure be developed. Mozart's judgment on Haydn is worth remembering. Comparing various composers he said: "None of them can be jocose or serious, raise laughter or create profound emotions, and with equal success, like Joseph Haydn." Such a man's works are surely worthy of our attention.

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THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

BY P. W. BROWNE.

"IF," says Cardinal Gibbons, in a circular letter addressed to the hierarchy and laity of the United States, "the last three decades have been marked by trial and struggle for the Church of God, they have been also singularly fruitful in consolation and encouragement; and it is highly significant that our age, so noteworthy for scientific advance and material progress, should have witnessed so general an increase in devotion to one of the profoundest mysteries of our holy religion."

During these eventful decades the threatening clouds of Jansenism have gradually been dispelled by the Eucharistic Sun, whose beneficent rays have revived the warmth of devotion in centres where indifference had "chilled the genial currents of the soul," and lighted anew the dim recesses of the world. Countless thousands have enrolled themselves "among the forces of the King" (I. Mach. x. 36), and the great army of adorers, not unlike the crusaders of old, are marching onwards to wrest the sanctuary from the forces of unbelief. This marvelous renewal of faith and devotion is unquestionably the effect of the stimulating influence of the Eucharistic Congresses which, since 1881 have given organization and energy to Catholic action.

Just thirty years ago, to the month, a tiny spiritual seed was planted in European soil; to-day its offshoots are firmly rooted in the soil of every country in Christendom. The Eucharistic International Congress originated in France, and Lille shares with Paray-le-Monial the honor of giving birth to the movement.

In 1879 a saintly woman confided to Mgr. de Segur (who is justly termed the apostle of devotion to the Eucharist) the idea of extending devotion to the Eucharistic Christ by means of gatherings, to be convened successively in different countries, in which, for several days, in prayer and study, matters pertaining to the Blessed Sacrament should be discussed. The

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zealous Bishop at once decided to take up the work; but how, and where? France, at the moment, was a much disturbed country; and it was unwise, he deemed, to hazard the inauguration of such a momentous movement within its borders. He turned to Belgium as a possible cradle-land, and communicated with Mgr. Deschamps, the Archbishop of Malines, who heartily endorsed the project. Then, with the assistance of an enthusiastic confrère—M. de Benque—Mgr. de Segur drew up a circular which he addressed to the Belgian Bishops and the various associations and communities in which the devotion of Perpetual Adoration had been established. The response to the circular was hearty and encouraging; and all that remained to give the movement concrete form was the selection of a fitting place for the meeting of the Congress.

But, suddenly, unforeseen difficulties arose. The Belgian Bishops decided that, owing to the intense feeling then reigning throughout Belgium on the school question and the coming general elections, the projected gathering would incur the risk of being swamped in the tide of political issues. Mgr. de Segur (whose health had become seriously impaired) wrote, under date of March 10, 1881, to M. de Benque: "No further light is being shed upon our undertaking; on the contrary, our difficulties are increasing, and its execution now seems to me impracticable." To her who had suggested to him the idea of the Eucharistic Congress he wrote: "Formerly, when I was in a position to lead, I never faltered; now that (like an old swallow no longer able to cleave the air) I am forced to the rear, I can do but little. . . . I am entrusting the whole matter to M. de Benque, who will, doubtless, find some means of solving the difficulty." The latter, also, had his misgivings concerning the successful issue of the undertaking; for under date of April 20, he wrote to a friend: "I consider the project impossible, at least for this year."

But Providence willed otherwise. An enthusiastic layman tendered his services to the cause; and within a week M. de Benque could write, in the most optimistic terms, to Mgr. de Segur, assuring him that "the work was making marvelous progress." This zealous layman was none other than Philibert Vrau, the saintly father of the well-known publicist, M. Ferón-Vrau, whose services to the Church at the present hour are invaluable. One thing further was necessary for the consum-

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mation of the undertaking—the approbation of the Holy See. M. Vrau set out immediately for Rome, and there, in conjunction with Father Picard (the recently-elected Superior General of the Assumptionists) and Viscount de Damas, he drew up a petition to the Holy Father, which opened with these words: "It is at such a moment as this, when Catholic nations are seriously menaced, that it behooves us to have recourse most urgently to Him Who deigns to dwell among us; in Whom alone there is salvation. . . ." In response to the request of the petitioners, Leo XIII., on May 16, 1881, issued a Pontifical Brief, addressed to the President of the Committee of Organization, in which he not only sanctioned the holding of the Eucharistic Congress, but commended it in the most felicitous terms, as the following extract proves: "It is fitting that the faithful should solemnly celebrate the remembrance of the institution of the Holy Eucharist. Thus we shall honor the ineffable manner in which God is present in this Adorable Sacrament. Thus we may praise the divine power which operates such wonders, and render to God acts of thanksgiving due Him for such an inestimable favor. Hence, beloved son, we grant you and all who may participate in this pious work our Apostolic Benediction."

In further proof of his sympathy with the cause, the Holy Father, through Cardinal Alimonda, Official Protector of Eucharistic works, delegated Canon Ruggieri to present his heartiest congratulations to the Congress at Lille, which opened on June 21, 1881. The attendance exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the promoters, more than three hundred being present, and was representative of the religious life of France and Belgium. In addition to episcopal delegates, there were members of the religious orders, parish priests, and curates, and a large contingent of professors—lay and clerical—from the faculties of Catholic institutions. Under the presidency of Mgr. de la Bouillerie, titular bishop of Perga and co-adjutor of Bordeaux, various resolutions were formulated, and a permanent committee was organized which, at the end of the Congress, prepared and published a report of the proceedings. This committee consisted of the President, Canon Didiot, MM. de Benque, Philibert Vrau, and Gustave Champeaux, who was named its secretary.

The second Congress assembled, under the presidency of

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Mgr. Halsey, at Avignon, in 1882, with an attendance larger and, perhaps, more enthusiastic than that of the preceding year. The third Congress was held at Liége in the following year; and the number in attendance exceeded, by hundreds, the Congress of Avignon. Bishops, religious, the secular clergy, and the laity had now entered enthusiastically into the work; and when, on September 9, 1885, the fourth Congress met, under the presidency of Mgr. Mermillod, at Fribourg, in Switzerland, members of the Cantonal government, officials of the municipality, officers of the army, judges, and lawyers occupied places on the platform, while thousands of Catholics from various sections of the Continent joined in the formal procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The fourth Congress, held at Toulouse, June, 1886, was attended by fifteen hundred ecclesiastics, and fully thirty thousand laymen were present at the closing exercises. The sixth Congress met in Paris, July, 1888, in the great memorial Church of Montmartre, with an attendance of three thousand clerics and fifty thousand laymen. Antwerp, in Belgium, was the scene of the seventh Congress in August, 1890. The attendance numbered one hundred and twenty thousand. The eighth Congress held its sessions in Jerusalem, from May 14 to 21, 1893, under the presidency of Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, legate of the Holy Father. At this Congress the union of the Orient was the subject of serious discussion, and special sermons on the Eucharistic propaganda were delivered on the very spot where, tradition says, the Agony of our Lord took place. The ninth Congress was held at Rheims, July, 1894; and at this Congress, for the first time, a special place was given to the study of social questions. Paray-le-Monial, the "City of the Sacred Heart" was the scene of the tenth Congress; and the eleventh was held at Brussels. The twelfth—one of the most remarkable which had yet been held—convened at Lourdes, under the presidency of Cardinal Langenieux (the Pope's legate), in August, 1889. The thirteenth was held at Angers, in 1901; the fourteenth at Namur, in Belgium, 1902. At the fifteenth Congress, held at Angoulême, in 1904, the Government of the Republic prohibited a public procession of the Blessed Sacrament. By special request of the Holy Father the next Congress was held in Rome, in 1905, amid splendor hitherto unknown: the Pope celebrated Mass at the opening of the ses-

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sions, and gave a special audience to the delegates at the close of the proceedings, at which he presided.

Tournai, in Belgium, was the scene of the seventeenth Congress, 1906; and the eighteenth went to Metz, in Lorraine, in 1907. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli was the Pope's representative; and, by a singular act of respect for the Church, the German Government suspended the law of 1870 forbidding religious processions, in order that the customary public function might be held. At the close of the Metz Congress, at the invitation of Archbishop Bourne, it was decided to hold the nineteenth Congress in London—the first under the auspices of English-speaking members of the Church. This was unquestionably the most significant event in the history of the Church in England since the Reformation. The Congress was solemnly opened on September 9, 1908, at the Cathedral of Westminster, by the Papal legate, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, assisted by Cardinals Gibbons, of Baltimore, Logue, of Ireland, Sancha y Hervàs, of Toledo, Ferrari, of Milan, and Mercier, of Belgium; with them were representatives from every nation on earth. The sessions of the Congress were closed on Sunday, September 13, with Mass by the Apostolic legate and a sermon by the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. Solemn Vespers followed, and then the procession took place. Untoward circumstances precluded the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament in the procession; otherwise everything was solemnly observed. After the Congress the Holy Father sent a special letter of congratulation to Archbishop Bourne, stating that, though the Congress was the first of its kind held in England, it must be regarded as the "greatest of all, for its concourse of illustrious men, for the weight of its deliberations, for its display of faith, and for the magnificence of its religious functions."

Last year the Congress was held at Cologne—the city which ranks as the veritable centre of the artistic, commercial, and intellectual life of western Germany. A monumental repository had been erected in the great square of the city, around which were assembled sixty bishops and four thousand priests. The entire city, with its population of half a million faithful souls, seemed transformed into a vast temple whence rose a *Tantum Ergo* which cleaved the skies, to the accompaniment of booming cannon and silver trumpet. Ere the

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great assembly had dispersed fervant prayers ascended to the Eucharistic Christ to bless its successor, which is, seemingly, destined to eclipse in grandeur and solemnity any Catholic gathering which the western world has ever witnessed; for, says Cardinal Gibbons, "The impulse of faith, which has hitherto found its expression in Europe, directs the Congress this year to Canada. It will be held upon ground that is rich in memories of the early days when Christianity and civilization came together to these shores—borne by men to whom the entire continent of America stands indebted. It is not merely as discoverers and explorers that their names are written in our history, but as heralds of the kingdom of God and as bearers of the Cross of Christ."

From September sixth to eleventh the city of Maisonneuve—the humble burg where Mlle. Mance and Marguerite Bourgeois taught and nursed the redskin and the poor three centuries ago—will be the scene of the grandest manifestation of faith that America has ever witnessed. A papal legate, hundreds of bishops, thousands of priests, tens of thousands of pious worshippers will assemble under the shadow of *Mont Royal*, in the city of Mary ("Ville Marie"), to render public homage to the God of the Eucharist. Wonderful are the vicissitudes of human things. This never-to-be-forgotten demonstration will be held under the protection of the flag of Protestant England, whose armies vanquished the forces of the "Eldest daughter of the Church" two-and-a-half centuries ago on the Plains of Abraham. France no longer permits public homage to the Eucharistic Christ. England lends protection to the worshipper. Montreal is not unlike Cologne as regards its population and its faith; its position is somewhat similar. The mighty St. Lawrence lacks the charm of antiquity and the poetic enchantment of the picturesque river whose banks were the pathway to victorious fields; though it echoes not adown the centuries the memory of a Clovis or a Charlemagne, it speaks, as does the Rhine, of noble deeds wrought for humanity and Christ. Here will be gathered in early September representatives from every section of the Canadian commomwealth, from Cape Sable to Vancouver; aye and pilgrims from every corner of the American continent.

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New Books.

CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

As the successive volumes of *The Catholic Encyclopedia* come out, it becomes increasingly difficult to find fresh words of praise for the undertaking. Its success has been so thorough and so consistent that laudation has exhausted itself, and the best thing that the critic can say of a new volume is that it is up to the standard of its predecessors. The volume to hand, the seventh,* brings the work practically half-way towards completion; and, at the present rapid rate of publication, the whole splendid set of fifteen volumes will soon be at the disposal of those who wish to obtain exact information concerning the history, doctrines, and practises of the Catholic Church.

Three important geographical articles are incorporated in this seventh volume: "Holland," by P. Albers, S.J.; "Hungary," by Dr. Aldasy; and "India," by E. Hull, S.J. "Hungarian Catholics in the United States" is a topic handled with customary ability by Mr. Andrew Shipman. Further knowledge of India is contained in articles by Dr. Aiken on "Hinduism" and by Professor Benigni on the patriarchate of the "East Indies."

Noteworthy contributions to general history are those of A. Degert, on "Huguenots"; Edmund Gardner, on "Guelphs and Ghibellines"; Georges Goyau, on the "House of Guise"; Dr. Edwin Burton and M. Marique on "Guilds"; Dr. Wilhelm on "Hus and Hussites"; and Herbert Thurston, S.J., on "Henry VIII." The articles on "Huron Indians," by A. E. Jones, S.J., and on "American Indians," by Mr. James Mooney, are especially complete, being possibly, at least in the former instance, too ample for a cyclopedia. A number of biographical articles are contributed by Dom Chapman, who writes on "Honorius," Dr. Kirsch, Dr. Mershman, O.S.B., Michael Ott, O.S.B., Father Pollen, S.J., Dr. Remy, etc.

Father Delehaye treats of "Hagiography," Dr. Adrian Fortescue of "Hesychasm," *i. e.*, a system of Quietism among the Greeks. Father Schulte, of Overbrook, and two learned Benedictines, Cabrol and Leclercq, treat of things liturgical. The

* *The Catholic Encyclopedia.* Vol. VII. Greg.-Infal. New York: Robert Appleton Company.

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article on "Ecclesiastical Heraldry," by Fox-Davies, is very complete and well illustrated. Scriptural topics are well handled by Dr. Gigot, Dr. Fenlon, Father Maas, Dr. Driscoll, Father Fonck. Canon Law is represented by contributions of Dr. Boudinhon and Father Hilgers, S.J. In connection with the work of Father Hilgers on the "Index of Prohibited Books," a suggestion might be made. When an article is written by a foreigner, it would be well to see whether the bibliography he submits does not need supplementing with books written in English. On this topic, for instance, the works most available for consultation are *Index Legislation*, by Dr. Hurley, and *Censorship of the Church of Rome*, by G. H. Putnam. Neither of these is listed.

In theology proper, M. Bainvel writes on the "Heart of Jesus," Jacques Forget on the "Holy Ghost." Father Holweck on the "Immaculate Conception," W. H. Kent on "Indulgences," while Dr. Toner has contributed the banner article of the volume in a thorough discussion of the important question, "Infallibility." In philosophy the most noteworthy articles are those of Father Maher on "Immortality," Dr. Surbled on "Hypnotism," Dr. Windle on "Heredity," Dr. Fox on "Hedonism," and Dr. Turner on "Hegelianism." Of special interest to Americans are the contributions of Dr. Hayes on "Archbishop Hughes," Father Kenny on "Joel Chandler Harris," Miss Guiney on her father, "General Guiney," Father M. P. Smith on "Isaac Thomas Hecker," and Father Henry Wyman on "Augustine Francis Hewitt."

PIONEER PRIESTS OF NORTH AMERICA. By Campbell.

In this second volume of Father Campbell on *Pioneer Priests of North America** the scene is changed from the land of the Five Nations to that of the Hurons. This work narrates the brief and tragical, but glorious, annals of the Huron mission. Just as Isaac Jogues was the central character in the sacred tragedy enacted among the Iroquois, so on the Canadian side we find one dominant figure, that *nobilis athleta Christi*, John de Brébeuf. In all the annals of martyrdom one can scarce find a more heroic soul. Other names, hardly

* *Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642-1710.* By Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. Vol. II. *Among the Hurons.* New York: The America Press.

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less glorious, lend interest to this volume, among the first his fellow-martyr, the lovable Gabriel Lalemant. Father Campbell informs us of the present state of the proceedings for their canonization, in which every Catholic on this continent should be interested. Having referred to the proceedings instituted immediately after their death, he continues:

> After two hundred and sixty years the cause has again been taken into consideration. The tribunal established for the hearing of testimony was in session for more than two years in Quebec in 1906 and 1907. An investigation into the *non cult*, that is, an inquiry whether any public worship has been approved or tolerated by any one in anticipation of the action of the Holy See, was also made. A great number of witnesses were summoned, and the documents recounting what has been done are now awaiting examination in Rome. If they are canonized the New World will have two glorious patrons.

When this much desired result is attained, the way will be made for the introduction of the cause of other missionaries whose witness to the faith is here narrated, Daniel and Garnier, Chabanel and Garreau. The author also tells the pathetic story of young Father de Noue, frozen to death and found kneeling in the snow. Two other Lalemants, Charles and Jerome, are very interesting persons, though they lack the halo which a heroic death placed upon the brow of Gabriel Lalemant.

The work is not altogether confined to the Huron missions. As a proper introduction to these missions, the author has deemed it best to give a short account of an attempt made by the Fathers to evangelize Acadia. An interesting feature of this part of the book is the letter of Father Peter Biard in defense of the missionaries. Graphic, shrewd, humorous at times, it is quite delightful. It must surely have aroused an answering chord in Father Campbell's heart, for, whenever the nature of his tragical subject will permit, his style also takes on similar qualities. The work is, therefore, most interesting and most readable. It is well that to such a competent pen has fallen the task of recalling to the minds of men the deeds of these pioneer priests, whose work is thus summed up in the epilogue:

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To have attempted to convert such a people during the brief period of ten years, every moment of which was marked by wars, massacres, starvation, disease, and pestilence, and nevertheless to have established flourishing missions in every Huron town, to have made many thousands of Christians, to have developed very many splendid examples of exalted sanctity, and, finally, to have closed their books of account with the Lord not only by years of suffering almost unparalleled in Christian annals, but to have sealed them with the blood of seven of their noblest men, is the glorious record of the Huron missionaries.

THE WAYFARER'S VISION.
By Father Gerrard.

In the hands of Father Thomas J. Gerrard, theology is a living science. This phrase does not imply the substitution of new creeds for old. That means death. To be living implies identity and continuity, developing while remaining the same. Father Gerrard combines freshness of view with staunch orthodoxy, and a subtle discernment in spiritual things with a just estimate of life as a whole. He partakes of Aquinas and of Newman. Too many have been interpreting the great Oxford thinker in terms of philosophies which he would have rejected. Father Gerrard views him as a devoted admirer, but from the viewpoint of a convinced Thomist.

His present volume* is a collection of essays, many of which have already seen the light in the columns of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the *New York Review*, and the *Dublin Review*. The title is a reminiscence of St. Paul's saying, "We see now through a glass in a dark manner." In an introductory letter to Dr. Adrian Fortescue he indicates the spirit and method of his work. "Our present vision of God has been made dark and enigmatical for a moral purpose. That purpose is to try and to strengthen our wills, to generate that love of God by which alone the beatific vision may be gained. That purpose, moreover, could not be accomplished if the dark vision were so dark as to result in agnosticism, or so enigmatical as to result in unauthorized dogmatism." It must be "a revelation and a mystery," a revelation to guide us, a mystery to stimulate our wills. The process of development of Chris-

* *The Wayfarer's Vision*. By Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard. London: Burns & Oates; St. Louis: B. Herder.

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tian doctrine uses all the powers of man's soul. "Such a process is best accounted for by a combination of the work of St. Thomas and Cardinal Newman. By combining St. Thomas and Newman we are saved on the one hand from pragmatism and humanism, for we expressly exclude any substitution of will or feelings for intellect; on the other hand, from dialecticism and rationalism, for we set the will, feelings, and intellect in right relation to each other."

On these principles he discusses a number of topics more or less closely related to one another, such as the psychology of religious assent, the Divine Personality, the problem of evil. The first chapter, on "The Enigmatic Vision," and the last two, on "An Old Dilemma" and "The Happy Fault," are especially suggestive and stimulating.

THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.
By Eucken.

It is not an unusual experience for the Catholic student to find authors with whom he finds himself like-minded in general views on philosophy and religion, but from whom he finds himself divided by a whole sea of differences when it comes to more definite points of doctrinal belief. Dr. James Martineau is a good example of such thinkers. On matters concerning God, the soul, and the moral life, we consider him as a potent ally; but in dogmatic theology we have to treat him as an adversary. So, too, we rejoice in the successful work of Dr. Rudolf Eucken at the University of Jena to offset the ruinous influence of Ernst Haeckel. But when we come to estimate his definitely constructive theological work, we have to part company with him. Nevertheless, viewing the present conditions of religious life and belief in University circles, we can welcome his contribution to the religious problem as that of one who, in the main, gathers rather than scatters. The present work* is a translation of his *Die Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker*, based on the seventh German edition, 1907. It gives, as the sub-title indicates, a history of the development of the problems of human life from Plato to the present time. The problem of human life, in the author's view, is evidently at bottom a religious one. The method is that of a

* *The Problem of Human Life as Viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time.* By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by Williston S. Hough and W. R. Boyce Gibson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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combination of the history of philosophy and the philosophy of history. The viewpoint of the author is that of a religious-minded, or, at least, idealistic philosopher, who feels that man is not to be satisfied by bread alone. The conclusion is vaguely optimistic, but points to no certain way of redemption. The style is elevated and clear, the translation excellent.

CRITICISM AND PRAGMATISM.
By O'Sullivan.

Since the days of Duns Scotus Irishmen have not done much to add to the reputation for metaphysical acumen which that most subtle of schoolmen conferred upon the race. That this neglect of philosophy was caused by political disturbances is proven by the growing frequency with which Irish names are nowadays seen on the title-pages of learned treatises. The latest among such is the present work* of Dr. J. M. O'Sullivan, which is a criticism of the systems of Kant and Hegel, with additional remarks on the new Pragmatism. The first and longest section, on Kant and Hegel, originally appeared in German, and was published in Berlin as a monograph of the *Kant-Studien*. The author first gives a remarkably lucid exposition of the standpoints and methods of Kant and Hegel. He then devotes two long chapters to a criticism of their treatment of the category of Quantity. There follows a shorter chapter on Kant's treatment of the all-important category of Substance. All of this portion of the work is for the initiated, of course, but even a tyro in philosophy might read with profit the introductory chapter and the one on Substance. The treatment of Pragmatism occupies a much shorter section of the work. The author shows its dependence on the critical philosophy and its points of departure from it. "One of the main distinctions between Kant and the present-day Pragmatists is to be found in the fact that, whereas both took as their starting-point the individual of psychology, the Pragmatists adhere more steadfastly to this position and its implications. A consequence is that truth is regarded by them as a dynamic relation, whilst with Kant it tended to be static." Kant's inquiry is epistemological; that

* *Old Criticism and New Pragmatism.* By J. M. O'Sullivan, Ph.D., Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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of the Pragmatists is in the main psychological. The author does not believe that the recent philosophers have been more successful in their attempts than the philosopher of Königsberg. "We want a Logic of Values; but this is precisely what Pragmatism seems unable to give us. But even had we this Logic, even could we reduce all the different values to one common measure and so estimate their claims, yet the difficulty of applying the canon thus got would be practically insuperable; it would 'not work.'"

CHINA AND THE FAR EAST. Asiatic immigration, the conquest of the Philippines, the rise of Japanese power, and our trade interests in China, are four factors which have brought the United States face to face with a new set of questions which are usually summed up as "The Problem of the Pacific." At a recent celebration at Clark University the department of history wisely decided to present a series of papers by eminent authorities on various aspects of the situation in the Orient. The more important of these are published in the present volume.* They treat of the relations, actual or possible, between the United States and China, and of many questions concerning the internal affairs of the Celestial Kingdom, its economics, monetary system, the opium problem, the army, studies, religion, etc. There are also three papers on Japan, and three on Korea. All of these form a series of interesting documents by men of experience and authority. They should be read by all who are anxious to become informed on Oriental ideas and institutions.

To us, as Catholics, the most interesting chapter is one that does not touch on a new problem. It is that entitled "The History of Christian Missions in China." It is written by Professor Harlan P. Beach, of Yale University. If Father Wolferstan ever gets out a second edition of his work on *The Catholic Church in China*, reviewed in these columns a few months ago, he will find in this chapter a further testimony to the work of our missionaries to add to the hundreds already presented in his book.

* *China and the Far East.* Clark University Lectures. Edited by George H. Blakeslee, Clark University. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

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GOVERNMENT BY INFLUENCE.
By E. E. Brown.

Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, has published in a volume* various addresses which he delivered in different parts of the country. The addresses view education in its relation to different elements of individual character and national life—religion, morals, inventiveness, motherhood, industry, agriculture, international arbitration. They are thoughtful and serious, but rather heavy productions. The author expresses his respect for religion, or rather for what may be called "religiosity," but he is out of sympathy with religion as a definite principle of belief and conduct.

> Religion in its modern relations, sectarian religion, is a breeder of disturbance in those national systems of education in which it now holds a place in accordance with a tradition all unconsciously outgrown. Where the tradition has already passed away, or where it has never become established, the teaching of any system of religious doctrine is to be steadily excluded from public and common schools.

Protestants in England and America should see in this the writing on the wall, and, if they sincerely desire the propagation of Christian beliefs, should unite with the Catholics to secure the equal rights of schools in which the children of Christian parents are taught the truths of religion.

ON EVERYTHING.
By Hilaire Belloc.

Brief, but extremely well done, laden with fruits of wide reading and extended travel, made precious with judgment that is exact and thoroughly sane, a new volume of essays entitled: *On Everything*† comes to us from the pen of Hilaire Belloc. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD know the worth and character of his writings from the paper contributed to its pages by Virginia M. Crawford in the May issue. Within these covers Mr. Belloc really treats of everything, or of almost everything, and there is no subject which he handles which he does not present attractively, and none to which he does not bring

* *Government by Influence: and Other Addresses.* By Elmer Ellsworth Brown. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *On Everything.* By Hilaire Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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a wealth of knowledge and a grace of expression. For example, take this from "On Song."

> Song also is the mistress of memory, and though a scent is more powerful, a song is more general, as an instrument for the resurrection of lost things. Thus exiles who of all men on earth suffer most deeply, most permanently, and most fruitfully, are great masters of song. . . . All the songs that men make (and they are powerful ones) regretting youth are songs of exile, and in a sense (it is a high and true sense) the mighty hymns are songs of exile also.
>
> Qui vitam sine termino
> Nobis donet in patria,
>
> that is the pure note of exile, and so is the
>
> Coheredes et sodales
> In terra viventium
>
> and in this last glorious thing comes in the note of marching and of soldiers as well as the note of separation and of longing.

It is a handy volume, and a most enjoyable one—a delightful book to read aloud. He who reads it or hears it read will go away richer and happier.

A GUIDE FOR YOUNG MEN.

Father F. X. Lasance some time since published a little book of spiritual doctrine and advice for young girls. It found a ready sale and did much good, whereby he has been encouraged to undertake the more difficult task of similarly helping young men.*

Take care of the boys and the girls will take care of themselves, has passed into an adage. Here is a practical attempt to aid our young men to tide over the difficult era of dawning consciousness of passionate inclination. Persuade a boy that the true ideal of life is found in the life and passion of our Redeemer, as presented to him by Holy Church, and you do a work entirely necessary for the right formation of his character. That girls are apt to be silly and boys sure to be bad during their teens—alas! how true it is. A good book, serious enough to be a solid nourishment to the soul, and attractive enough to entertain religiously, is surely one of the best means of saving boyhood and early manhood from ship-

* *The Young Man's Guide.* Counsels, Reflections, and Prayers for Catholic Young Men. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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wreck. Father Lasance has, we believe, gone far towards achieving success in his worthy endeavor.

The first part of the little work is devoted to a doctrinal summary of the Catholic faith, pleasantly stated and driven home by good illustrations. After that, the whole scope of life is divided into an excellent arrangement of topics, embracing the praise of virtue and the condemnation of vice, including a plain and yet guarded treatment of the preliminaries of marriage.

At the end there is found all the material of a good prayer-book. The print is good and the binding first-rate; a book for hard usage and permanent benefit.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

This volume* is a Latin version of Father Albers' well-known *Church History*, originally written in Dutch, and already translated into French and Italian. The Latin translation is made by the author himself. It leaves nothing to be desired in point of accuracy and clearness. The style is limpid and easy, and thus adapted to the needs of seminary students.

When Father Albers' work first appeared in Holland it did not attract the attention it deserved, as it was written in a tongue not widely known; but when translated into French by the Dominican Father Hedde (Paris, Lecoffre, 2 vols.) it was accorded a very generous reception by Catholic scholars throughout Europe. This reception was well merited, as the work combines the qualities which are sought for in a manual of this kind: comprehensiveness, clearness, accuracy, and scientific method. The bibliographical references are also more abundant and more up-to-date than in any other Church history manual we know of. This is especially true of the section relating to early Church history, in which are treated briefly, but satisfactorily, the most recent questions of Christian archæology, liturgy, controversies, etc.

The work in its Latin form will consist of four volumes, of about 350 pages each. The first, which has just appeared, covers the Christian era down to the year 692. Type, paper, and press-work in general are good. The book is to be highly commended for the use of priests and seminary students.

* *Enchiridion Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ Universæ.* Tom. I. *Aetas Prima seu Christiana Antiquitas—A. D. 1-692.* St. Louis: B. Herder.

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We have received for review a book entitled *Letters to His Holiness, Pope Pius X.*, by a Modernist, from the Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago. The author's name is not given. The preface implies that he is a Catholic priest still actively engaged in the ministry. Considering the book, this seems to us to be impossible. In the first part of the volume the author pretends that he is zealous for the welfare of the Church, and would have it purified of all abuses. His love for its welfare urges him to speak out plainly. "But," as Mr. Chesterton has put it, "no man ever did, and no man ever can, create or desire to make a bad thing good or an ugly thing beautiful." And it is soon evident to the reader that the author has lost every shred of belief in and love for the Church. He would reform the Church by destroying her. A personal hatred of her supreme head, "the steps of whose throne are built of the bones of murdered men," stains its pages. Pius X. is "ignorant" and he is "filthy." There is not one of all the religious beliefs sacred to mankind for thousands of years which the author does not tear to pieces and throw to the wild winds of modern "criticism" and the "religion of the spirit." The Old Testament is unreliable and little more than fabulous. The Synoptic Gospels are not to be depended upon. Matthew, Mark, and Luke are, in great part, "theological apologetic and not history." The Fourth Gospel was written by some one who looked not at the facts but who was bent on squaring Christ with the *Logos* of the Greeks. "The modern critic is far more dispassionate in writing the history of Jesus than were the Evangelists." All external religion must go. Holy water, consecrated oil, all the sacramentals are superstition. A celibate clergy is a superstition. There is no priesthood; no altar; no sacrifice. There are no sacraments. The account of creation is mythical. There was no fall; no original sin. Belief in a personal devil springs from Manichæism and the heathen notion of taboo. Biblical inspiration, in any true sense of the word, is an impossibility. All dogma must go. Organized Christianity must go. There is no Church and "the idea of a Church was perhaps utterly unintelligible to Christ." The atonement for our sins by Christ is untenable; the doctrine of the redemption cannot be held. That Christ is God is utterly impossible. He did not establish a Church with Peter as its head. Miracles are but "legend and apolo-

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getic." Christ was not born at Bethlehem. The Virgin birth is not to be believed. The Immaculate Conception is, of course, ridiculous. Infallibility of the Supreme Pontiff is utterly untenable. Of course there is no Holy Spirit, no Trinity. Yes, there is a God—"the Ideal which men call God." But neither Bible nor ten commandments nor Church is necessary for morality. Were all of these unknown "not one ray would be lessened in the resplendent divinity of duty."

Our readers will pardon us for burdening them with this recital. One word we would say in conclusion. It is of the very essence of our Lord's work that He came not to destroy but to build up. After His example must every man who has a spark of goodness or a vestige of love for human kind labor to-day. The writer of this book will meet many who are harrassed by difficulties against faith, against Christ and God, and yet are working upwards through their very difficulties to the light of truth and the joy of peace which the Church alone can give them. A word of help and of encouraging guidance will mean everything to their souls for time and eternity. Will this man fling them back into the pit of darkness and despair, into the hell of doubt and denial?

The author of this book may meet some who, faithful still, are yet weakened by the difficulties and the temptations born of modern research. Will it be his aim to help them retain all that they now possess, or will he urge them to give up everything that has made life noble and eternity real, and exchange faith and hope and love for subtle and fruitless scepticism?

Mother Erin, Her People and Her Places, by Alice Dease (B. Herder), describes life in Ireland anew for children. Sketches of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Waterford, and Killarney, with brief accounts of Ireland's customs, traditions, games, amusements, etc., make up a readable narrative to which good illustrations add interest.

Dún Dealgan, latterly known as Dundalk, is the name of an ancient Irish stronghold overlooking the town and bay of Dundalk. This fort has, after much agitation, been secured for the use of the public. A short sketch of its history has been issued by the Dundalgan Press, Dundalk, in aid of the purchase fund which has yet to be raised.

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A priest of Mount Mellaray has translated from the Italian a Catholic work on sociology and economics. While we are preparing (*if* we are) men who will write original works on the same topics, Father McLoughlin's work* will render good service. The Italian author is an archpriest in Northern Italy. He is a parish priest in active touch with the life of the people. Knowledge thus gained of the needs of his times has moved him to prepare these lectures, primarily for the benefit of clerical students. His bishop is warm in his praise, and he speaks modestly of himself—both excellent recommendations. The work is a study of principles and elements, which fact gives it its value for beginners. Readers who have gone beyond the early stages in these sciences will find the book worth while as an excellent commentary on the views laid down in the encyclicals of Leo XIII. After that great Pontiff, the author follows the eminent Catholic authority, Professor Toniolo, of Pisa. The tone of the work is thoroughly Catholic, but not reactionary. As a follower of Leo XIII., and as a priest of Northern Italy, the author is sympathetic with the better elements in the spirit of the age. The work of the translator is well done, though an exception might be taken against the use of the word "policy" (p. 21) to express the art of government. Father McLoughlin has also added footnotes applying some of the principles of the work to conditions in Ireland.

Father Semple borrows from Cicero a title for his pamphlet,† which indicates the shock given to his mind and to the minds of many other thoughtful men by the articles of Mr. Bolce on "Blasting the Rock of Ages." Father Semple does not merely give a summary of the *Cosmopolitan* articles. He adduces testimony from various sources to show how far the present age is drifting from sound and tried views in education, government, and morals. He then discusses in a special way the views of Professor Lichtenberger, of Pennsylvania, on divorce, and President Butler's attempt to reply to the remarks of Bishop McFaul.

When that eminent Catholic educator, the Abbé Hogan, was professor of Moral Theology at Saint Sulpice, Paris, he

* *The Elements of Social Science and Political Economy, Especially for Use in Colleges, Schools, Clubs, Guilds, etc.* By the Ven. Archpriest Lorenzo Dardano. Translated by Rev. William McLoughlin. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

† *What Times! What Morals! Where on Earth are We?* By Rev. Henry Churchill Semple, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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used to make it his business to go around among reputable, conscientious men in professional and business life and find out from them what was the opinion prevalent amongst them on the ethics of their avocations. He considered that such a course was necessary in determining the application of moral principiples to the complex details of modern life. A theologian who desires to be equally thorough in his work will find much help in the series of Yale University lectures now under review.* The first series is a symposium on modern business conditions and the questions of right and wrong which they create. The second deals with a variety of problems in Journalism, Accountancy, the Law, Transportation, and Speculation. The third is a course of lectures on Citizenship, which requires no further recommendation than to say that it is the work of Hon. James Bryce.

This is a popular work† on British flowering plants, but it will appeal to lovers of plants in all lands. The two first chapters are devoted to the general characters of plants and to pollination and fertilization. Chapter III. deals with climbing plants. The remainder of the book treats of the flowers of spring, summer, and autumn, arranged according to habitat. For example, there is a chapter on "Woods and Thickets in Spring"; another on "Wayside and Wastes in Spring"; also one on "Meadows, Fields, and Pastures in Spring." There are also chapters on flowers having special habitats, like the chalk, down, and moor. And the last is devoted to carnivorous plants.

The work is abundantly illustrated. It is to be regretted, however, that the size of the volume prevents its being used as a pocket field-book. A useful list of flowers (common name) classified according to habitat, is given at the end of the volume, also a list of orders and genera, followed by a short glossary of botanical terms.

The first word to say about the volumes that compose the *Round the World* series (Benziger Brothers) is that they are good samples of worthy book-making. The quality of the

* *Morals in Modern Business.* Page Lectures at Yale University. *Everyday Ethics.* Page Lecture Series. *The Hindrances to Good Citizenship.* By James Bryce. Dodge Lectures at Yale University. New York: The Yale University Press.

† *Field and Woodland Plants.* By W. S. Furneaux. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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paper and illustrations is in itself an attraction; but, beyond the dress, there is much to commend in the interesting articles which treat of a great variety of subjects: trees, furs, gold-mining in Mexico, mountain-climbing in America, out-door bird taming, landmarks of old Virginia, for example, are subjects selected at random from Vol. VII., which we have recently received. For grown readers, as well as for boys and girls, these books will be instructive and interesting.

A Bit of Old Ivory; and Other Stories, contains fifteen complete short stories written by well-known Catholic writers. The name of the author speaks for the merit of each individual story. We notice several typographical errors in the volume and the story of an author whose name appears in the table of contents is not to be found in the book. Richard Aumerle's *Brownie and I*, a story for young folks, has to do with a dog —a very kind dog—and a young boy. The story wins attention from the very beginning and it will entertain girls as well as boys. Mary T. Waggaman's latest juvenile, *Captain Ted*, is, as we expected to find it, a very delightful story. Its hero will find many admirers. *Clare Lorraine; or, Little Leaves From a Little Life*, by "Lee," is another story that takes its place with the worthy ones for boys and girls. They are all published by Benziger Brothers.

A re-written and enlarged edition of a treatise on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, by the Rev. Charles C. Clarke, is, in its new dress, a *Handbook of Divine Liturgy* (London: Kegan Paul; St. Louis: B. Herder). The author is to be commended for his care in simplifying the subject for the general reader and for his timely solicitude that all Catholics should have a keener realization of the meaning of the Holy Sacrifice.

How to Walk Before God, translated from the French of T. F. Vaubert, S.J., is a little treatise on the manner of keeping ourselves in the presence of God (B. Herder).

It is a pleasure to note that the demand for *The Divine Story*, by Rev. Cornelius Joseph Holland, S.T.L., has been large enough to warrant a fourth edition of the work. This short life of our Blessed Lord is written specially for children (Providence, R. I.: J. M. Tally).

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The Teaching of Latin, by Eugene A. Hecker (Boston: Schoenhof Book Company), sets forth the benefits derived from the study of Latin, and compares in a detailed way the place of Latin in the school programmes of various countries. Teachers and those interested in the subject will find its many suggestions useful.

Our Faith is a Reasonable Faith is a book translated from the German of E. Huch by M. Bachur and published by the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. It has been said that if St. Paul lived to-day he would be the Apostle of the Printing Press. The signs of the times seem to point to the fact that Catholics are at last awakening to the value of the press as a means to combat error and to expound and defend Catholic truth. The present volume aims at giving a clear statement of Catholic doctrine and thus fortifying the layman and preparing him to refute current objections against religion. The volume consists of twenty-three chapters, and covers quite thoroughly the field of popular apologetics.

The Escapades of Condy Corrigan, by Cahir Healy, and *A Brother's Sacrifice*, by Aloysius J. Eifel, are the names of two story books recently published by this same Society. The first volume is a series of amusing fireside stories, and the second is more serious, but none the less readable.

The Library and the School (New York: Harper & Brothers). The problem for American educators is to see that all, and especially the young, read that which is morally pure and strengthening, which will instruct as well as entertain. What books are our children reading, and why? What efforts are being made to guide them away from the trashy and the sensational? How far can country people, with few educational facilities, remedy their own deficiencies? These, and like questions, form the subject of the present volume of eight short essays by educators and librarians, especially from the Western Central states.

Peter of New Amsterdam and *Richard of Jamestown*, by James Otis (American Book Company). These historical stories show children the home-life of the colonists. They are told from the viewpoint of a child, and purport to have been re-

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lated by a child. This renders them both real and attractive to the average boy and girl. Numerous pen and ink drawings illustrate the narratives. *Lucia's Stories of American Discoverers for Little Americans* is an entertaining juvenile from the same publishers; from whom we have also received, *The Human Body and Health*, by Alvin Davison, a practical and useful elementary manual based on the idea that the study of physiology should lead to the conservation of health.

B. Herder, of St. Louis, has arranged with the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland to publish for American readers The Iona Series of tales. The four volumes which we have received are entitled: *The Coming of the King*, by Arthur Synan; *Earl or Chieftain*, by Patricia Dillon; *Peggy the Millionaire*, by Mary Costello; *Hiawatha's Black Robe*, by E. Leahy. They are published at a remarkably low price.

Margaret's Influence, by the Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.SS.R., is a story embodying the special instruction which the Redemptorist Fathers address to the young people on Catholic missions. The narrative is, the author tells us, founded on fact. *A Bunch of Girls*, by "Shan"; *The Fortunes of Philomena* and *Joan and Her Friends*, by E. M. Buckenham; are the titles of three juvenile publications. The last two stories would have been more attractive if the illustrations had been omitted altogether. They offend good taste. A counsel of eight practical instructions on how to make a good confession is entitled: *The Penitent Instructed.* This is a new and revised edition of the work of the Rev. E. A. Selley, O.E.S.A., a small booklet at a reasonable price. *First Communion of Children and Its Conditions*, a pamphlet translated from the French of F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. All are published by B. Herder.

MODERNISM.

In France they are still interested in the matter of Modernism. At least they keep on writing books about it, which may or may not be a proof that the question is a live one. The clergy in this country do not write books until a demand is felt—nor even then, as a rule. But it would seem that no cultured Frenchman is happy until he sees his name and academic titles on the yellow paper cover of a book. And just now Modernism serves as a convenient excuse for writing.

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Of the works at hand, the two which sustain modernistic positions are, as might be expected, from the Nourry publishing house. P. Saint-Yves delivers a broadside against the value of miracles as a proof for doctrine.* He goes over the familiar ground of the objections against the possibility of determining whether any given fact is or is not miraculous in the theological sense. He writes as if nobody had ever before thought of these difficulties. A pilgrimage to Lourdes is what his case requires.

Marcel Hébert makes a study† of two mystical works, the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and the *Treatise on the Love of God* of St. Francis de Sales, to show, against the ultra-Pragmatists, that there is a form of religious experience which is characterized by the sense of the absolute, the perfect, as its essential element. The author cannot help admiring the great saints whose works he is studying, but his notes and comments are generally critical and destructive.

On the other side of the question that stormy petrel of the sea of controversy, the Abbé Fontaine, flaps excited wings over the billows and the wreckage. He has had the happiness of discovering a new kind of Modernism—sociological, this time.‡ When the Holy Father, two years ago, placed the name Modernism on the definite system of heterodox thought, of which he purged the Church, it was an easy prophecy that extremists on both sides would extend the term to cover views which the precise pontifical document did not contemplate. Some critics of the Church seemed to have an idea that it was an attack on everything modern—public schools and manhood, suffrage and wireless telegraphy, and the like. And some of ourselves, like the Abbé Fontaine, play the part of the adversary, by a reckless use of the term. Not that the situation at which he aims is not bad enough, in all conscience. For he is attacking the execrable policy of the leaders of thought in France, which is destroying the bases of religion and society. Their actions and principles are deserving of the strongest denunciation, and, so far forth, this book is a pleasure to read. But there is nothing

* *Le Discernement du Miracle.* Par P. Saint-Yves. Paris: Nourry.

† *La Forme Idéaliste du Sentiment Religieux.* Deux Exemples: St. Augustine et St. François de Sales. Par Marcel Hébert. Paris: Nourry.

‡ *Le Modernisme Sociologique: Décadence ou Régénération?* Par M. l'Abbé J. Fontaine. Paris. P. Lethielleux.

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to be gained by assailing the loyalty of those on one's own side who do not see eye to eye with one on all questions of method. One can be strong and unswerving without being cantankerous.

M. Leclère's attitude towards Modernism—or, rather, the philosophy of Modernism, to which he strives to limit his inquiry—is that of the historical critic.* He treats of its origins, its relations with other philosophical systems, its various forms. He traces its origin to the philosophy of Kant and the Liberal Protestantism of the last half-century; it is related collaterally with British-American Pragmatism. In the Catholic Church its protagonists are Ollé-Laprune, Cardinal Deschamps, and Cardinal Newman; its representatives in its more definite form are Blondel, Laberthonnière, Le Roy, Tyrrell, and Loisy. The name of Cardinal Newman *dans cette galère* will give a shock to those who know that his work and memory have been absolved by the most eminent authority from the stigma of Modernism. A summary of M. Leclère's more startling conclusions concerning the tendency of Newman's teaching will serve as a basis to estimate his competency as witness or as critic. He believes that Newman's views, as expressed in the *Grammar of Assent*, render grace unnecessary for the act of faith; put the individual conscience above the Church; lead to the belief that external and organized religion is unnecessary; open the way to pantheism. "Everything," he says, in his sweeping way, "everything that has been made a reproach to Modernism by the theologians who represent Catholic orthodoxy is more than in germ in this pragmatism (of Newman), of which the most manifest characteristic is its resemblance to Protestantism." Speaking on *The Development of Doctrine*, he says: "Relativism, individualism, are at the bottom of Newman's teaching, as well as humanism and naturalism." In one place M. Leclère seems to get a momentary glimpse at the unfairness of his presentation: "We are forcing the meaning of the celebrated Cardinal's teaching, no doubt"; but he instantly hardens his heart, saying: "but does he not invite it?"

It is a relief to turn from this sort of stuff to the calm and rational discussion of the eminent Dominican philosopher, Father

* *Pragmatisme, Modernisme, Protestantisme.* Par A. Leclère, Professeur à l'Université de Berne. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

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Garrigou-Lagrange.* Here we have St. Thomas, his spirit as well as his doctrine. The author takes up the views propounded by M. le Roy four years ago in favor of the purely moral value of doctrinal formulæ. He discusses the questions at issue on the deep philosophical bases on which they really rest. The work is a good defence of the intellectualistic position, or the philosophy of Being, against both Phenomenalism, the philosophy of Seeming, and Hegelianism, the philosophy of Becoming.

Cardinal Mercier's pamphlet† is a compilation from three sources: an address at the University of Louvain, a pastoral to his diocese of Mechlin, and a letter to the University Academy of Madrid. They reflect the calmness and authority both of the true philosopher and the Christian bishop.

The history of the Merovingian dynasty (*St. Bathilde, Queen of the Franks.* Par Dom Couturier. Paris: P. Téqui) is as remarkable for its queens as for its kings. The last of its queens was St. Bathilde. Although a slave and a foreigner, Clovis II. made her his wife. The volume gives the reader a good insight into the Gallic-French society of the period, its institutions, domestic life, habits, luxury, and morals, and presents to him the career of Bathilde from the workshop of Erchinoald to the palace of the king. He who loves the curious in history will find much profit in the study of this book, and it will have its measure of edification and instruction for every Christian because of the life which it presents of one of the greatest saints of France in the seventh century.

The copy of Père Monsabré's posthumous work on the *Pater*,‡ which lies before us, is of the fifth edition, though the work was published only last year. This is a sufficient proof that it ranks with the other homiletic efforts of the great preacher of Notre Dame. It consists of a series of conferences, twenty-four in all, on the first five petitions of the Lord's Prayer, the approach of death having prevented the writer from finishing his discourses on the last two. The conferences possess the certain theological knowledge, the breadth of view, the religious fervor,

* *Le Sens Commun, la Philosophie de l'Être et les Formules Dogmatiques.* Par Fr. R. Garrigou-Lagrange. Paris: Librairie Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie.

† *Le Modernisme.* Par Cardinal Mercier. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

‡ *La Prière Divine: Le "Pater."* Par J. M. L. Monsabré, O.P. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

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which are familiar to all who have used his numerous works on religious subjects. For each conference there is supplied a careful synopsis, which will facilitate the work of a preacher who wishes to make use of the ideas of the eloquent Dominican.

M. l'Abbé Vigourel, professor at Saint-Sulpice, and author of a *Cours Synthétique de Liturgie*, has arranged a number of points concerning the liturgy of the Church in a manner to make them available as matter for meditation or for sermons on Sundays and feasts.* He treats of liturgy in general, the divisions of the ecclesiastical year, the various parts and accessories of the Mass, the liturgy of the sacraments, the principal feasts, the office, the litanies, and other recognized liturgical devotions. The matter is arranged to fit well into the spirit of the diverse seasons and festivals. The points selected are presented in a suggestive rather than an exhaustive fashion, and are thereby all the better fitted for the preacher's use. The work will be of assistance to the clergy in making the faithful appreciate more than they generally do the treasures of spiritual benefits which lie enshrined in the magnificent liturgy of the Church.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

No saint should be more read about in our day of high aspirations than St. Francis de Sales.† He devoted his life entirely to the progress of souls striving for perfection, and the saving of souls infected with heresy. In our time and country the holy ambition to be entirely under God's guidance is beginning to stir multitudes of hearts. No sign of the times is more consoling than the instant response to the Holy Father's urgent invitation to more frequent and even to daily Communion. Confessors are everywhere increasing the number of penitents, men and women both, who, in the secular vocations of life, are yearning for entire devotedness to the standards so well advanced by St. Francis.

And with equal prominence stand forth missionary aspirations of Catholic Americans, who can learn from this book the methods of love in convert making. There is not a parish with-

* *La Liturgie et la vie Chrétienne.* Par A. Vigourel, du Séminaire Saint-Sulpice. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

† *Francis de Sales.* A study of the gentle saint. By Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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out some converts. Many dioceses have missionary bands of secular priests, aiding the zeal of the ordinary parish clergy, and greatly extending the reign of Catholic truth. Everywhere the religious communities are winning souls to Christ and the Church.

The writer of this book has imparted fresh interest to a narrative of loving activity and holy persuasiveness, adorning a personality of eminently heroic sanctity. She writes with sympathetic spirit, though not unduly thrusting forward her own statements of absorbed discipleship, and lets the saint tell his own story as far as possible.

One easily rides on the tide of love for God and man that this narrative exhibits as flowing out of the heart of St. Francis. There is a beautiful romance in the story of the young nobleman laying down his high lordship, and setting aside the attractive marriage schemes of his parents, in order to take the place of a humble priest in a ruined and despoiled diocese of the Alpine foothills. Then the dauntless daring of his apostolate in the Chablais, where in a few years he converted a whole province from rankest Calvinism to sweetest Catholicity. The contrast between Calvin, the gloomiest of Protestants, and Francis de Sales, the happiest of Catholics, between the apostle of wrath and the apostle of love, is well shown in this book.

The author was rightly guided in using very abundantly the letters and other personal memorials, for St. Francis wrote his own life, his own very soul, in his letters, and, indeed, in all his devout treatises. Next to à Kempis there is perhaps no uninspired teacher so often quoted by devout Christians as St. Francis de Sales, and quoted, too, because known by heart. Read this book to become acquainted with one who is all that is meant by a gentleman and all that is meant by a saint.

LIFE OF ST. CLARE.

The Life of St. Clare,* edited by Father Paschal Robinson, and published by the Dolphin Press, is an altogether worthy volume. Father Robinson has made a fine translation of the biography of St. Clare attributed to

* *The Life of St. Clare.* Ascribed to Father Thomas of Celano. Translated and edited by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. With an Appendix containing the Rule of St. Clare. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

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Thomas of Celano, and also of the Rule of St. Clare. His introduction and notes leave nothing to be desired in the way of scholarship and literary merit. The Dolphin Press has also done well its share in the work. Paper, type, and illustrations are of the best. In every way this is a noteworthy contribution to English Franciscana.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND RELIGION. By Chapman.

In a famous passage Cardinal Newman says that, no matter what use writers may make of it, "English literature will ever have been Protestant." Mr. Chapman, in the present volume,* essays to estimate how far it has been, in the last century, Christian. Or, rather, that is part of his theme. He recognizes the reciprocity between religion and literature, the one supplying ideas, and the other supplying modes of expression to its mate—which is the idea underlying the Cardinal's dictum. Mr. Chapman gives us a history of English literature in the nineteenth century from an interesting point of view. He neglects no feature in the problem, whether for or against the progress of religious ideas. The work will repay reading.

* *English Literature in Account with Religion (1800–1900).* By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (7 May): "Juvenile Labor and Unemployment." Child labor is, undoubtedly, one of the chief causes of unemployment; for such labor is merely temporary, and instead of leading to something better, leads to nothing, save to the ranks of the unemployed.——"The Casting of St. Edward's Bell." This delicate operation was performed last Saturday, in the presence of his Grace, the Archbishop of Westminster, and of the Duchess of Norfolk, the donor of the bell.

(14 May): "The Royal Declaration." A plea for the revision of a declaration that is most offensive to all Roman Catholics, blaspheming, as it does, against the most sacred mystery of our holy religion.——"Catholics and the French Elections." The results following the casting of the second ballot, though, as a whole, not of a very decisive character, yet show at least a loss on the part of the Radical Socialists.——"King Edward VII. and His Catholic Subjects." Incidents indicative of the friendly attitude of the late king towards his Catholic subjects.——"The Terror of the Comet." Provided the world lasts sufficiently long, an encounter with the comet is bound to take place.

(21 May): "Pentecost" is a day of a triple commemoration: one a thanksgiving for the gifts of the nation at the end of the harvest; another the remembrance of the law-giving on Mount Sinai; a third, the memory of the visible descent of the Holy Ghost.——"Two More Years of the Bloc." The municipal elections, to renew one-half the City Council of Rome, are to be held in June, yet it appears to be a foregone conclusion that the year 1911 will see the Anti-Clericals masters of the situation.

(28 May): "Decisions of the Biblical Commission." Eight answers regarding the authors and the date of the composition of the Psalms. Answers approved by the Pope and published at his order. Among other decisions is that it would be imprudent to affirm that only a few of the psalms are to be attributed to David, or to deny

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his authorship of certain specific psalms. Certain psalms are to be recognized as prophesying the coming, passion, resurrection, etc., of our Redeemer.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (May): "St. Paul to Masters and Servants," by Rev. E. T. Cullen. The chief cause of trouble between masters and servants is the want of a clear understanding of the rights of both parties concerned. The writer proffers a solution of the difficulties based upon the principles laid down by St. Paul in his Epistle to Philemon. Masters should be solicitous for the spiritual and temporal welfare of their servants, while the latter should render their services freely and from high motives.——"The Story of the Tithes," a sketch of the troubles arising from the attempt to tax Irish Catholics in support of the clergymen of the English State Church, by R. Barry O'Brien.——"Eschatology of the Old Testament," by Rev. Martin O'Ryan.——"The Irish Catholic Abroad and at Home." The writer, Rev. P. Sheridan, thinks dogmatic theology is "a matter of too little concern with our ordinary students and priests." But this must be overcome if priests are to be successful in their labors abroad.

Le Correspondant (10 May): "The Chinese Press," by Fernand Farjenel. The awakening of the East has led to a virtual creation of a Chinese Press. There are at present over fifty papers published in China, consisting of dailies, periodicals, and illustrated journals. Their context "is analogous to that of the European and American papers which have served as models." The press is infusing new and modern ideas into the popular mind; advocating and supporting the national assembly, and, on the whole, is bringing China into a closer relation with the modern world.——"The Economic Life and the Social Movement—Socialism." A. Bechaux writes upon the progress of French Socialism and the Manifesto which calls for a complete economic, political, and moral emancipation of the workingman. The political emancipation is to be achieved by the centralization of the government and the development of the public services and law. Moral emancipation is to be realized by "the materialistic conception of history and of life." The

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writer doubts that the Socialistic Ideal will ever be established, because of the "instinctive need of individual property and personal independence; also because of the moral and religious forces of the French soul."

Revue du Clergé Français (15 May): "Modernism in Italy," by J. M. Vidal, reviews the present activities of the Modernist following, and sketches the work and character of the principal Italian leaders. The movement has practically no following among the masses, but attracts here and there certain groups of young people, fascinated by its promises of novelty and liberty.——Ch. Calippe writes of the "Social Ideas of Chateaubriand."

Études Franciscaines (April): "The Return to the Church," by P. Gonzalve. The Conversion of Dr. A. de Ruville, a noted professor in the University of Halle. His conversion was due mainly to the influence of "Catholic Theological Literature."

(May): "Christian Men of Art," by Alphonse Germain. A summary of the works of art by Christian artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The writer wishes to give, in a brief survey, the life, the whereabouts, the schools, and the teachers which influenced the individual painter. He enumerates the more important works of art produced by the various men and states the time and place of exhibition.——"The Nature of State Education," by P. Joseph d'Auresan. The writer takes up the question of official teaching in the various countries of Europe. In Germany we find two noted adversaries of the Catholic teaching attempting to do away with "Confession Schools." The writer goes on to show how the "Anti-Christian spirit reigns very forcibly in Spain, Italy, Russia, Belgium, and England."

La Revue des Sciences Ecclesiastiques et La Science Catholique (May): "Separation of School and State," by M. C. de Kirwan, is an appreciation of the campaign—begun by M. Pierre Biétry—in favor of the separation of the school from the State. The State authorities took from the Church the right to educate because the Church fashioned the young in its own way. These same men, however, are now training and teaching according to their own ideas. They condemn churchmen for the very thing

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with which they now concern themselves. M. Biétry in his book gives the history of education from *La Convention* of 1793 to the present day.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 May): "Observations on a New Theory of Sacerdotal Vocation," by G. Letourneau, is a brief account of the noted work written by Canon Lahitton. Quoting Lahitton, he defines the priestly sacerdotal vocation as: "The appointment or call of a subject to the sacerdotal state." The prime factor in Lahitton's theory is the importance which is attributed to the approval by the Church authorities: it is not enough, says he, that the subject perceive that inner voice calling him to the sacerdotal state.

(15 May): "The Devotion to the Sacred Heart," by J. V. Bainvel. The writer endeavors to give a definite idea of the "Devotion to the Sacred Heart" from an etymological point of view, inquiring whether the word "Heart" be taken in the material, metaphorical, or symbolical sense. Later he shows the historical, the theological, and scientific basis of this devotion, and proves that it is not based on the vision of Blessed Margaret Mary. Pope Pius VI., in the Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, 1794, approves of this devotion.

Études (5 May): Benoit Emonet thinks the dramatic work of M. Eugène Brieux, recently elected to the Academy, immoral and commonplace.——Louis des Brandes reviews a curious mystery play, "La Charité de Jeanne d'Arc," by Charles Peguy.——"*Le Sillon* and the French Bishops." The chief charge is that *Le Sillon* mixes religion with a democratic political programme and claims to be independent of the Bishops.

(29 May): "La Question Syndicaliste," by Gustave de Lamarzell, senator from Morbihan, was suggested by Paul Bourget's play dealing with strikes and lockouts, "La Barricade." The author writes sympathetically of labor's struggle. He thinks that the privilege of organizing is a right natural to the laborer and his only effective defence against capitalistic exploitation.

La Revue du Monde (1 May): "Letters of Marie de Medici to Louis XIII.," by Eugene Griselle.——"A Pilgrimage to Subiaco," by Yves d'Aubières.——"Improved Arma-

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ment," by A. de Sach, is a plea for the necessity of a nation adopting the most improved means of offensive and defensive warfare.

(15 May): "The School Question in the Canadian North West." A short history of the origin of this question by Arthur Savaète.——"In Old Castile," a lecture by Yves d'Aubières on some still unexplored regions of Old Castile.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne, (May): Albert Dufourcq, in "The Evolution of the Greek Religion," makes the admission that it originated in a sort of zoölatry.——"The Religious Attitude of St. Francis of Assisi," by Louis Canet, examines the latest attempts of Sabatier, Thode, etc., to separate fact from legend in the records of this saint. It is clear, M. Canet thinks, that his outlook on life was purely religious, and that any political or social consequences, arising, for example, from his doctrine of poverty, were entirely accidental.

Chronique Sociale de France (May): Max Turmann, under the caption "Protection of Labor," reviews the operation of laws in the United States and Australia, with particular reference to high tariff and limitation of immigration. He seems to favor a state-established minimum wage.

Revista Internazionale (April): "The Problem of the Family in its Social Aspect at the Present Day," by G. Tomolo. The baneful sociological theories which deny the divine institution of marriage, combined with economical conditions which necessarily break up the family relations, are bringing about the destruction of the family. The Catholic faith, and the awakening of the entire conscience of the nation to the evils within it, must protect, restore, and elevate the family, especially the Christian family.

La Civiltà Cattolica (21 May): "Religious Instruction in the Elementary School." From a comparison between the States anent this question, he concludes that France alone excludes religious instruction from all the elementary schools. Italy, led on by the activities of the anti-clerical party and by the feebleness of the Catholic opposition, is moving rapidly to the same abyss.——"The

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History of Frequent Communion," reviews the more recent studies bearing on the history of frequent Communion.——"The Truth of the Case of R. Murri" is made manifest in the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Fermo; it shows to the whole world, both to the faithful and to the opponents of the Church, the more than paternal kindness with which ecclesiastical authority dealt with this refractory priest.

España y América (May): "The Social Action of the Clergy," by Sr. D. Victoriano Guisasola y Menéndez, is reviewed. The author's thesis is that the times demand "an intense, constant, and universal social action from the Catholic priesthood.

Razón y Fe (May): P. Villada points out the duty of Catholics in "The Legislative Elections of 1910." The declared anti-clerical policy of certain candidates makes indifference criminal.——"Unconscious Cerebration" by Francisco Segarra. This first of two articles examines the teaching of modern philosophers on this question. ——Pablo Hernandez sketches the history of Aranco, formerly an independent state, now a province of Chile.

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Recent Events.

France.

The elections left M. Briand and his Cabinet in power, with the prospect of an indefinitely prolonged tenure of office. M. Briand at once took systematic steps to ascertain the wishes of his supporters in the Chamber of Deputies. To all the Prefects of Departments he sent instructions to make an analysis of the speeches made to the electors by those who, in virtue of those speeches and in reliance upon the promises made therein, had secured the confidence of the people. He proposes to regulate his policy in accordance with the promises made by the majority of the successful candidates. A perfectly definite programme will be laid before the Parliament prepared in order to hold the majority to its pledged word.

The most widely accepted of these proposals was that of electoral reform. The adoption of *scrutin de liste* received the support of the electors by an overwhelming majority, and there was a large majority in favor of some method of proportional representation in order that to minorities the opportunity of a hearing might be given. Electoral reform, therefore, will be the first of the measures brought forward by M. Briand in the early part of the first sessions of the new Parliament. It is expected, too, that it will be proposed to prolong to six years the term of service of the Deputies, combined with a system for the renewal of the mandates of one-third of the whole number of the Deputies every three years.

Fiscal reform, in the shape of the adoption of an Income Tax, has received a favorable reception; but the form in which it was adopted by the last Chamber of Deputies, and in which it was sent up to the Senate, has not received the approbation of the larger number of the electors. To State monopolies in the sale of alcohol and in insurance a considerable majority manifested its hostility. In favor of administrative and of judicial reforms, and for the better regulation of the relations between the State and its servants, the clear desire of the people was indicated. It is satisfactory to note that out of the 597 deputies who have been elected only 66 ventured to advocate the State monopoly of education which would, if adopted, close the Catholic schools. Two hundred and thirteen, however, advocated State control of the

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ecoles libres, that is to say, the shutting out from Catholic schools of any control by the clergy. The Minister of Education is determined, it is said—although the number of the supporters of his proposal is, as has been said, very moderate—to proceed with the Bills which were introduced during the last session in consequence of the protests of the Bishops against the non-neutrality of the State schools. The object is, it is announced, to consolidate and defend the State neutral school and to organize the working and the control of the *écoles libres*, or private schools, both as regards the efficiency of the teacher, and with respect to the selection of school books. This is equivalent to making the State supreme in the schools supported by Catholics at their own expense. It is the same thing as would be a proposal of the Board of Education of New York to judge of the qualifications of the teachers in the parochial schools and of the suitability of the text-books. This is the way in which liberty is understood in France at the present time.

The strikes of the *inscrits maritimes* at Marseilles and other parts have come to an end, but other disturbances have taken place. The most significant of all is the mutiny, for it cannot be called by any other name, of a number of Reservists at Nîmes. Finding the ground on which they were encamped too damp to suit them, they, contrary to the orders of their officers, marched into the town singing the "Internationale," and were guilty of sundry other irregularities. They did not persist, however, in this unmilitary insubordination. The military authorities showed no lack of resolution, and put in prison a large number of the mutineers, leaving the rest of the regiment in its damp encampment outside the city.

The State management of the Universities does not meet with the approbation of those over whom it seeks to exercise control. So little were certain examinations of the Medical School of the Sorbonne to the taste of the students that they assailed the examiners with volleys of eggs, tomatoes, and similar missiles. This was kept up for several days, in spite of the fact that the police were brought upon the field of action to bring about peace. Information has not been published as to what it was in the examination that was so obnoxious, but it would seem as if the State's authority is no more relished by the physicians of the body, than it is by the clergy.

The fact that at the funeral of King Edward, at Windsor

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the German Emperor went out of his way to show special attention to M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister and Special Ambassador, gave rise to rumors of a *rapprochement* between Germany and France. It was even said that a secret treaty had been made between the two countries. This is recognized as an exaggeration; but it is equally well recognized that there exists at the present time between the two countries a desire to keep peace and to deal with all questions at issue in that spirit which makes for peace. There is in France a small number of eminent men who have long cherished the hope of a permanent reconciliation, and worked with that object in view. Every good cause has in its beginning been advocated by a minority only, and sometimes a very small minority. It is too soon to be sure that this minority will become a majority, but there is no reason to despair. It is worth mentioning in this connection that the late King Edward gave active support to the efforts of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant to bring about a better understanding between France and Germany, and was resolutely opposed to the policy of "hemming in," advocated by some Englishmen and bitterly resented by all Germans.

Morocco has persistently protested against being kept in order by main force against its will, and having to pay for it as well. After protracted delays, however, the Sultan, Mulai Hafid, was constrained to consent to the raising of a loan for the indemnification of French and other foreign interests. This consent he subsequently withdrew. Whereupon France seized upon the Customs in part satisfaction of those claims. There seems to be no other way of securing payment; for, even if the Sultan were loyal to his word, his power is in reality so limited that, although nominally absolute, he is unable to carry out his promises. The latest news is that his army has been defeated and that in all probability he will be dethroned by rebellious tribes.

By the election of Mgr. Duchesne to the Academy honor has been shown to a genuine scholar, who has proved that the most perfect integrity of mind in dealing honestly with historical evidence gives support to the teachings of the Church.

Germany.

The first attempt to pass a legislative measure of importance made by the new Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, has failed. The Prussian Franchise Bill as

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introduced into the Lower House, did not do much to remove the anomalies which have made the Prussian system of election a by-word. It was transformed in passing through the House by the combined efforts of the Conservatives and the Catholic Centre. It received further modifications, at the instance of the government in the Upper House—modifications meant to win the support of the Liberals and Radicals. On its return to the Lower House, the Liberals and Radicals could not agree, and thereupon the government withdrew the Bill. It is not yet known whether any further effort will be made to remedy a situation which has caused so much dissatisfaction. A large number of persons in Prussia possess property and have a long line of ancestors behind them who imagine that the safety of the country—as well as that of the Empire which depends, they think, upon Prussia—requires that all power should be left in their own hands. The people are not to be trusted, as they do not know what is good for themselves. It is to these that the maintenance of the present situation is due. It is not yet known how long the people will acquiesce. The recent demonstrations in support of franchise reform have shown that they are as well organized as is the army itself, and therefore great danger is involved in disappointing expectations recognized as just.

The Navy League, the great organization that supports the government in that expansion of the Navy which causes so much anxiety in other parts of the world, has been holding its tenth annual meeting. No very startling proposals were made, perhaps because the programme of the League has been accepted by the government to almost its complete extent. Disarmament, the President said in his speech, was a purely ideal question, and all talk of it was dying out; even the limitation of armaments was being more and more recognized as practically impossible. All possible agreements, arbitration treaties, and international conferences, could not confer absolute security. Although the growth in numbers of the League during the past year was not so great as to give satisfaction to the President, the 1,031,339 members form a body powerful enough to exert considerable influence upon any government. The German Emperor sent a message to the meeting to express his appreciation of the valuable support the League had given to his efforts to strengthen German sea power and

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of his intention to continue to regard with special interest and favor the well-directed efforts of the League.

Reference has already been made to the rumors of a *rapprochement* between France and Germany. The new Foreign Minister of Italy has been paying a visit to Berlin, in order to confer with Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg; and as a result it is announced that the relations between Italy and Germany have become more than ever friendly and settled upon a secure and peaceful basis. To Berlin the first official visit of the new King of the Belgians has been paid, that which his Majesty made to England to the funeral of King Edward having been of a ceremonial and personal character. The extension of the influence of Germany throughout the world, while not the object, was one result of Prince Eitel's trip to Jerusalem. He was received with great ceremony, not only by Protestants, whose hospital he went to open, but also by the Catholic clergy. And it is said that there is not a Bedouin tent throughout Arabia in which the power of Germany is not extolled.

The Emperor himself has been so unwell that he has had to devolve upon the Crown Prince the function of signing the documents which have received the Imperial approval. The illness was painful rather than serious. But subsequently another ailment has supervened, declared, indeed, not to be serious. Official declarations are, however, not always trustworthy.

Austria-Hungary.

The Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary has been paying a visit to the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. This he did in order to conciliate the goodwill of the various populations, who had for the most part rather sullenly acquiesced in the exercise of the authority of their over-lord, especially as it was done in the good old medieval way, without consulting the will of the subjects at all. It was, however, so it professed, for the purpose of bestowing upon them constitutional government that the annexation was made, and this promise, so far as the government is concerned, has, after some delay, been kept, although the Constitution still awaits the ratification of the Hungarian parliament.

The Emperor proved himself a most practical politician in

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the course of his visit, and succeeded in winning for himself in the end an enthusiastic reception. In Bosnia the religious order takes precedence of the civil, and it was by the representatives of religious communities that he was received in the first place, and only afterwards did the civil authorities pay their respects. The Emperor responded in the most impartial manner. In the first place he went with his Staff to the Catholic Cathedral, where he was received by the Archbishop and a brief service was held. Then he went to the Serb Orthodox Cathedral, where he was received by the Metropolitan and conducted through rows of maidens dressed in the national costume to the Throne. Thence he passed to the Mosque and listened to, if he did not take part in, the prayers which are said for the monarch every Friday. He then went to two synagogues, one of the Spanish Jews and the other of the German Jews, and in the end visited the Protestant church. The Burgomaster was the last to be called upon. In all his utterances the Emperor exhorted his new subjects to concord, moderation, and earnest work for the development of the country. He manifested his hope that the inhabitants of the provinces would find in material prosperity compensation for the political disappointment which so many have experienced through the annexation.

The ancestral subjects of the Emperor stand in need of some consolation, as they are finding it hard to bear the expenses involved in the recent acquisitions of territory. They are already over-taxed and are now confronted with heavy deficits both in Austria and in Hungary. The proposed increase of the Navy will entail a still further large expenditure. The government seems afraid to disclose the full truth. It is said that private firms are to be allowed to build some at least of the new Dreadnoughts, and that when progress has been made the nation is to be confronted with a *fait accompli* and held bound in honor not to let the ships go elsewhere.

The elections in Hungary have at last taken place and have resulted in a great surprise. For a long time nobody knew what was going to happen. The government was in a minority in the last parliament and upon its dissolution was treated with contempt and insult. In the new house it will have a majority of at least 157 votes, which may be raised to 165. This unlooked-for success is due to the formation of the National Party

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of Work through the efforts of the former Liberal Premier, Count Stephen Tisza—a party which seems to have given expression to the disgust felt by large numbers at the insincerity and impotence of the former coalition ministry and its disregard of the work for which it was called into existence.

The election has completely transformed the whole political aspect. Independence of Austria, the only bond being the personal one of a common sovereign, seemed to be the goal shortly to be attained. Dualism, as established in 1867, was thought to have received its death blow. But the Coalition Government so mismanaged things that, in the words of a leading political writer, it disturbed internal peace, brought to a standstill the economic and political development of the country, diminished the influence of Hungary within the Monarchy, cast a shadow upon the prestige of the Hungarian State in Europe, and shook faith in the political maturity and potentiality of the nation. The electors seem to have agreed with this writer's indictment, and have given to Count Khuen Hedervary and to his very powerful coadjutor an opportunity to conduct the affairs of the nation on quite other lines.

Spain.

A General Election has been held in Spain as well as in Hungary, and has resulted in a victory for the present liberal government. The political intelligence of the Spanish people is so little developed that there is no such thing as a defined political programme. If seven Spaniards, it is said, were to agree upon the desirability of obtaining an object, in six months' time they would have split into three parties, and one independent. The recent elections are in some degree an illustration of this, for in a house consisting of 404 members these members were divided into no fewer than ten parties. It would be tedious to give the names of these parties, although it is curious to note that two members were returned as forming the Catholic Party. The Liberal Ministerialists number 227, although, as is well known, they are divided among themselves into several factions; the Conservatives are 105 in number and the Republicans 42, being three more than in the last Parliament. Nine are supporters of Don Carlos' heir. Spain's first Socialist deputy has been returned for Madrid, and Señor Lerroux, with four followers,

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has been elected for Barcelona. In fact, both in Madrid and in Barcelona, Republicans and Socialists have triumphed. The majority of Señor Canalejas, although large, may not be effective, on account of the divisions referred to. An interesting point is that for the first time in recent history no attempt was made by the government to "make the elections"; at least, if the orders of the Premier were obeyed.

In the Senate the Ministerialists number 103, while the Conservatives have 42. The rest of the seats are held by various groups, four being held by Republicans.

The first use made by the government of its majority is to embark upon the anti-religious measures which have been so long threatened. A Royal decree was published on the 31st of May requiring all religious associations and organizations to submit to certain rules and regulations made in 1887, and taking steps to enforce coercive measures in default of compliance. Religious associations carrying on industries and those formed of foreigners, or numbering foreigners among their members, are also dealt with. On the 11th of June a second decree appeared authorizing religious bodies not belonging to the Church to display the insignia of public worship on their edifices, and giving them untrammeled liberty in the conduct of their services.

The Cretan Question.

The Cretan Question is, perhaps, the one most likely to bring about a collision in the immediate future, although there are good grounds for the hope that such a collision may be averted. It will require, however, no small skill in diplomacy to find a peaceful solution. The Cretans possess complete autonomy with the recognition of Turkey's suzerainty. Four Powers, Russia, France, Italy, and Great Britain, stand as guarantee for the rights both of Turkey and of Crete.

The Cretans, however, are not satisfied, and nothing less will satisfy them than union with Greece and the sending to the Parliament that meets at Athens deputies elected in Greece. When Bulgaria declared her independence it seems certain that the Powers promised that this desire should ultimately be realized, on the condition that they remained quiet, and put for a time their demands in abeyance. The wish of the Powers

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was, on account of their sympathy with the new order of things in Turkey, to do everything in their power to give strength to that new *régime*, hoping that Turkey would fall in with their wish to gratify Crete when a suitable time should come.

In this they have been disappointed, for if there is one thing more than another upon which Turkey's heart is set, it is that no further loss of territory in any shape or form shall be allowed. Upon this both government and people are determined. In fact, large numbers of Turks feel that a war would lend greater *prestige* to their cause than anything else could do. So the Powers—finding Turkey determined, and not being willing to permit a war between Greece and Turkey, a war which might result in the conquest of Greece if Turkey were permitted to carry it on unopposed by any of the great Powers—have had to bring pressure to bear upon Crete. To this pressure the Cretans have been unwilling to submit. In fact, the members of the Assembly which has been held in Crete took the oath of allegiance to the King of the Hellenes, thus setting at nought the suzerainty or sovereignty of the Sultan; and, what was worse, would not permit the Mussulman members to take their seats in the Assembly unless they took the same oath of allegiance to the King. This is the problem to be solved by the Protecting Powers, to avoid war, and to satisfy the conflicting claims of Turkey, the Greeks, and the Cretans. They have exercised or claim to exercise the dispensing power, declaring the oath of allegiance to King George null and void, and have declared the determination to take serious measures and to put Crete in a less advantageous position than that which at present she enjoys; to restore, that is, the Commissionship *regime*, thus forcing the Cretans to take a step backwards rather than forwards. The Powers have the cause of peace more at heart than the patriotic and nationalistic aspirations of the smaller races, and what is called the love of liberty. The Cretans may protest that their cause is sacred, that they find it impossible to live apart from Greece and its institutions, that the attraction to union with the mother country is so great that no other government is possible; but these protests fall upon deaf ears in view of the necessity of preserving peace.

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With Our Readers

THE need to-day of Catholic men and women who will courageously and intelligently, in public and in private, stand for the principles of the Catholic faith must be evident at once to any one who walks with his eyes open.

In private life there was never greater opportunity than now for the Catholic layman who can, without giving the slightest offence, show the worth of spirituality to a world that is rapidly growing more materialistic; the worth of principle to a people that rushes after pleasure; the value of Christian dogma to souls that know no certain starting point, no place of rest; the strength of the man who knows whence he came, whither he aspires to go, whose universe has its sure terms of beginning and of end, who reads that universe in the reasonable harmony of the revelation of God through Christ—to show all this to his acquaintances who may not understand, but who will certainly admire and inevitably be attracted. To live happily with others does not mean that we must never speak of those things which ought to be most important and most sacred to all. We need not argue; we need not intrude where evidently we are not wanted; we need not seek to oppose. But there is a kinder and more effective way apparent when the opportunity comes to the Catholic layman whose faith is his very life. And the opportunity will inevitably present itself to every one. We are living under sorely artificial conventionalities. We speak of everything except that one thing which is everything. Let us not be deceived by the generally accepted agreement to relegate religion to the distant background and never to allow it to be exposed in any public way.

Such a policy, if carried out logically, means the death of religion and is absolutely at variance with the genius of Christianity. Nor can the compromise which it begets change human nature. The soul of man was made for God and for Christ. And one may be certain that, however blatantly, the self-satisfied commentator on modern institutions may protest to the contrary, there are many within his immediate circle of acquaintances who will be interested and perhaps honored, and, best of all, perhaps comforted and guided aright, if at the acceptable time he speaks to them courageously, intelligently, zealously, of those things which make life so worthy and eternity

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so real. He will find to his joy that he is doing the work of the Master, and that the hearts of his hearers also may burn within them.

* * *

EVEN if we be but stammerers and are tongue-tied, all of us have at least within our reach that powerful attraction of duty performed, of principle faithfully adhered to, which must make its impress even upon the most callous. The very secrets of our hearts are a measure of our love for our fellows and our zeal for Christ. We do not and we cannot live alone. Matters which we believe are known only to God and ourselves, that we persuade ourselves affect only ourselves, actions that apparently begin and end with ourselves, really reach out and, in their measure, affect all humanity. Every thought, every aspiration, every design, every act of ours, is like a pebble dropped in the great ocean, which inevitably but surely affects the farthest shores. If we but bring the consciousness of our Catholic faith, our Christian responsibility, into the whole of our life, and really make ourselves new men in the sight of God, if we but do even this, we are surely and eloquently preaching the Gospel of Christ and extending Christ's kingdom among men. If we live for another world, if we are constantly looking out for the things that are to come, the very fixity of our vision will teach other men that there are things beyond worth living for.

* * *

ONE of the dangers of democracy is that every man will think he ought to do as the crowd does. The crowd, believing that every man is equal, that no one should act differently from any one else, will freely criticise, and criticise adversely, any pronounced individual action. Democracy may be more tyrannical than absolutism, and it often places upon the individual the burden of defying the crowd, whereas the crowd ought to encourage and help the individual to attain the highest fulfillment of his personal ability. And yet what the crowd opposes, it often respects most. To-day, when we are thrown so closely together—when institutions, once so sacred that criticism never dared touch them, are being ruthlessly handled by the tyro in history and comparative religion; when the temples of belief are being razed to the ground; when by many it is thought a mark of real intelligence to smile away dogma and to assert that the basis of duty must be re-examined and the ten commandments be re-written—the individual action of the Catholic, faithful, earnest, intelligent, stands forth in tragic contrast against this background of ruin, of desolation, and of waste. To the souls of his fellows, souls made for God and for truth, such a picture of constancy, of peace, of conviction, must come home with telling effect; its appeal must and will be heard.

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ARE we living and working in this spirit? How far does the contrary spirit of the world eat into our souls, and, through compromise, through cowardly self-consciousness, weaken the vitality and the watchfulness of our Catholic dignity and our Catholic responsibility? The ringing call is sounding to us from the heart of the living Christ. Personal indifference, personal laziness, which have led us to neglect the powers of our intellect and our will, have deafened the ears of our soul. Christ does not send His angel to us. We have the teachers and the prophets. To hear the call, to know our opportunity, we must by prayer, by reading, improve our powers; exercise our ability; know what the world is doing, even in secular, political fields; know the burden and the suffering of our Church; know her problems, the way to combat her enemies; and stand in our own personal dignity most steadfastly and most potently for her honor.

• • •

IN conferring the degree of Doctor of Literature on T. A. Daly, the genial author of *Canzoni*, Fordham University has appropriately honored a Catholic writer who has thousands of admirers throughout the English-speaking world. THE CATHOLIC WORLD has the right to offer very special congratulations to this now recognized poet, for his first published work was printed in our pages. The easy grace and the perfect melody that have come to be considered characteristic of his lyrics are qualities not to be counterfeited by any art; the breath of spontaneity is present in every stanza he has given us. What in some sense is still more laudable, as it is more rare, is the ever-abiding kindliness of his tone. In all his singing we find never a trace of sourness, never a sting of cynicism. To be so true a wit and to have retained his innocence untarnished in this respect is, on the whole, our best reason for being proud and fond of T. A. Daly. *Prosit!*

• • •

THE death of Sir William Butler on June 7 marked the passing of an able and distinguished Catholic layman, a military commander of exceptional ability, and a writer of unquestionable talent. William Francis Butler was born at Suirville, County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1838. He began his career as a soldier in the Crimean war; showed himself from the first an earnest student, a courageous fighter, a man of sincere honesty and of strong personal convictions. During his long career he saw service in Canada, in West and South Africa, in Egypt, and in the Sudan.

This is not the place to treat of his military or his political career. Right or wrong, he was sincere in all his convictions; he was also able to defend them intelligently; and he never lacked the

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courage to stand for them against all odds. Nature might stand up and say of him to all the world: "This was a man." And being a Catholic he was a fearless Catholic. As a youth in private life, as a man of public prominence in later life, Catholic principle was, with him, the inspiration of his conduct, his service, his patriotism. It was the pleasure of the present writer to know Sir William Butler personally, and his cordial, genial manner; his thoughtful sympathy with men because he really "cared"; his frankness, his idealism; would make any heart captive and any man proud to call him friend.

We wish particularly to pay tribute to his ability as a writer and to say that his books are too little known among our people. All of them—even the story for boys—are inspired by that Catholic faith which animated everything he did and lent the glory of another world to his whole life. The London *Tablet* recalls the tribute paid by Ruskin, "that he [Sir William Butler] could have written all my books." *The Great Lone Land* and *The Wild North Land* are captivating works that "need no gloss of fiction." His enthusiastic appreciation of Charles George Gordon is soul-inspiring. His latest work, *The Light of the West*, which gives much of his philosophy of life, appeared in 1908. His personal memoirs are about to be published, and it is also reported that he left in manuscript a life of Napoleon.

Under the title that he used for his latest book, he once contributed a paper to an English magazine in which he speaks of St. Patrick. The passage that we quote shows something of the ideals that animated the author himself, and illustrate also the poetry and the power of his style. Sir William Butler has been describing the beginnings of St. Patrick's mission, when outwardly everything spoke of disappointment and of failure, but:

> Beyond the bleak ridge and circle of firelight, perchance those deep sunk eyes are beholding glimpses of future glory to the Light he has come to spread; and it may be that his ear, catching in the echoes of the night-wind the accent of ages yet to be, is hearing wondrous melodies of sound rolling through the starlight. Look well upon that fire, great messenger of God to the Gael! The flame thou feedest with the furze and the oak-faggot is a light never more to die from this island. Kings of twenty lines shall rule the ridge of Tara. Wars and devastations, inroads and invasions, shall sweep the land, and its hillsides shall see fire and famine, and its valleys shall hear wail and lamentation ringing through myriad ages yet unborn, but never through the vast catalogue of thy children's sorrow shall this light of thine be quenched. Nay, the travail of coming generations shall be but fresh fuel to spread over God's earth this holy flame—beyond the shores, beyond the oceans, into continents yet unborn, the sacred light will touch the hilltops of Time until it merges at last into the endless radiance of eternity.

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THE March issue of *The Bibelot*, published by Thomas B. Mosher, contains the last of three memorials written by Katharine Tynan to certain of her dear friends who have passed from this earth. The tender, abiding love of a daughter for her father, Andrew Cullen Tynan, here finds expression in exquisite prose and verse. It bears the only possible appropriate title: "The Dearest of All."

* * *

THE International Catholic Truth Society earnestly requests that all who have Catholic magazines and papers which they wish to dispose of would communicate with the office of the Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, New York. The Society will, in turn, send the names of an individual or family who are in sore need of Catholic literature and who will be much benefited by the missionary work of all those interested in the spread of Catholic truth.

* * *

IN answer to inquiries, we wish to state that the novels of Mrs. de la Pasture, of whose work Agnes C. Brady wrote in the June CATHOLIC WORLD, are published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

* * *

THE *American Catholic Who's Who*, edited by Georgina Pell Curtis, will be issued some time in the autumn from the publishing house of B. Herder, of St. Louis.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
Theories of Knowledge. By Leslie J. Walker, S.J. Price $2.75. *The Right Honorable Cecil John Rhodes.* By Sir Thomas E. Fuller. Price $1.60 net. *French Secondary Schools.* By Frederic E. Farrington, Ph.D. Price $2.50. *Education and Citizenship in India.* By Leonard Alston. Price $1.25 net. *Service Abroad.* By Rt. Rev. H. H. Montgomery, D.D. *Twentieth Century Socialism.* By Edmond Kelly. Price $1.75 net. *Life of Reginald Pole.* By Martin Haile.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
History of the American College, Rome. By Rt. Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D. Price $2. *The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments.* Price 60 cents.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:
The Dethronement of the City Boss. By John J. Hamilton. Price $1.20 net. *Types from City Streets.* By Hutchins Hapgood. Price $1.50 net.

THE ARDEN PRESS, New York:
Problems of Your Generation. By D. Dewey. Price $1.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff. Price $3.25 net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
Karl Marx, His Life and Work. By John Spargo. Price $2.50 net.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, New York:
A History of the United States. By S. E. Forman. Price $1 net.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, New York:
Simon the Jester. By William J. Locke. Price $1.50.

UNITED CHARITIES, New York:
Seventeenth Annual Report of the State Charities Aid Association to the Commission in Lunacy for 1909. Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of the State Charities Aid Association for 1909.

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:
Diary of a Visit to the United States of America. By Charles Lord Russell.

THOMAS J. FLYNN & CO., Boston:
Catalogue of Catholic Literature. Price 15 cents.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
Whirlpools. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Price $1.50.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Sermons for the Christian Year. By Dom Wilfrid Wallace, O.S.B. Vols. I., II., and III. Price, 3 vols, $4 net. *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.* By Rev. H. K. Mann. Vol. V. Price $3 net. *A Winnowing.* By Robert Hugh Benson. Retail price $1.50. *The Diary of an Exiled Nun.* Price $1 net.

ARTHUR H. CLARKE COMPANY, Cleveland:
A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. By John R. Commons and E. A. Gilmore. Vols. IV., V., and VI.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA COMPANY, Oberlin, Ohio:
Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism. By Harold M. Wiener.

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Atlanta:
Efforts for Social Betterment Among Negro Americans. Price 75 cents.

BURNS & OATES, London:
Père Jean; and Other Stories. By Aileen Hingston. Price 70 cents net.

EDWARD ARNOLD, London:
Madame Elisabeth de France. By Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. Price 12s. 6d. net.

BROWN & NOLAN, Dublin:
The Priests of Mary. By Rev. T. McGeoy, P.P.

BLOUD ET CIE., Paris, France:
Joseph de Maistre. Par J. Barbey d'Aurevilly. *La Foi.* Par P. Charles. *L'Evangile la Sociologie.* Par "Grasset." Price 0 *fr.* 60. *Vie de Sainte Radegonde.* Par Sain. Fortonat. Price 0 *fr.* 60. *Comment il Faut Prier.* Par Alice Martin. Price 1 *fr.* 20. *Le Schisme de Photius.* Par J. Ruinaut. Price 0 *fr.* 60. *La Vie de Saint Benoit d'Aniane.* Par Saint Ardon. Price 0 *fr.* 60. *Ausone.* Par de Labriolle. *La Nation de Catholicite.* Par A. de Poulpiquet. Price 0 *fr.* 60. *Les Idées Morales de Madame de Staël.* Par Maurice Sourian. *L'État Moderne et la Neutralité Scolaire.* Par George Fonsegrive. Price 0 *fr.* 60. *Que Devient l'Âme aprés la Mort?* Par Wilhelm Schneider. Price 0 *fr.* 60.

F. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Les Merveilles de Lourdes. Par J. Bricout. Price 0.60.

P. TÉQUI, Paris:
Le Discernement des Esprits. Par P. J. B. Scaramelli.

M. BRETSELNEIDER, Rome:
La Difesa del Cristianesimo. Par Nicola Franco.

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THE

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DIVORCE IN THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.

IN theory the question of marriage in the Russian Orthodox Church seems to rest upon a reasonably solid foundation, but in practice it is quite different. In the Orthodox Greek Church matrimony, as in the Catholic Church, is a sacrament, and is indissoluble—at least that is the underlying sacramental theory. The Russian catechism gives the following definition: "Marriage is a sacrament in which, upon the bride and groom giving before the priest and the Church their vows of marital fidelity, their espousals are hallowed, being the figure of the union of Christ with the Church, and they receive the grace of a pure union for the begetting and Christian rearing of children." And it is an admitted axiom of Christianity, that the union of Christ and the Church is indissoluble.

The theologians of the Eastern Church have always had the weakness of leaning too strongly upon the civil arm. The early emperors of Constantinople had the Roman law before them as a civil rule of conduct for themselves and their subjects. In the earlier ages, when Christianity was recognized by the State, the lax notions of paganism were not to be lightly uprooted. Besides, a very large proportion of the citizens were pagans of one kind or another. Hence, it was not likely that the civil law would easily recognize, and still less likely enforce, the higher morality of Christian teaching as to marriage and divorce. For the Roman civil law, even under Justinian, allowed divorce for six different causes. The Greek

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theologians, who were most suppliant at the court of Constantinople, used their reasoning powers to bring the Christian teaching into some sort of relation with civil law, in order, perhaps, to please the powers that were. They relied much upon the exception of adultery mentioned by St. Matthew (xix. 9), and took a curious reasoning to show why it applied. While that might justify a man in separating from his wife—literally divorcing her—they admitted that there was no explicit permission for him to marry again. But they curiously reasoned as follows: "Death dissolves the marriage bond, putting an end to it, and a man has then a right to remarry. If, therefore, something causes the death of the marriage relation, and adultery is its moral death, not only has the husband the right to put his wife away, as our Lord has said, but it follows that, as there is this moral death, he may then marry again." Then they stretched the point even a little further. Not content to reckon adultery as moral death, they reckoned other things as death, or as having the effect of death. If the other party was condemned to life servitude, or had gone away and was unheard of for a long time, so that one might conclude he was dead, these things were like unto death, and so destroyed the marriage relation. And thus the Greek theologians of the later and the lighter sort, managed after a fashion to reconcile the ecclesiastical and the civil law. Not all of them did so, and some of the great saints of the Eastern Church stand out firmly and clearly for the doctrine of marriage as defined in the Catholic Church. Other saintly writers merely admit that the words of our Lord in the Scripture—for they are writing commentaries, not deciding cases—are capable of different constructions according to the point of view, and it is their *obiter dicta*, as it were, which form the groundwork for the class of Greek theologians already mentioned. Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, was one who gave the widest interpretation in the Greek Church to the causes allowing a dissolution of marriage, together with permission to marry again.

All these laws of the Greek Church, and the commentaries on them, were taken over by the Russians after they were converted to the Christianity of the Greek rite, and became identified with the Greek schism; and sometimes, in the translation from the Greek to the Slavonic, just a slight touch of even greater liberality was given. Yet even these exceptions to the rule of indissolubility of marriage, no matter how

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laboriously argued and set forth, did not quite meet the views of the Russian rulers. Professor N. S. Suvoroff and Dr. A. Zavialoff (author of the article "Marriage," in the Russian Church Encyclopedia) say:

> Among us in Russia, matrimonial legislation and practice was more or less severely observed until the time of Peter the Great; and from his time until the codification of the laws in 1832, and the Regulations of the Ecclesiastical Consistories in 1841, there was a long-drawn-out attempt at a reconciliation of the severity of the teaching of the Church, with the laws of Byzantium and the customs of the people, but now it appears to be completely ended.

It was ended by civil legislation directed by the Czar, and then enforced upon the Ecclesiastical Consistories of each diocese, at the various dates above mentioned.

Before coming to the actual practice in divorce matters, specified in the Russian Code in 1832, it is well to look at what was done in the matter of marriage and divorce during the "long-drawn-out attempt at reconciliation," etc. During the reign of Alexander I. (1801-1825) his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Viceroy of Poland, desired to marry another during the lifetime of his first wife. The Czar was willing that he should do so. But what was to be done? The Russian Greek Church at that time would not permit divorce except in a case of proved adultery, or something laid down within the lines of the commentators, but no one dared to bring any such accusation against the Grand Duchess Anna Feodorovna. If such a violation of the canons were to be attempted by the authority of the Czar, would it not have been the duty of the Holy Synod to protest? They dared not protest or forbid, as St. Theodore the Studite had done in 809. when the Emperor Constantine VI. (Porphyrogenitus) cast off his wife, Maria, to marry Theodota, or as Pope Clement VIII. had done at the divorce of Henry VIII. To protest courageously was their duty, for it touched their honor as bishops, and the honor of the Church in Russia. But in matters ecclesiastical, as in civil matters, the will of the Autocrat was all powerful, and the Holy Synod could no more resist than any other department of State.

On the 20th of March, 1820, after reciting the express approval of the Holy Synod, the Czar solemnly informed his

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subjects, the people of Russia, that the marriage of his brother had been dissolved, and that he was authorized to take another wife. Here is a literal translation of the *Prikas:*

> Our well-beloved brother, Czarevitch and Grand Duke Constantine Paulovitch, has addressed a petition to our mother, the well-beloved Empress Maria Feodorovna, and to us, to call our attention to the domestic situation which has been created for him by the prolonged absence of his wife, the Grand Duchess Anna Feodorovna, who left this country in 1810, because her health was entirely shattered, and who since that time not only has not returned to him, but who will never return, according to her personal declaration. Consequently, the Grand Duke has demanded that his marriage with her should be dissolved. We have submitted this matter to the Holy Synod, which, after having compared the circumstances with the ecclesiastical prescriptions based upon the precise text of the thirty-fifth canon of Saint Basil the Great, has declared as follows: "The marriage of the Grand-Duke and Czarevitch Constantine Paulovitch with the Grand Duchess Anna Feodorovna is dissolved, and he may contract a new marriage if he wishes." Considering all these circumstances, and relying upon the exact text of the ecclesiastical prescriptions, we consent publicly that the declaration of the Holy Synod shall be carried into effect.

And the effect itself soon followed. The Grand Duke shortly afterwards married the Countess Joanna Grudzinska, who for that marriage was created Princess Lowicz. He, however, resigned his rights to the throne, and his younger brother, Nicholas, became Czarevitch and afterwards Emperor.

The grounds for this divorce were strange, to say the least. If one turns to the "precise text" of the canon of Saint Basil, upon which the Holy Synod relied for its decision, it will be found that the canon in no way refers to the case under discussion, as the Holy Synod said it did. The canon reads as follows:

> If it is the husband who has been left by his wife, the cause of the abandonment must be examined, and if it appears that the wife has left him without reasonable cause, the husband is to be favored and the wife punished; but favor towards the husband shall consist in his not being separated from the communion of the Church.

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Besides, this canon did not treat of the question of adultery, nor of abandonment of the husband by the wife, but treated of the penances, more or less severe, which should be inflicted upon married couples who separated and thereby gave scandal to the faithful. Yet, upon this slight basis, the Holy Synod permitted the Grand Duke to marry again.

But even this lax interpretation of the law of marriage and divorce was not sufficient for the Russian government. In 1832 there was a complete revision and codification of the Russian Laws, including those of marriage (*Svod Zakonov.* Vol. X. Part I.), and following this, in 1841, there was issued by the Government and the Holy Synod a complete form of procedure, called *Regulations for Ecclesiastical Consistories.* (*Ustav Dukhovnikh Konsistorii*), which, together with the amendments and supplementary legislation (always in favor of laxity of divorce, although sometimes requiring stricter proof), are now the law of the Russian Church upon the subject of divorce. Each diocese in Russia has its consistory or diocesan council and court, of which the Bishop is president, and above them all is the Holy Governing Synod at St. Petersburg, which ultimately decides all marriage and divorce questions (*Reglament.* Part II. Sec. 5).

According to this existing law imposed upon the Church by the State, and thereby being the only canon law now valid in Russia, the dissolution of marriage and subsequent remarriage, is regulated. Marriage is ended by the death of one of the parties, and afterwards the survivor may enter into a new marriage, if there be no impediments (*Reg. Ecc. Con.*, page 222). But marriage may be also dissolved in two other ways: (1) by *petition* of one of the parties; or (2) by a *suit* brought by one party against the other (p. 223).

One of the parties may file a petition with the Ecclesiastical Consistory of the diocese, requesting an absolute dissolution of the marriage where (a) the other party has been sentenced to a punishment (usually exile to Siberia) which is accompanied by the loss of his civil rights, which, of course, embraces his family rights; or (b) when he has been absent without having been heard from, or, what is practically in our language, desertion.

Loss of family rights is, from their view of the canon law of marriage, apparently equivalent to death, and dissolves the marriage. There is this difference, however, between such loss

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and death: the marriage is not considered to be dissolved before the other party expresses a desire for its dissolution. Until such time, the marriage to the person under sentence, including the loss of civil rights, holds good. The complete procedure as to this, is found on pages 225 to 229 of the *Regulations*.

Absence of one of the parties without news of him by the other, is reckoned in the same category of death, by canonical fiction. According to the *Regulations*, a period of five years of such absence must appear and be proved by the established procedure. The usual method of supplying such evidence is by an advertisement in a church paper, of which more will be said later. The same rule as to the continuance of the marriage prevails in this case. Until the abandoned party expresses the desire for a divorce and the ecclesiastical court decrees the dissolution of the marriage, it is regarded as in full force and effect.

In regard to the matter of divorce by petition for desertion, the procedure was fully revised by the Imperial Orders of January 14, 1895. Proceedings as to divorces of persons belonging to mixed classes, or exclusively to the peasant class, are finally decided by the diocesan authorities. Other cases may be appealed to the Holy Synod, and in the case of nobility or royalty, the divorce proceedings are brought in the Holy Synod in the first instance.

Suits brought for divorces are divided into two classes: *divortia sine damno* and *divortia cum damno;* that is divorce without criminality, and divorce arising from transgression. To the first belong matters of incapacity, and to the latter the violations of the marriage vows (*Reg. Ecc. Con.*, p. 238). The suit is begun by the filing of a bill of complaint with the diocesan authorities (or Holy Synod, as the case may be) by the party seeking divorce, paying the stamp-tax thereon, and depositing the necessary costs, advertising expenses, etc. (p. 240). The diocesan authorities, upon the receipt of such complaint, refer the matter to a reliable ecclesiastic, directing him to admonish the parties to end their differences by setting a Christian example and to continue united in marriage. This is usually perfunctory. When these admonitions have no result, the diocesan authorities then proceed to the formal examination of the matter (p. 240). For these divorce cases the personal attendance of the parties in court is prescribed, since

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the court (or consistory) stands as the preserver and defender of the marriage tie, and, on the personal appearance of the parties before it, takes every means towards the discontinuance of the suit. At least that is the theoretical view. Attorneys are allowed to represent the parties in cases where it is shown to be impossible for the parties to appear in person (p. 241). Any and all sorts of excuses prevail in this respect, so that, by a series of legal fictions, the parties to-day are almost universally represented by attorneys.

In a suit for dissolution because of incapacity, a decree will not be granted where the suit is brought more than three years after consummation of the marriage, and upon proof adduced according to the specified procedure (pages 242–243). In a suit, however, for adultery, proofs are taken through the evidence of witnesses and by circumstantial evidence, to the satisfaction of the consistory, establishing the offense (p. 249). The party found guilty in the divorce proceeding is not allowed to remarry (p. 253), but the other party may at once contract a new marriage. Later developments have made it permissible for even the guilty party, after several years, to make application, perform the prescribed penance, and then receive permission to marry. Special regulations have been formulated for the dissolution of marriages between persons belonging to the Orthodox Church and those belonging to other denominations (p. 257).

It must be remembered that in Russia the civil courts have no jurisdiction over matters of marriage and divorce, and, in the case of the Orthodox, all matters relating thereto, or connected therewith, are wholly reserved to the ecclesiastical authorities, who in that respect exercise both temporal and ecclesiastical power. There may be some exceptions in relation to Catholics, Jews, Protestants, and Mohammedans, but the cases of the Orthodox lie wholly within the province of the Church authorities, so that any abuses or corrupt practices must be attributed to the State Church and to its ecclesiastical law and procedure.

Of course this granting of divorce in the Russian Orthodox Church, together with its wide departure from the early canons and teachings of the Church, has produced many laxities and abuses, so that a state of things has been produced which is not even tolerated here in some of our very liberal divorce States, and at least it fairly equals any of them. The govern-

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ment wants the stamp-duties, which are required upon the various papers, the necessary advertisements are not objected to by the church papers, the various consistories reckon upon the costs and fees which come to them, as a part of their revenue, their officials frequently engage in divorce litigation as experts familiar with the entire routine of the court, and, lastly, the lawyers look upon it as a safe and profitable source of professional income, something like conveyance and searching of titles with us.

As might be expected, the majority of divorces in Russia are obtained for desertion, or, as it is euphemistically put, "continued absence without news" of the other party. These divorces involve much less proof and need not be of a disgraceful nature, and are usually obtained through petition to the Ecclesiastical Consistory. Often a divorce is obtained by the wife in one part of Russia, and a divorce by the husband in another part of the empire, for this same cause. Usually the only notice given is by advertisements, which are published as a rule in the Church papers (of limited circulation) and not in the newspapers. Even in the United States the Russian Orthodox Church grants divorces for this same cause. It is quite a usual thing to see a list of divorce advertisements in the leading church papers in Russia, particularly the diocesan organs having charge of such matters.

On the adjoining page a fac-simile of the advertisements appearing in the *Tserkovny Viedomosti* (Church Gazette), organ of the Holy Synod, is given. We translate in full one of these advertisements:

> The Kieff Ecclesiastical Consistory, by these presents, announces that on March 19, 1905, a petition of the peasant Feodor Evthimov Oleinik, residing in the village of Ezerna, Vasilkovski County, Government of Kieff, was filed for dissolution of his marriage with his wife, Theodosia Grigorieva Oleinik, a native of Kereshunova, which was celebrated by the pastor of the Church of the Nativity of the Mother of God, Ezerna, Vasilkovski County, May 29, 1889. According to the statement of the petitioner, Feodor Evthimov Oleinik, the absence of his wife without news of her began in the City of Odessa in the year 1899. Upon the strength of this statement all places and persons capable of submitting testimony *concerning the continued absence without news of Theodosia Grigorieva Oleinik* are bound to furnish the same immediately to the Kieff Ecclesiastical Consistory.

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Отъ Донской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную 19 іюля 1905 года вступило прошеніе казака Митякинской станицы, Донской области, Константина Ѳедорова Дерезуцкаго, жительствующаго въ хуторѣ 1-мъ Нижне-Митякинскомъ, Митякинской станицы, о расторженіи брака его съ женой дочерью казака Варвѣевой Ильиной *Дерезуцкой*, уроженной Филипповой, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ Тепинской церкви хутора Чеботовскаго, Донской епархіи, 18 февраля 1877 года. По заявленію просителя Константина Ѳедорова *Дерезуцкаго*, безвѣстное отсутствіе его супруги Параскевы Ильиной *Дерезуцкой* продолжается болѣе 5 лѣтъ. Сему его объявленію всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія *о предбывшей безвѣстно отсутствующей Параскевѣ Ильиной Дерезуцкой*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Донскую духовную консисторію.

Отъ Кіевской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную 19 марта 1905 года вступило прошеніе крестьянина Ѳедора Евпишова Олейника, жительствующаго въ селѣ Еворой, Васильковскаго уѣзда, Кіевской губерніи, о расторженіи брака его съ женой Феодосіей Григорьевой Олейникъ, уроженной Керешуновой, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ Рождество-Богородичной церкви села Еворой, Васильковскаго уѣзда, 29 мая 1869 года. По заявленію просителя Ѳедора Евпишова Олейника, безвѣстное отсутствіе ея супруга Ѳедора Евпишова Олейника началось изъ гор. Одессы, въ 1890 году. Сему сего объявленія всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія *о предбывшей безвѣстно отсутствующей Феодосіи Григорьевой Олейникъ*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Кіевскую духовную консисторію.

Отъ Саратовской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную 6 сентября 1905 года вступило прошеніе Аткарскаго мѣщанина Александра Прокопьева Сосѣдова, жительствующаго въ гор. Аткарскѣ, о расторженіи брака его съ женой Любовію Фоминой Сосѣдовой, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ Аткарской Михайло-Архангельской соборной церкви, 27 мая 1887 года. По заявленію просителя Александра Прокопьева Сосѣдова, безвѣстное отсутствіе его супруги Любови Фоминой Сосѣдовой началось изъ гор. Аткарска, въ 1900 году. Сему сего объявленія всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія *о предбывшей, безвѣстно отсутствующей Любови Фоминой Сосѣдовой*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Саратовскую духовную консисторію.

Отъ Тамбовской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную 28 іюня 1905 года вступило прошеніе крестьянина Степана Дорофеевтова Попова, жительствующаго въ селѣ Ярославкѣ, Козловскаго уѣзда, о расторженіи брака его съ женой Феклой Макаровой Поповой, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ церкви села Ярославки, Козловскаго уѣзда, 2 ноября 1872 года. По заявленію просителя Степана Дорофеевтова Попова, безвѣстное отсутствіе его супруги Феклы Макаровой Поповой началось изъ гор. Оренбурга, 9 лѣтъ тому назадъ. Сему сего объявленія всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія о *предбывшей безвѣстно отсутствующей Феклѣ Макаровой Поповой*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Тамбовскую духовную консисторію.

Отъ Тверской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную 12 мая 1905 года вступило прошеніе жены личнаго почетнаго гражданина Анны Петровой Полозовой, жительствующей въ гор. Кашинѣ, по Песочной улицѣ, въ собственномъ домѣ, о расторженіи брака ея съ мужемъ Константиномъ Евпишевымъ Полозовымъ, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ церкви села Покровскаго, при рѣкѣ Кашинкѣ, Кашинскаго уѣзда, 16 сентября 1894 года. По заявленію просительницы Анны Петровой Полозовой, безвѣстное отсутствіе ея супруга Константина Евпишева Полозова началось изъ гор. Краснаго Холма, съ 1898 года. Сему сего объявленія всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія *о предбывшемъ безвѣстно отсутствующемъ Константинѣ Евпишевѣ Полозовѣ*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Тверскую духовную консисторію.

Отъ Томской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную вступило прошеніе крестьянки Томской губерніи, Маріинскаго уѣзда, Почитанской волости, села Барнаульскаго, Анисіи Никифоровой Шиховой, уроженной Клюевой, жительствующей на станціи «Дуйцильманъ», Восточно-Китайской жел. дор., о расторженіи брака ея съ мужемъ Николаемъ Иларіоновымъ Шиховымъ, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ села Барнаульскаго, Маріинскаго уѣзда, Томской губерніи, 23 января 1894 года. По заявленію просительницы Анисіи Никифоровой Шиховой, безвѣстное отсутствіе *ея* супруга Николая Иларіонова Шихова началось изъ Маріинскаго уѣзда, Томской губерніи, въ мѣ мѣсяцѣ 1898 года. Сему сего объявленія всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія *о предбывшемъ безвѣстно отсутствующемъ Николаѣ Иларіоновѣ Шихова*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Томскую духовную консисторію.

Отъ Харьковской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную 16 сентября 1905 года вступило прошеніе крестьянина Ѳедора Гордѣева Башкатова, жительствующаго въ слободѣ Петровской, Изюмскаго уѣзда, о расторженіи брака его съ женой Ириной Яковлевой Башкатовой, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ Преображенской церкви слободы Петровской, Изюмскаго уѣзда, 6 октября 1885 года. По заявленію просителя Ѳедора Гордѣева Башкатова, безвѣстное отсутствіе его супруги Ирины Яковлевой Башкатовой началось изъ слободы Петровской, въ началѣ 1893 года. Сему сего объявленія всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія *о предбывшей безвѣстно отсутствующей Ириѣ Яковлевой Башкатовой*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Харьковскую духовную консисторію.

Отъ Харьковской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную 23 августа 1905 года вступило прошеніе жены крестьянина Маіры Корнильевой Ѳедорченковой, жительствующей въ слободѣ Святовой-Лучкѣ, Купянскаго уѣзда, о расторженіи брака ея съ мужемъ Петромъ Яковлевымъ Ѳедорченко, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ Сошественской церкви слободы Святовой-Лучки, Купянскаго уѣзда, 28 октября 1892 года. По заявленію просительницы Маіры Корнильевой Ѳедорченко, безвѣстное отсутствіе ея супруга Петра Яковлева Ѳедорченко началось изъ гор. Николаева, Уссурійскаго края, въ 1893 году. Сему сего объявленія, всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія *о предбывшемъ, безвѣстно отсутствующемъ крестьянинѣ Петрѣ Яковлевѣ Ѳедорченко*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Харьковскую духовную консисторію.

Отъ Харьковской духовной консисторіи симъ объявляется, что въ оную 16 августа 1905 года вступило прошеніе мѣщанки Параскевы Аристарховой Бородавкиной, жительствующей на станціи «Славянскъ» Курско-Харьково-Севастопольской ж. д., о расторженіи брака ея съ мужемъ Димитріемъ Михайловымъ Бородавкинымъ, вѣнчаннаго причтомъ Архангело-Михайловской церкви села Дружковки, Екатеринославской епархіи, 17 февраля 1894 года. По заявленію просительницы Параскевы Аристарховой Бородавкиной, безвѣстное отсутствіе ея супруга Димитрія Михайлова Бородавкина началось изъ города Славянска, Изюмскаго уѣзда, съ сентября мѣсяца 1901 года. Сему сего объявленія всѣ мѣста и лица, могущія имѣть свѣдѣнія *о предбывшемъ безвѣстно отсутствующемъ Димитріи Михайловѣ Бородавкинѣ*, обязываются немедленно доставить оныя въ Харьковскую духовную консисторію.

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A summary of the other advertisements will be sufficient to show that all of them follow the same formula:

> Ecclesiastical Consistory of the Don, concerning the Cossack, Constantine Feodor Derezutzki, who filed a petition on July 19, 1905, and who says he was married in 1887, and his wife, Parasceve, has left him more than five years;—Kieff Ecclesiastical Consistory, concerning Feodor Evthimov Oleinik (which is above translated in full);—Saratoff Ecclesiastical Consistory, concerning Alexander Prokopovich Sosiedov, of mixed class, who filed a petition on September 6, 1905, and who says he was married in 1887, and his wife left him in 1900;—Tamboff Ecclesiastical Consistory, concerning the peasant Stephen Dorimendontor Popoff, who filed his petition June 28, 1905, and says he was married in 1872, and his wife left him nine years ago;—Tver Ecclesiastical Consistory, concerning the city freeholder, Anna Petrova Polozovei, who filed her petition May 22, 1905, and says she was married in 1894, and her husband left her in 1898;—Tomsk Ecclesiastical Consistory, concerning the peasant Anicia Nikiforovna Shikovei (no date to filing of her petition), who says she was married in 1894, and her husband left her in 1898;—Kharkoff Ecclesiastical Consistory (three advertisements), the first concerning the peasant Feodor Gordieff Bashkatoff, who filed his petition September 16, 1905, and says he was married in 1885 and his wife left him in 1893; the second, concerning the peasant Maura Kovnilevei Feodorchenkovei, who filed her petition, August 23, 1905, and says she was married in 1892, and her husband left her in 1893; and the third, concerning Parasceve Aristarchovei Borodavkino, of mixed class, who filed her petition, August 16, 1905, and says her husband was married to her in February, 1891, and left her in September, 1891.

This fac-simile is merely *one* page from an old number of the *Viedomosti*, and will give an idea of how these divorce advertisements appear in the church papers of Russia.

But this is not all. Most of these peasants and persons of the mixed classes, even if they know how to read and write in a most elementary manner, have no idea of how to draw a petition in divorce, or of the varied machinery of Ecclesiastical Divorce Court procedure. Consequently, the Russian lawyer, who makes a specialty of divorce court business, is much in evidence, and does not hesitate to advertise himself in a way that would put to shame the most daring of the advertising

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OGECCKOE CROBO. APRIL, 1910.

TRANSLATION.

DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS

brought in all Diocesan Consistories and before Holy Synod. Advice in matters of inheritance, adoption, lawsuits, civil cases. Preparation of legal papers, contracts, and petitions to the Imperial authorities. Apply to N. E. PHILIPCHENKO, LL.B., Moscow, No. 3 Gazetny St., Room 8. Telephone, 206-48. Office hours, daily, 9-2 A. M., 4-6 P. M.

SPECIALTY
DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS.

I practice in all Diocesan Consistories; also criminal and civil cases; lawsuits, adoption of children, family matters, inheritance, powers of attorney, separation, change of residences, business, and drawing contracts in all matters. Papers and petitions to Imperial authorities. Advice in every matter. Information, commissions. Many years' experience. Office hours, daily, 10-2 and 4-8. Holidays, 12-4. Moscow, No 12 Rozhdestvensky St., Room 18. A. ANDREEV. Telephone, 187-66.

DIVORCE and Court Proceedings. Advice in all matters. Preparation of petitions. Business papers. Poor persons free. A. SMIRNOFF, No. 4 Tver-Yamsky. Borodin Building, Room 21. Telephone, 78-40. Office hours, 9-2 and 5-8 P. M.

DIVORCE MATTERS, advice. Ex-Secretary of Consistory, and now temporarily Secretary of the Divorce Division of the Holy Synod, NIKITIN has his office hours on Sundays, in Moscow, from 2-8 P. M. No. 26 Tverskaya St., Room 24. Telephone, 174-08. On other days he recommends his colleague, Assistant Solicitor CHEKHOVSKI.

DIVORCE

from 100 rubles up, in all Consistories. Payment at the end of proceedings. Information in separation cases; inheritance; civil and criminal cases; serious and complicated litigation. From 9-2 and 4-8; holidays, from 12-6. Moscow, V. JAKIMANKA, Panushova, Room No. 86.

DIVORCE MATTERS

and Church matters brought in all Consistories, gives advice upon them. Ex-Chief Clerk of Chancery in Divorce Division of Tabriz Consistory. SAMARSKY. Office hours, 10-2 and 5-8. No. 6 Rozhdestvensky, Room 16. Telephone, 244-31.

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lawyers in the United States. Imagine our Dakota or Nevada practitioners using the methods of their Russian contemporaries! A fac-simile of some advertisements, recently clipped from the Russian daily newspapers, is given on the preceding page, with a translation of their contents.

Imagine Counsellor Nikitin, who, employed during the week in the Divorce Division of the Holy Synod, comes down to Moscow on Sundays and drives a thriving business that day in divorces; or Counsellor Jakimanka, who charges from fifty dollars up and no pay until he "delivers the goods."

The matter of divorce in Russia is growing more lax each day. Were it merely a civil matter, as in the United States and in various European countries, the Russian Church might lift up her voice against the growing evil. But, bound as she is by the State, she is becoming the chief promoter of the divorce evil, because all the proceedings have to be consummated through her agency. Thus we have the spectacle of a Church and Hierarchy practically aligned on the side of easy and frequent divorce, instead of being unalterably opposed to it. In a word, its practice every day contradicts the teaching of its catechism and the noble traditions of the Church of God.

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PATRICIA, THE PROBLEM.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER V.

TOM CUTHBERT went West that winter as one of the wealthy members of a powerful syndicate to invest in copper mines. Mrs. Delarue was prayerfully grateful.

"It makes my way so much clearer," she confided to Hugh. "Of course every one will understand that Patricia cannot live alone, and, since my position as her friend and chaperon is one of dignity, I can entertain all my old friends. I foresee a very pleasant winter if it were not for Marie—"

Hugh smiled. He always found something amusing in his worldly aunt's candor. "Why, what has she done?"

"Done—why nothing. She is just too—too perfect. Patricia wants her to stay here this winter as her guest; but Marie, impelled by some absurd idea of independence, has gone to live in a boarding house and has become a paid charity worker; and the pitiful sum she gets out of it seems to worry her."

"Is it so small?"

"Oh, she doesn't worry because it's so small; she worries because it's—anything at all; and she talks of going to a convent so she can work without having to consider her bodily necessities."

He showed no surprise. "I thought it would end that way."

"Well, she hasn't gone yet," said his aunt, shutting her thin lips decidedly," and I think I'll oppose it. I have other plans for Marie."

"What?"

"Well I would like her to marry money. Of course I love her and I hate the idea of her denying herself through a lifetime."

"So you would advise martyrdom?" he said slowly.

"Not at all," she contradicted him with some show of vexation. "You know, dear Hugh, that money is desirable; and

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I feel that this winter I have an unusual opportunity. Patricia wants gayety—Tom Cuthbert does not care how much money she spends in entertaining. We have this immense house, which is wonderfully improved since Patricia refurnished it; and you know, Hugh, I have not been away so long that all my old friends have forgotten me. Our social position here has always been assured. I intend to have a ball in December and I want you to give us a house party some time in the early winter."

"Me!" he exclaimed in some dismay.

"Of course, your house in the country is ideal for a week end. You ought to get out of your atmosphere of pauperism occasionally. Hunt up some interesting men and I'll invite the women."

"Must I?"

"Of course. I'll not accept a refusal."

She forced him into an amiable promise before he left her. He was beginning to take a coldly sociological interest in the plans of his aunt.

The ball, engineered by Mrs. Delarue, was a great success. It was heralded diplomatically for days in the papers and excited the envy of the uninvited. Her exclusive relatives accepted her invitations with the vague conviction that "poor dear Eleanor," on the death of her aristocratic, incapable husband, had married a multi-millionaire. Tom Cuthbert's name did not appear in the social register, but then there were some favored persons whose position did not require such publicity. Later on, when they saw Patricia, and the situation was conscientiously explained to them, they decided to help launch the young lady, since they understood that this ball, with its costly favors and elaborate supper, was but the beginning of a series.

Marie begged to remain away from these functions. She was too tired and too busy, she said. But her mother entreated, and she came dutifully, finding some solace in the fact that Hugh was always ready to take her home early in the evening.

Meanwhile Patricia plunged into this social whirlpool with an enthusiasm that taxed even Mrs. Delarue's power of endurance. Dinners, luncheons, teas, and after-theatre suppers began to wear upon the good lady's digestive organs; but she made no protest, for it was the life she adored and loved. She felt a maternal proprietorship in Patricia's popularity. The girl's beauty and unusual musical ability, emerging from a background

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of glittering gold mines, had created a sensation even in the critical orbit in which Mrs. Delarue moved.

Since that first evening in the conservatory Hugh had never seen Patricia alone. At times he thought she purposely avoided him; but, he told himself, this was an unreasonable conclusion, since he had never made any effort to seek her society.

During the winter he went North to spend some weeks studying the methods in hospitals for defective children—a subject in which he was much interested. For a long time he had wished to establish an institution of this sort in connection with the settlement in which he worked. He was an ardent believer in the theory that much of youthful crime can be traced directly to unhealthy physical conditions. In restoring these poor little hampered bodies to a normal state he hoped to make their souls better, too.

One morning, during his absence, Mrs. Delarue came into Patricia's room in a state of horrified excitement. She was panting from her hurried flight through the hall. Her hair, which was always arranged so carefully, streamed down in scant locks around her ears, and the purple dressing gown which she wore emphasized the pallor of her face.

Patricia was still in bed, but Mrs. Delarue's unusual appearance roused her to energetic action.

"What is the matter?" she said, jumping up. "My dear Mrs. Delarue, what has happened?"

"Oh, it's dreadful," said Mrs. Delarue, sinking limply on the bed.

Patricia's eyes showed real alarm. "What—what is dreadful?"

"Oh, it's all in the morning paper," sobbed Mrs. Delarue. "Hugh has failed—failed utterly. He's a bankrupt, just like his poor uncle."

"How—why?" said Patricia bewildered. "I thought he was a doctor."

"Oh, you don't understand, and I can't explain, because I never could comprehend business matters. But you see by the paper that the firm of Farrell has failed—the firm was established by my grandfather—the name has always been the same. Hugh has never been an active partner in the business, but he was one of the largest stockholders. Now he will have nothing—nothing—and what will become of me?"

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"You?"

"Yes; oh, you know I am no longer young. Hugh has begged me many times to go and live in his country place—his mother's old home, you know. I've never explained to him my real objections. Of course if I were fifteen years older I would be willing to go and bury myself there; but the loneliness of it now would be more than I could stand. He also wanted to give me an allowance, and I gratefully accepted that, but now—now—I thought things were going too smoothly—I thought it couldn't last. My child, I've had so much trouble in my life that I have reached a stage when I actually dread happiness. Something is sure to occur when one feels peaceful and contented."

"I'll gladly increase your allowance here," said Patricia, seeking some practical solace for such woe. "I meant to mention it before, going out as you do requires so many clothes."

"I know," said Mrs. Delarue, wiping away her tears, "but I couldn't accept anything more from you, you are so generous. And, of course, I did not want to be dependent on Hugh if it could be avoided, but I did intend—when I was older—I thought I might allow him to provide for me then—"

"Perhaps it is not as bad as you think. Papers so often exaggerate," said Patricia, putting her white arm protectingly around her friend. "Where is Dr. Farrell?"

"Oh I don't know—somewhere in a hospital."

"Why, is he ill?"

"Oh, no, my dear; he's studying hospitals. He's so impractical. He's founding some sort of an institution for crazy children, or deaf mutes, or something. It seems to be my fate to know nothing but impractical men—my poor dear husband had no business instinct, and Hugh seems to have inherited his incompetency."

"But how could he?"

"Oh, I don't know how. Of course they were not relations. Hugh's father was a business man. I suppose Hugh must inherit his weakness from his mother. Oh, I wish Hugh were here—I suppose he will come at once—and I wouldn't be surprised if he would treat the whole affair as if it were of no importance—he's so indifferent to money—"

"Because he has always had it," said Patricia with conviction. "He doesn't know what it means to be poor."

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"But we do," said Mrs. Delarue. "We've had to face it out West. Ah! Patricia, what a dreadful life that was out on the prairie; I don't know how we stood it. My one prayer was to get East. I suppose Hugh won't give us the house party now—I wouldn't care to burden him with it if a slight expenditure meant that he would have to live around at hash houses for a week. Oh, I hate poverty, Patricia—it's the great sin in society. The poor have no place—no place."

Patricia regarded the good lady in some dismay. She had had no experience with hysterics.

"Please let me help you to your room, dear Mrs. Delarue, and do spend the morning in bed. I'll send for the doctor and get him to give you something to soothe you. You are overwrought. I'm sure when Dr. Farrell comes you will find out that the whole affair has been exaggerated."

"Please see if you can find Hugh, he may have returned to his office. Telephone the settlement—I want to know the worst—I cannot stand the suspense. Telephone at once, dear Patricia; I promise to go to bed and I'll try to compose myself. I can go to my room alone. Please telephone to both places and ask him to come here at once."

Patricia watched her go with a sense of relief; all her young life she had been so schooled in the repression of all her feminine feelings that she had a masculine contempt for scenes. She threw a soft wrapper over her nightgown and sitting down at her little rosewood desk she picked up the telephone book and began to search for Dr. Farrell's number.

She tried the office first. He was not there, his man told her; he had returned to town the night before, but he had gone to his place in the country on the early morning train.

Patricia looked dreamily out of the window, wondering what she should do next; then, acting on impulse, she decided to go and bring him to his aunt. She ordered her electric machine, which she always drove herself—twenty miles into the country in this beautiful sunshine was a short trip, she told herself—and secretly she was glad that the journey would give her a charitable reason for remaining away from Mrs. Delarue's sobs and lamentations. She had never been to Dr. Farrell's before, but she knew the general direction. She dressed hurriedly and her maid brought her her long fur wrap and tied a light blue veil over the brim of her broad hat.

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Patricia did not once question the propriety of her going alone. She always welcomed the emergency that gave her an outlet for her surplus energy. The air was bracing, but not too cold; white flecks of cloud, huddled near the horizon, promised flurries of snow, but Patricia never heeded threatening weather; she was in an introspective mood and she felt provoked for having to confess to herself a mild curiosity in wanting to see how Dr. Farrell would regard the loss of his fortune. He had seemed so superior to her in his attitude towards money that she found herself entertaining a half-defined hope that some of his philosophy would desert him in this crisis. Was it philosophy or religion? she asked herself. She knew that his faith was very definite, while she had none. She had always grown rebellious at the thought of authority; the Church of Rome was so positive, so far-reaching, so powerful; she had often watched Marie Delarue at her prayers, wondering at the look, approaching ecstasy, in her young friend's eyes; she could not understand why she gave up afternoons of pleasure in Paris to spend them in moldy smelling cathedrals, she could not comprehend a faith that dominated the trivial as well as the great things in life, that held the balance so unswervingly in a world of juggled ethics, that gave its followers such surety of truth, such security of immortality.

The little machine sped along noiselessly over the well-kept roads. Once in the gray woods she missed the way, but a friendly signpost set her right again. After traveling the twenty miles she had to stop at a farmhouse to inquire how to reach the gateway of Oakview. A boy, blowing on his bare hands to keep them warm, emerged from the stable.

"I jest dunno how to tell you," he said, "but I kin run along and show you the place to turn in."

"Then get in here," said Patricia, making room for him on the cushioned seat.

"Lordy!" said the boy, his face breaking into a broad grin as he scrambled to the place beside her. "Lordy! I never did think I'd ride in one of these here things."

"Cover up," said Patricia, offering him half of the fur robes; then, animated by a new sense of comradeship, she said: "I've come to get Dr. Farrell for a friend of mine, but I'll run a mile past his place if you care to go."

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"Gee! wouldn't I?" said the boy. "Then take me into Doc Farrell's afterwards and I'll walk home."

When at last they turned into the beech-bordered avenue that led to the old colonial house the boy's freckled face radiated joy.

"It beats a steam engine all hollow," he said, getting out reluctantly. "Run by lightning, so to speak, electricity—the same thing, ain't it?"

The door opened and Dr. Hugh came out on the porch.

"Why, Miss Cuthbert," he said in some bewilderment, "and Dicky Green."

"I came to show her the way to yer house," said Dicky, who saw no reason for the doctor's astonishment, "and she give me a ride, for which I am thankful. I'm goin' now. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Dicky," smiled Patricia. "I'll call again some other day." The child notes in her voice answered Dicky's own. "Don't you forget me." And then she turned defensively to Dr. Hugh, as if he were challenging her present mood.

CHAPTER VI.

"Mrs. Delarue is anxious to see you, and I came to take you to her when I found that you had no telephone here and that the train does not leave until three."

He noticed, with a sort of humorous interest, that her tone was far from friendly.

"It was kind of you. I trust my aunt is not ill."

"Hysterical." The one word showed her distaste for such feminine frailties.

"I wish she wouldn't be," he said, as if he had suddenly become conscious of the cause of his aunt's nerves. "I don't want sympathy."

She turned her eyes searchingly upon him as if she doubted the truth of this statement. "No, I suppose not; and I'm quite sure that no man prefers hysterics. Will you go?"

"Of course; but I'll have to ask you to wait a minute. I have a friend with me to-day; I'll excuse myself. Will you come in?"

She looked a little curiously through the stately doorway, with its fanlights and big brass knocker, and then, without hesitation, she jumped unassisted to the ground.

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"I would like to see your stable man, Bob Bingham. If he's in the stable, and you have company, I'll walk around there."

"I'll tell him to come here."

"Don't trouble," she said imperiously, "I would like to look at your horses. I hear you have some fine stock. One of the famous Spitfire's colts. I'd like a chance to ride him. It has been so long since I've been on horseback."

His bewilderment was noticeable now. Ever since that first night, when she had told him so frankly of her past life, he had watched her with growing curiosity; her enthusiasms were so real, her pleasure in people so apparent, and yet there were times when she seemed a mere spectator, viewing tolerantly a phase of life in which she had no concern. The years spent with Mrs. Delarue in Paris had given her poise, and her natural cleverness and charm of manner proclaimed her a finished social product; but to-day, he told himself, she had reverted to her primitive type.

"The horse is very dangerous," he said, feeling that he must make some sort of a response.

She smiled faintly. "I like risks—I've always taken them. Please go look after your company. I'd like to see Bob alone."

He was too polite to protest when he felt that he had been formally dismissed. He watched her go up the box-bordered path that led to the stable yard. He saw Bob hurrying to meet her, and their greeting was that of two old friends; then he turned wonderingly away and went into the house.

As he entered his own comfortable library, rich in rare books and staring family portraits, his guest, with old-fashioned punctiliousness, rose from the low chair before the fire. He was an old man, dressed in black clerical clothes. A vest of purple beneath his Roman collar showed him to be a Church dignitary of some sort; his finely chiseled features had all the calm and gentleness that asceticism brings.

"A sick call, Hugh?" he said.

Hugh took up his position between his friend and the firelight. The puzzled frown had deepened between his eyes.

"Only my aunt," he said. "She wants to hear the particulars of the fall of the house of Farrell. Sit down, Father Joe, I can't go yet; the young lady who has offered to take me to my aunt wants to see my stable man."

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The old priest sank back in his cushioned chair and picked up a magazine that had fallen to the floor.

"Don't let me keep you."

"Oh, she didn't want to see me," said Hugh. "I was requested to come in here. She wanted to see my man Bob, who is, I suspect, a cutthroat."

The priest shut the magazine, and leaning over to the little smoking table beside him he lit a fresh cigar.

"And why shouldn't Bob have his friends?" he said. "You were saying, Hugh, when you left me—"

Hugh turned and kicked a blazing log further back on the tarnished brass andirons. "To tell you the truth, Father Joe, I don't know what I was saying. My present guest, out in the stable, is the queerest girl I ever saw."

Father Joe took the cigar from between his thin lips and laughed softly.

"You're a conservative, Hugh, though I don't expect you to acknowledge it. You talk equality and fraternity, and you are willing to hobnob with slugs and cutthroats yourself. Why be annoyed if the lady has like propensities?"

"She hasn't," he said. "She objects strenuously. She is the most inconsistent person I ever met."

The old priest's eyes twinkled. "Then no doubt you will marry her," he said.

"Marry her! She hates me. She announced that fact the first evening I met her."

"God bless me! what precipitancy. Did you propose the first evening?"

"Propose? My dear Father Joe—here, give me one of those cigars—don't know when I can afford to buy another box of them. Certain flavor about being poor—"

"Especially about poor cigars," said the priest drily. "But you are wandering away from the point, Hugh. You ought to marry—marriage is the normal state for most men."

"I suppose so," agreed Hugh doubtfully, taking the chair opposite his guest and stretching out his long legs to the fire. "I always congratulate my friends when they get into it. If you will find me a lady I will consider the matter. I need help—I'm no sentimentalist, you know."

Father Joe beamed amid his circles of smoke. "Well, I am," he said. "I think I'll select—the lady in the stable."

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"The lady in the stable," exclaimed Hugh, "is about as far removed from me, except chronologically, as the Queen of Sheba. I don't understand her, that's all."

"I like her."

"And you've never seen her."

"That makes my judgment all the clearer."

"How?"

"I can judge of her attributes apart from her personality. She may be ugly and that would prejudice me in her favor."

Hugh leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Go on," he said, "your point of view is always interesting. How many men would share your prejudice?"

"It's more than a prejudice, it's a conviction," the priest went on smiling. "Ugly women have no vanity, therefore they are unspoiled; they are more useful, because they are not ornamental; they have more resource within themselves, because they are often left alone; they are frequently brilliant conversationalists, because they have to be—now, our friend in the stable—"

"Is beautiful."

"Ah, that's a misfortune; but perhaps she may answer our purpose better; no doubt you would prefer it."

"My dear Father Joe," protested Hugh, "for a sensible man, a doctor of divinity, you certainly talk nonsense."

"And I insist that I am talking most sensibly. You are old enough to marry—you say you need help—I select the lady—and you call it foolish gabbling."

"But the lady—you do not know her."

"I know many things about her."

"But, how? You do not even know her name."

"Name," repeated the old man, "my dear boy, who is talking nonsense now? What is a name? Wouldn't you feel just as well acquainted with me if my name was John instead of Joseph? When I began to consider marriage for you, I was thinking solely of you; but now I think I'll begin to have some consideration for—the lady in the stable."

"I wish you would talk in Greek or some other dead language, and then I wouldn't try to follow you. It would be so much more restful to let you know once for all that you are incomprehensible."

Father Joe chuckled, his pointed chin almost disappeared

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into the white wall of his high collar. "Now, listen," he said, "and I'll prove conclusively that my talk is not as foolish as it may seem. To begin, I sit dozing before the fire. I hear an automobile coming over the graveled road. I do not mean to play eavesdropper, but you leave the door wide open. I hear a child thanking a lady for a ride, that proves the lady's love for children and thoughtfulness for others. She desires an interview with your stable man, which shows a lack of snobbishness and interest in the poor. She comes a long distance to get you. Why does she not send? Because she is decisive and energetic. She says she likes horses, therefore she is fearless; if she is fearless, no doubt she is healthy in both mind and body. Are not all these recommendations? What kind of a paragon are you looking for?"

"Oh, I'm not looking," laughed Hugh, "but I would like to prove to you that you are all wrong. In my opinion, the lady in question has no soul."

"Tut, tut," said Father Joe. "How are you going to prove that? Souls are elusive things, my boy. You can't buttonhole them in the light of day and ask them to explain all their motives; and half the time we don't know our own."

"Well, I wish you knew her," said Hugh." I wish you would talk to her; she seems lacking in any sort of idealism—she lives only for pleasure. If you could hear her play on the harp you would say she was a pagan."

"Well, I'm no advocate of mixed marriages, but I like pagans," said the old priest musingly. "So many possibilities to a pagan. We have so much to show them, to give to them. You're a born reformer, Hugh, and some of your notions delight me; but there's only a subtle difference between a reformer and a crank. You don't want to take narrow views, my boy; you want to get up on the hilltop; but you don't want to get so high that your vision gets blurred. That's almost as bad as staying down in the valley and getting no view at all. Now that you are poor, there's more hope for you. Rich reformers rarely carry force."

"Don't lecture," said Hugh beseechingly. "I've got to go and face my aunt. She will tell me my woes unabridged, and she will cry over my defective judgment, until I see myself a decrepit old man dependent upon a dog and a beggar's tin cup for sustenance."

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"What do you expect? You can't go through bankruptcy without suffering the sympathy of your friends. It's a great thing to be old, Hugh, and to possess a sense of humor. There are so many melodramas in the world. Providence is blamed for all our mistakes, all our tantrums. Just look back on your own boyhood, Hugh. Remember the day you fell in the creek and cried because you thought you were drowned? Remember the many nights you were sent to bed without your supper because you stole green apples from the orchard? Remember the day you lost your bag of marbles, how you threatened to thrash every boy in the school? Facts look foolish now, eh, Hugh? Get a little older and you take the same view of your youthful manhood. Reach eternity, and I think we will smile at ourselves in earnest."

"That may be all very true," said Hugh, "but it doesn't alter the unpleasant present. Do you suppose," he added helplessly, glancing at the clock on the mantel, "that I'm to wait until I'm called for?"

There was the sound of a door banging and voices were heard in the doorway arguing good-naturedly.

"Don't talk to me, Bob," Miss Cuthbert was saying. "I've made up my mind and I will—you know I will."

"You won't," said Bob, "that horse is a devil. If the Doc's gone broke that ain't any reason why you should tame his colt."

She had reached the library door, and she stood there for a moment framed in the black woodwork, her blue veil shadowing the brightness of her hair, her cheeks red from the cold outside, and her gray eyes full of wilfulness.

"I think we shall have to start," she said; and then she glanced inquiringly at the old priest. "Father Chatard," she cried with a glad look of recognition, and she swept towards him and took his white, wrinkled hand in hers. "You do not know me? Don't you remember Pat Cuthbert, the wild girl that you called 'the witch of the woods'?"

The old priest looked at Hugh, his deep-set eyes sparkling with boyish mischief. "I told Hugh I knew you," he said. "A woman has her intuitions, a man makes his deductions; but a name sometimes does make a difference—God bless me! how you've grown."

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CHAPTER VII.

"And you have not changed at all," she said. "While I —well, nothing is as it used to be."

"Not even you?" said the old priest kindly. "I wouldn't like to think that you had lost yourself altogether."

She smiled half-sadly up at him. "I've been trying to," she said. "Every one has been teaching me to be something different."

"That's hardly fair," said the old priest humorously. "I think our individuality is immortal. We don't want to wrap it up so we won't be able to recognize it on judgment day. You must come and see me, or let me come and see you, and we'll talk about it. You see, Hugh, Patricia and I knew each other in the West. She guided me over one of the worst roads I ever traveled to bring me to a dying man's bedside—a poor consumptive who was on his way to Silver City."

"Henri Delarue?" questioned Hugh quickly. "My aunt's husband."

"Yes"; said Patricia. "We had a wild scramble to get back at all. There had been so much rain and the streams were swollen and two little bridges washed away."

"And I'm not much of a horseman. I don't suppose I had been on a horse's back in twenty years. You see I just happened to be stopping at the mission, the other priests were away, when Patricia came with her message. What a small place the world is, after all. I never knew that your aunt had married a Delarue; but, then, I never knew your aunt until I met her that day at the Golden Eagle. You see, Patricia, I was Hugh's old tutor when I was pastor in this little country about a quarter of a century ago; and now, when the world seems to move too fast for an old fellow like me, I run down here to get my bearings. I won't detain you now, we must see each other in town. Take Hugh to his aunt, the poor lady may need some reassurances. We are not going to blow our brains out just because a few stocks and bonds have tumbled into nothingness." He followed them out into the sunlight to examine the weight of their robes, so solicitous for their comfort that he seemed oblivious to the cold wind that took playful liberties with his snowy hair and wrapped his seam-worn cassock about his lean form.

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"Good-bye, children, God bless you!" he said. "Bob and I will find something in the larder for lunch; and I'll leave on the three o'clock train and see you both in town some day."

Patricia started the small machine, and for several miles they traveled in silence, then she said:

"I have half a mind to drop you in town and take to the woods forever."

"Why drop me?" he smiled.

"You are so civilized, while I am only a half-tamed savage. When I am out in the woods like this, I forget—I feel the call of the wild—I forget all of Mrs. Delarue's teachings. Breathe the bite of frost in the air. Look at those tall trees etched against the sky. See that fretful little brook trying to break through its thin shield of ice. I hate an automobile on a day like this. I'd like to be on the back of your untamed colt. You say you have lost money—why not enter him for the sweepstakes this spring?"

"And break my neck by way of adding to my general brokenness?"

"Bob could break him," she said with conviction, "Bob and I."

"You?"

"Of course. Why not?"

There was an unconscious look of disapprobation in his eyes which she detected at once. She believed that it was caused by her suggestion to help him, and she added with quick vexation: "It would only be for the joy of the sport, the joy of conquest; but I forgot, I suppose you do not approve of horse-racing."

The question was so direct, that he could think of no light way to parry it, though he had no desire to moralize.

"I don't believe I would care to make money that way. The game is usually so crooked."

His words struck her as a reproof, and her eyes blazed angrily. "Of course you wouldn't," she said. "Naturally you wouldn't care for the normal thing, you are so different from most men."

"Not at all," he interrupted her. "Men are hopelessly alike. I have my own particular notions and a jockey has his. I like blooded stock because it is beautiful and convenient to

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own, a jockey cares for it for its monetary value. I have never cared for money—"

"I don't believe you," she interrupted. "Money is an absolute necessity with me."

"I think that is only a fancy," he said. "I have found that all the best things in life can flourish without it."

"You have always had it, while I—think where I came from—it has seemed to open the way for everything."

"What for instance?"

"For life—the whole of life."

"You had life on your western mountains," he said slowly. "You show it every way."

"What, after all Mrs. Delarue's warnings?" She smiled. "Poor lady, have all her efforts been in vain?"

"You know what I mean," he went on slowly. "Life in the open gave you your beauty, your freshness, and half your standards. You will come back to them after a while. So many things do not matter. The mountains are eternal. They show us our own petty proportions."

"Don't preach," she interrupted him. "You Catholics have a spiritual viewpoint that you think other people share. You forget that I'm a pagan with a pagan's distrust of creeds."

He made no reply, and she regretted her words. She would have liked him to go on. She enjoyed being analyzed. She had grown a little tired of men who made love to her.

Another long silence fell between them. Then the small automobile came to a sudden stop in the most deserted part of the wooded roadway.

"We will have to be towed back to town," she said composedly. "How far are we from the nearest farmhouse?"

"Dicky Green's," said Dr. Hugh, getting out to examine the little car. "But the horses there are nothing but bags of bones. I think it would be wiser to go back to my house, if a five-mile walk is not too much for you."

"Five miles," she laughed. "You don't know what a tramp I am." She threw back the fur robes and, purposely ignoring his profferred assistance, she started to jump out, but her foot twisted in some unaccountable way and she fell, a limp heap, on the hard, frozen ground. As he bent over her she gave a low moan, and he saw that her face was white and drawn with pain.

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"I've sprained my ankle," she said calmly. "You will have to go alone."

"And leave you here? Let me lift you into the car. I'll bandage your ankle. And he began tearing his linen handkerchief into strips with practised fingers.

"I don't want you to do anything for me," she said, "except to find a team of horses. I can't walk, that's plain. You might help me to that little clump of trees and give me the robes. There's a little lunch in the basket beneath the seat. I can lie down among the pine-needles until you return."

"It's so cold."

"Then build a fire."

In spite of her apparent dislike of him, her placidity in the emergency would have won the admiration of any man. The rough life she had led in the West made all inconveniences seem trivial. She did not expect any special consideration on the plea of her femininity. If their positions had been reversed, she would have been quite as capable of dealing with the situation as her companion.

When the fire was made and a pile of dry wood had been placed close to the rugs, so that she could feed the flame until his return, Dr. Hugh still hesitated.

"I don't know what is best to do," he said, "there is so little passing on this road that we may be here for several hours before we can get assistance, and yet I don't like to leave you here alone and in pain."

"My ankle is easier now; you can bandage it when we get home. We can't stay here like shipwrecked mariners. Please go—"

"But I don't know how safe these woods are," he said reluctantly, fearing to frighten her, and he glanced at the diamond brooch she wore. "There may be tramps—"

"Don't worry," she interrupted him, and from the pocket of her coat she brought a small revolver. "I have this through a lucky accident. The last time I had on this coat we went down the river to see some target practice, and I put this in my pocket, because—well, you see, I'm a dead shot, and I wanted to show those army officers we went with that a woman could shoot as well as a man; so if a tramp should happen to come by," she laughed, "he may need all your professional skill to revive him."

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Half-satisfied he left her, telling himself that he was not living in the days of highwaymen; but in spite of his assurances a presentiment of evil followed him. Before the road turned he stopped and looked back to wave his hat, but Patricia did not see him, she was busily engaged feeding some snowbirds with the crumbs from her lunch basket; they hovered fearlessly around her, recognizing a sympathetic spirit spreading a feast for them in this frozen world of famine.

Dr. Hugh had not been gone more than an hour when Patricia heard footsteps coming along the hard-packed road. She sat up, alert for any danger, her large hand resting confidently on the shining pistol by her side.

A strange looking man rounded the angle of the pines. He was dressed in shabby clothes of a gaudy pattern, and he wore no overcoat; his soft felt hat was pushed back on his head, showing a line of straight black hair; his high cheek bones and deep-set eyes gave him the appearance of an Indian.

Patricia saw nothing alarming in his advent. His resemblance to a Choctaw chief appealed to her sense of humor.

"If he only had on feathers," she sighed. Then, animated by a spirit of mischief, she decided to ask for immediate assistance; she thought that if the stranger had a horse in the background she might end her long vigil in the woods and vanish before Dr. Hugh returned for her.

"Got a team?" she asked, falling back into her Western brief directness.

The man looked startled. Her voice carried clear in the still cold air, and he looked from side to side in his effort to place her, for her little camp was concealed from the point from which he stood; then, seeing the car, he came hurrying forward.

"Had an accident?" he said, "or has the juice just give out?"

"Both," said Patricia. "Have you a team?"

"Lord, no; I'm down and out, piking to find a friend of mine who will help me on to the next station. Are you hurt?"

Patricia's hand tightened on her glistening revolver. "A little," she confessed, "I'm waiting for a friend of mine to bring a horse or two to tow me back to town; and meanwhile," she added, seeing his eyes rest on her diamonds for a moment,

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"I was practicing with this," she brought the revolver into full view.

"You want to tell me you can shoot," he said with quick astuteness. "I didn't mean to frighten you, but I might add —being on the subject—that you don't frighten me either. Women never shoot straight."

"Don't they?" she said, her lips tightening as she realized there might be some reason for alarm. "You see that small dead leaf hanging on that tree—now where is it?"

"That's some shooting," said the man admiringly, as the remnants of the leaf fluttered to the ground. "You shoot like Prairie Nell in the Wild West show. Don't happen to be Prairie Nell, are you? Reckon she's riding around in an automobile by now."

"No"; said Patricia shortly.

"I didn't mean no harm," he said. "I'm out here looking for a friend of mine. Don't happen to know Bob Bingham, do you?"

"Why, yes"; she said eagerly, her sense of safety fully restored. "He is one of my oldest friends."

The man looked surprised. The whole situation was astonishing from his point of view. This handsome young woman, with the costly clothes, sitting so contentedly by the roadside, seemed anxious to claim Bob's friendship, when there were few who would wish to acknowledge his acquaintanceship.

"How far am I from his place?"

"About five miles."

"Are you waiting for him?"

"No; I wish I were," she said earnestly.

The man spat some tobacco juice against a distant tree-trunk, and then asked: "Is Bob up or down?"

"Sober now," said the girl, quick to catch the drift of his words, "but he's not burdened with a bank account; he's taking care of a man's place and horses."

The man chuckled unpleasantly. His teeth were broken and his gums showed wide and yellow. "Biggest horse thief that ever went unhung," he said.

"Well, he isn't stealing now," said Patricia, "and if you have any such notion I wish you would leave him alone."

"Oh, I haven't a notion," said the man innocently. "Notion ain't the word, I'm only seeking information. You see,

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Miss, I've been in Australia for the last seven years, and I've been knocking around the world so generally that I ain't had a chance to keep up with my friends. I want to locate some of them. Ain't that natural? Only landed yesterday. Got into a little game last night and they skinned me—d—— them. Begging your pardon, Miss, ain't heard no polite language for two months. Some one was telling me that Tom Cuthbert has made his pile and that he has come East. Don't happen to know Tom Cuthbert, do you?"

Patricia experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. Her old life seemed to be closing in upon her.

"Yes"; she said after a moment's hesitation.

"They say he's out of town."

"He is."

"You don't happen to know when he'll be back?"

"Not exactly."

"I reckon it will pay me to wait and see Tom Cuthbert," he said. Then reflectively: "He used to keep a bar out my way—called it the Golden Eagle—and I reckon it swallowed up more yellow birds and turned out more bad whisky than any place east of the Rockys."

"Don't," she said. "Don't!"

"Well, of course, if he's a special friend of yours—"

"He happens to be my father," she said.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the man, looking down at the beautiful woman at his feet. "Now, I wouldn't have thought Tom Cuthbert was good enough to black your boots."

CHAPTER VIII.

Hugh drove up in the comfortable old carriage that had belonged to his mother. He quickened the horses' pace when he saw that Patricia was not alone.

"Thought I might be of some assistance," said the man easily, by way of explaining his presence.

"No"; said Dr. Hugh with scant courtesy. "My stable man is behind me bringing a horse to haul the car to the nearest garage. Miss Cuthbert, let me lift you in. You have had a long wait in the cold. I believe you are shivering."

"Not at all"; she forced a mirthless little laugh. "But I have come to the conclusion that a steam radiator is prefer-

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able to woodland scenery. Let us get home as quickly as we can."

She made no protest as he lifted her in his arms and placed her among the cushions of the carriage. The tramp's statements had strangely shaken her. He seemed to embody some impending disaster. For the first time in her life she felt helpless and afraid; but fear was so foreign to her that even now she attributed her mental state to the pain in her ankle, which was almost unbearable when she moved.

When Dr. Hugh questioned her about her companion of the roadside, solicitous to know whether he had been rude to her, she said: "He proved to be a friend of your man Bob, and Bob is one of my oldest friends; he used to be kind to me when I was a child, and nobody else cared."

There was a certain appeal in her frankness which was another phase of her inconsistency. For the rest of their slow homeward journey she answered him in monosyllables. She was trying to force her memory back into her father's past. Her chance acquaintance had made her old life loom so large that she had to acknowledge reluctantly that she might never be able to escape from its consequences.

When they reached home Mrs. Delarue met them in the hallway, genuinely alarmed when she saw Patricia carried into the house. Her hysterics, lacking a sympathetic audience, had abated, and a disconcerting telegram from Tom Cuthbert had roused her from her bed and bromide to preparations for his arrival.

As soon as Patricia had been made comfortable, and her swollen ankle dressed, the telegram was brought to her. It read:

"Knocked out—Coming home—Meet five-forty-five.

"T. CUTHBERT."

"What does it mean?" asked Mrs. Delarue vaguely. "Do you suppose he has met with—violence?"

"He is ill," said Patricia, her eyes filling with tears. "Dr. Farrell, I must go to him. Can you get me a pair of crutches?"

"You cannot stand," he said, wondering a little at this first exhibition of tenderness he had ever seen in her.

"I must," she said with her old wilfulness. "My father is evidently very ill, I must go to him at once." She started up impetuously, but fell back on her pillow, faint with the pain.

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"You cannot go," he said. "You see that you cannot go. I will meet him and do all that I can."

"Thank you," she said simply, dimly realizing the command in his tone, and again she felt unaccountably helpless and afraid.

Tom Cuthbert's train arrived that afternoon half-an-hour late. He was not alone. A pompous old physician, justly celebrated for his skill, had traveled East with him. Taking up his position in the carriage he announced his intention of going home with the Hon. Tom to remain some days.

"To see the last of me," said the Hon. Tom with a glimpse of his old cheerfulness.

Dr. Hugh forced a responsive smile at this grim joke, though his professional experience told him that he was facing a dying man. In explaining Patricia's absence he belittled her accident, and dwelt upon her desire to meet the train and her demand for crutches.

"She's like her dad," said the Hon. Tom. "Ain't accustomed to acknowledging obstructions."

His face looked like yellow wax in the light of the fading day. Once or twice during the drive the doctor leaned over and anxiously felt his patient's pulse.

"He ought never to have attempted the journey," he told Dr. Hugh afterwards, when the Hon. Tom had been put to bed and a trained nurse installed. "He's led a hard life, and been more or less dissipated. I think you will agree with me that there is only the slimmest chance for him. He had his first attack the early part of the winter. He was willing to go to a hospital then, but this time he determined to come home. I did not know he had a family physician. I must have labored under a misapprehension—"

"I am not Mr. Cuthbert's physician," Dr. Hugh hastily assured him. "I am here merely as a friend—I have never been consulted in any way."

"Then I shall remain," said the great doctor. "I think it is only a question of days."

When Mrs. Delarue and Marie were told of their benefactor's dangerous condition, their Catholic instincts were alarmed at the thought of his dying without any religious ministrations, and when they hesitatingly consulted Patricia her eyes opened wide with horror.

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"Do you mean that my father is dying?" she asked.

"He is very ill."

"And what can a priest do?"

Mrs. Delarue was unequal to the emergency. She stroked Patricia's hand in the same absent-minded way with which she would have caressed a kitten. She had always found the direct questions of her charge most difficult.

"Oh, Patricia dear," said Marie, her soft voice full of sympathy. "A priest could help your father's soul. He could pray for him—prepare him—"

"For what?" said Patricia. "Do you think my father would want to be worried with his sins? His point of view is so different from yours, Marie. Nobody was good where I came from. Everybody went in for high grading. Every one cursed and gambled and drank. Oh, I wouldn't want to believe as you do—eternal punishment for a soul—"

"But, Patricia darling," said Marie, "there is always repentance. God is good and merciful. He isn't going to judge us all by the same standards, without regard for our environment, our spiritual enlightenment. Let the priest talk to your father; it will do no harm. There is old Father Chatard."

Patricia sat up among her pillows. "I don't mind him," she said. "He knows us—he will make allowances. Oh, it is terrible to think of going into the unknown alone. Oh, why wasn't I given some faith—some belief in the personality of a God."

Father Chatard came next morning. He stayed a short time with the sick man, and on his way out of the house he stopped to see Patricia, who was in the library on a couch before the fire, a pair of white crutches on the floor beside her.

"It was good of you to come," she said, holding out her hand to him. "Will you sit down for a moment? I want to ask you—I know you will tell me the truth—I want to ask you if my father is going to die?"

His dim eyes were full of tenderness. "I am afraid so," he said.

"And his soul?" said Patricia. "I want you to tell me something about his soul—the part that will go on living—living forever—"

"And Mrs. Delarue has been telling me that you had no faith," said the old priest. "Who taught you that?"

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"No one; but I have always felt it. At first it was the savages' idea of a great Spirit—the spirit of the winds, the stars, the mountains—then came the feeling that I was a part of an understandable force. It has all been vague, indefinite, but now that I seem shut away from the cliffs and the gorges, it seems to seek some expression in my music; but the idea is so elusive I cannot grasp it."

"Few of us can," said the old priest. "We make weak attempts in prayer."

Patricia looked dully at the fire. "I don't know how to pray," she said.

"Would you like to learn?" The suggestion was made with hesitating gentleness.

"No; I don't believe in it," she said. "I don't believe I ever could."

"But you wouldn't mind my praying for you?"

"No."

"And you wouldn't mind what my prayers specify?"

She smiled faintly. "Well, now, I'm not so sure of that."

"But I thought you had no faith."

"But your confidence half frightens me."

"And convinces?"

"No; I think I have a superstition about you."

"I hope it isn't an unpleasant one," he said with old-fashioned courtliness.

"You seem all spirit," she went on. "The material things of life seem to make no difference to you. I feel that I can talk to you with the same freedom with which I should converse with a ghost. Every time I shake hands with you, I am surprised that I touch a living hand instead of thin air—"

The priest's eyes showed a gleam of humor. "What a nebulous nobody I must seem. What an unsympathetic vacuity!"

"Now, you know it isn't that," she interrupted hastily. "You are smiling at me, and so I won't attempt to explain. I confess I was a little interested in the—specifications. I have a general idea that we shouldn't agree on a plan."

"But I hope we should in the end," he said. "I want to ask you if you could tell me where I can find Hugh? Your father wants to see him."

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"My father wants him? Why, is he dissatisfied with the doctor that he brought from the West?"

"I believe he does not want to see him professionally. I think it is a business matter."

"That is very strange," she said, contracting her brows. "Why should my father ask for him, when he has his lawyer?"

"I do not know," said the priest. "He told me nothing."

"And they do not like each other," she continued.

"He did not tell me that."

"And I do not like to ask him to come."

"Why?"

"Because," she said slowly, "I do not think I like him either."

"And I have a great admiration for him," said the old priest. "I love him as a son. He has a noble soul—a bit impulsive, a little over-confident—"

"And proud, overbearing, and snobbish," she added. "Please forgive me for abusing your friend, but we do not get on together."

"Tut, tut, I wouldn't be so violent. First impressions are often mistaken ones. I won't ask you to send for him. The duty is mine, since your father asked me. I'll go to the settlement first. Good-bye. God bless you! I am coming again to-morrow to see your father."

"Oh, yes; come again"; she said eagerly. "You must help my poor father. The spirit world will seem so dark to him. You must talk to him—teach him—show him the way."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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H. G. WELLS.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

IV.

WE have considered Mr. Wells' Socialism in relation to the family and to private ownership. We must now approach it more positively. What is to be its institutional form—that through which it will impress itself upon our daily life in its most executive and powerful way? What, in a word, of the Socialist State?

It is important that we should have a concrete notion of the Socialist State as Mr. Wells pictures it, for in it, and through it, and by means of it, and by means of it alone, he seeks to achieve the regeneration of human life. With him the State is the first and final institution—it is the seat and source of all authority, that to which all other institutions are subordinate, that from which there is no appeal. True he speaks both of the Church and the family, but he speaks of them as institutions altogether subordinate to the State; and such opinions as he is pleased to express about either of them, when not directly antagonistic, are so thin and speculative as to proclaim most unmistakably that he has no active faith in them whatever.* With him, as far as institutions go, it is the State or nothing; and, therefore, to his State we must direct our careful attention, in order to learn what it is and how it will work.

In *A Modern Utopia* we have a most brilliant presentation of the Socialist State; and in *First and Last Things* we have Mr. Wells' latest conviction with regard to it; taking the two books together, we should get to the heart, and I hope to the truth, of his great faith in Socialism. In attempting a sort of thumb-nail sketch of this I shall follow him in setting down not only what is more obviously and immediately practical, but also what may seem to some quite remotely idealistic and

* With regard to views on family, see article in the July CATHOLIC WORLD; with regard to those on religion and the Church, see (*A.*) 284, 293, 302; (*F.*) 83-91, 151-165.

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visionary. His own fearless loyalty to the truth as he sees it is so fine that I should make a poor return for his generosity if I held back any sincere conviction or failed to trace an idea of his to what I deemed its final or even fatal consequence.

We Catholics are familiar enough with the idea of a world-wide institution; the Church is such an institution, but it is mainly concerned with the spiritual needs of man, and with his physical needs only in so far as they are subservient to his spiritual ones. Mr. Wells, too, has a fine conception of a world-wide institution, of a World State which is to be the owner of all the earth and the provider and disposer of those material goods which are at once so necessary and at the same time so insufficient of themselves to satisfy what is really highest in human desire. The World State in his ideal "presents itself as the sole land-owner of the earth, with the great local governments . . . (and) municipalities, holding, as it were feudally, under it as landlords. The State, or these subordinates, holds all the sources of energy, and either directly or through its tenants, farmers, and agents, develops these sources, and renders the energy available for the work of life. It, or its tenants, will produce food, and so human energy, and the exploitation of coal and electric power, and the powers of wind and wave and water, will be within its right. It will pour out this energy by assignment and lease and acquiescence and what not upon its individual citizens. It will maintain order, maintain roads, maintain a cheap and efficient administration of justice, maintain cheap and rapid locomotion, and be the common carrier of the planet, convey and distribute labor, control, let, or administer all natural productions, pay for and secure healthy births and a healthy and vigorous new generation, maintain the public health, coin money, and sustain standards of measurement, subsidize research, and reward such commercially unprofitable undertakings as benefit the community as a whole; subsidize, when needful, chairs of criticism and authors and publications, and collect and distribute information. The energy developed and the employment afforded by the State will descend like water that the sun has sucked out of the sea to fall upon a mountain range, and back to the sea again it will come at last. . . . Between the clouds and the sea it will run, as a river system runs, down through a great region of individual enterprise and interplay, whose freedom it will sustain.

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. . . From our human point of view the mountains and the sea are for the habitable lands that lie between. So, likewise, the State is for Individualities. The State is for individuals, the law is for freedoms, the world is for experiment, experience, and change; these are the fundamental beliefs upon which a modern Utopia must go" (*U.*, pp. 89–91).

In this paragraph, which I have just quoted, we have the State presented as the *summum bonum* of all earthly institutions. In the latter part of it we have a metaphor intended to enlighten us. We are told of the sun, of the mountains, and the sea, and of the habitable lands that lie between. We are also told that just as the mountains and the sea are for the habitable lands that lie between, so is the State for individualities. From this we may conclude that the State is represented by the mountains and the sea. It is only fair, then, for us to ask what the sun represents. The sun is the light and life of the metaphor, but it shines without explanation. What in *Modern Utopia* corresponds to this glorious symbol? Whatever it is, it must be something intrinsically finer and more predominant than even the State itself; but, unfortunately, we are given no clue to its identity. To me, however, it has taken on a great significance, for may it not be meant to represent that great problem which Mr. Wells so often approaches, but never at all adequately grapples with, I mean, *the problem of the Spiritual Power in the Socialist State?*

He comes, however, to close quarters with it when treating of the Utopian *Samaurai*—a voluntary nobility, who are to be the salt of the Socialist State, the pattern and stimulus of all that is at once most stable and progressive.

In Utopia, "a world identical in every respect with the real planet earth, except for the profoundest differences in the mental content of life," there are four main classes of mind quite clearly distinguishable and called respectively, the *Poietic*, the *Kinetic*, the *Dull*, and the *Base*. The two former classes are the living tissue of the State, the two latter, its fulcra and resistances. With the Dull and the Base we need not deal here, but the distinction between the Poietic and Kinetic is a very useful and suggestive one.

The poietic class, at its best, includes all those who are most creative, initiative, progressive, and even revolutionary in the best sense of that word. The kinetic class, on the other

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hand, is less creative and more generally efficient, it makes more for stability in the State than for novelty, is more self-disciplined and more inclined to take its stand upon historic values than the poietic. "A fairly energetic kinetic is probably the nearest thing to that ideal which our earthly anthropologists have in mind when they speak of the 'Normal' human being. The very definition of the poietic class involves a certain abnormality."

A State run entirely by kinetics would cease to grow, first in this department of activity and then in that; it would lose its power of initiation, of adaptation, of integrating change. But, on the other hand, a State run entirely by poietics would quickly fall from its sheer instability—from that lack of order and discipline which only an unyielding and peremptory law can give it.

The problem, therefore, arises as to whether there is to be an inevitable alternation of now poietic and now kinetic ascendency, or whether it be possible to maintain a sort of complementary equilibrium between these two equally necessary but wholly differentiated classes in the State. "Is it possible to maintain a secure, happy, and progressive State beside an unbroken flow of poietic activity?"

Mr. Wells' Utopians thought so and, according to him, attained to a practical solution of this difficult problem.

What characterizes a member of the poietic class is obviously a specialized and momentous individuality. But such a person is so often by his very nature impatient and incapable of submission to the authority of an external institution, unless indeed an organization can be found which will give him an atmosphere and an environment both free and stimulating, an organization, in fact, which will educate this momentous individuality of his to its highest point of social utility. I am speaking, of course, entirely from Mr. Wells' standpoint as to the all importance of what he would call community values.

The Utopians believed it possible for the State to frame limiting conditions within which every person of poietic temperament should be encouraged to the full and practical expression of his peculiar excellence. Education, at first general and afterwards specialized, with appropriate incentives, honors, and rewards, was open to all without class or distinction. But the flower of Utopian manhood was to be found in the *Sam-*

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aurai. "Any intelligent adult, in a reasonably healthy and efficient State, may, at any age after five-and-twenty, become one of the Samaurai," an Order into whose hands falls practically the whole administrative work of Utopia.

This Order of the Samaurai was entirely voluntary; it was open to any one who could submit to the discipline of its Rule. It included, at the time of Mr. Wells' visit, all the head teachers and disciplinary heads of colleges, judges, barristers, employers of labor beyond a certain limit, practising medical men, and legislators; in fact, everybody who was anybody in Utopia.

The Rule was designed "to exclude the Dull, to be unattractive to the Base, and to direct and co-ordinate all sound citizens of good intent." It was also designed "to discipline the impulses and emotions, to develop a moral habit, and sustain a man in periods of stress, fatigue, and temptation; and, in fact, to keep all the Samaurai in a state of moral and bodily health and efficiency." It consisted of three parts, the things that qualified, the things that must not be done, and the things that must be done.

A youth or man is qualified for admission by a sort of leaving-certificate from his college, obtained by an examination which excludes about ten per cent of the healthy Utopian youth. Among those who are necessarily excluded are people of nervous instability, however great though irregular their poietic gifts may be; such people are not wanted among the Samaurai.*

Now as to the things that are forbidden. Meat having for some time been abandoned throughout Utopia, the Samaurai hardly notice this privation, but neither are they allowed indulgence in any alcoholic drink or narcotic drug. Usury, too, at first forbidden to the Samaurai alone, has by this time almost died out of Utopia. The Samaurai may not buy or sell for profit, except on behalf of the State; from this it follows

* It may be mentioned, that the Samaurai have a Canonical Book, but that the canon is of a very elastic nature, the last addition being a poem by the late Mr. W. E. Henly, which includes that memorable verse:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be,
For my unconquerable soul."

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that the great employers, who are necessarily Samaurai, never trade for selfish gain—a great innovation on our earthly custom—and so there are no private fortunes in Utopia that can compare at all with the huge wealth of the State. The Samaurai are forbidden to act, sing, or recite, though they are permitted to lecture authoritatively or join in debates; they must not play games in public, nor be seen watching them, much less indulge in betting of any kind; they may not perform menial tasks for hire, but they are enjoined to shave, dress, and wait upon themselves; they may not keep servants, but must make their own beds and look after their own private rooms.

With regard to more intimate matters of moral discipline there are very strict injunctions. There is a Rule of chastity, but not of celibacy. The young, indeed, it would appear, are allowed to sow their wild oats before they reach the age of twenty-five, and are then fully eligible for the sterner life of the Samaurai, no special training in emotional or moral discipline is made compulsory before that time. "Let them have a chance of wine, love, and song; let them feel the bite of full-bodied desire, and know what devils they have to reckon with" (p. 285). But after twenty-five, failings of this kind, which before were merely venial, now take rank as mortal offences, for which there is no room for repentance, at least within the Order itself. "A man who breaks the Rule after his adult adhesion at five-and-twenty is no more in the Samaurai forever."

In this place, at any rate, the Utopians seem quite frankly to recognize the weakness of human nature. Civilization, we are told, has developed far more rapidly than man has modified for the better; his natural powers of self-restraint are too weak to curb his physical and emotional passions; great material prosperity has always been followed by moral collapse. In times of security, liberty, and abundance, "the normal untrained human being is disposed to excess in almost every direction; he tends to eat too much and too elaborately, to drink too much, to become lazy faster than his work can be reduced, to waste his interest upon displays, and to make love too much and too elaborately. He gets out of training, and concentrates upon egoistic or erotic broodings. The past history of our race is very largely a history of social collapse due

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to demoralization by indulgences following security and abundance" (293).*

How, then, do the Utopians in general, and the Samaurai in particular, propose to deal with these original and actual failings of human nature? "Our founders organized motives from all sorts of sources, but *I think the chief source to give men self-control is pride.* Pride may not be the noblest thing in the soul, but is the best king there, for all that. They (the Utopians) looked to it to keep a man clean and sound and sane" (*Ib*).

Then as to the things that must be done. There are very precise regulations as to the times and places when the Samaurai may meet each other for purposes of companionship and recreation. As the order is open to members of either sex, and to people both married and single, the permissions are very detailed, personal, and specific, especially with regard to married people themselves; but these need not be enlarged upon here, except in so far as to say that within the marriage sphere there seems less freedom and power of mutual decision than without it.

We now come "to the heart of all Utopian explanations, *to the will and the motives at the centre* that made men and women ready to undergo discipline, to renounce the richness and elaboration of the sensuous life, to master emotions and control impulses, to keep in the key of effort while they had abundance about them to rouse and satisfy all desires"—in fact, to the Utopian religion. Religion they contend is as natural to man as lust and anger, *but less intense;* they accept it as they accept thirst, "as something inseparably in the mysterious rhythms of life"; they seem to regard any external manifestation of it as a pleasant weakness to be indulged in rarely, and by the best of the Samaurai not at all; "the Samaurai will have emerged above these things," above "the religion of dramatically lit altars, organ music, and incense," above "the delusive simplification of God that vitiates all ter-

* We are told, however, in another place (p. 299), that "the leading principle of Utopian religion is the repudiation of Original Sin." Original Sin is a dogma which proclaims the weakness of human nature, and without the great complementary dogma of the Incarnation would, indeed, give little courage to struggling humanity; the Church never repudiates the weakness of human nature in order to overcome it, she teaches us to face it squarely and with patient humility, and then directs us with hope and encouragement to the eternal hills from whence cometh our help.

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restrial theology. . . . The intimate thing of religion must exist in human solitude, between man and God alone . . . a man may no more reach God through a priest than love his wife through a priest." The Rule of the Samaurai will, therefore, have no official concern with the religion of its members. "So far as the Samaurai have a purpose in common in maintaining the State, and the order and progress of the world, so far, by their discipline and denial, by their public work and effort, they worship God together," but in what we may certainly presume to be a rather implicit manner.

In this religion of the Samaurai there appears to be nothing that appeals to the whole man—his heart and senses as well as his critical intellect—nothing that is universally known and passionately and personally believed in; nothing that the best men live by and would willingly die for; nothing that is objectively, absolutely, and transcendently true. The Samaurai, in fact, do not believe in an Objective or Explicit Supernatural Revelation, and consequently they do not believe in an institutional and divinely authoritative Church—an institution superior to and independent of the State—whose function it is to guard, interpret, expound, and unfold this supernatural revelation, and furthermore to administer its sacraments and perform its beautiful and symbolic ritual.

The Samaurai are bound by their Rule to a yearly retreat of seven consecutive days. Each one of them has to go apart into some wild and solitary place, without companions, books, pens, paper, or money, in order to exercise himself in his privately conceived, privately sustained, and privately interpreted religion; and we may, without unfairness, presume the substance of his meditations from certain passages written by Mr. Wells himself:

"Many people would be glad, for rather trivial and unimportant reasons, that I should confess a faith in God, and few would take offence. But the run of people even nowadays mean something more and something different when they say 'God.' They intend a personality exterior to them and limited, and they will instantly conclude I mean the same thing. To permit that misconception is, I feel, the first step on the slippery slope of meretricious complaisance. . . . Occasionally we may best serve the God of Truth by denying him."

"Yet at times I admit that the sense of personality in the

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universe is very strong. If I am confessing, I do not see why I should not confess up to the hilt. At times in the silence of the night and in rare lonely moments, I come upon a sort of communion of myself and something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind and language obliges me to say that then this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person—and my communion a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen, and they are the supreme fact of my religious life, they are the crown of my religious experiences" (*F.*, p. 50.).

On Free-Will. "Is the whole of this scheme of things settled and done? The whole trend of science is to that belief. On the scientific plane one is a fatalist, the universe a a system of inevitable consequences. But . . . it is quite possible to accept in their several planes both predestination and free-will. If you ask me, I think I should say I incline to believe in predestination and do quite completely believe in free-will. *The important belief is free-will.* . . . I am free and freely and responsibly making the future—so far as I am concerned. On that theory I find my life will work, and on a theory of mechanical predestination nothing works" (*Ib.*, p. 51).

On the Idea of a Church. "The practical fact is that it (a Church) draws together great multitudes of diverse individualized people in a common solemnity and self-subordination, however vague, and, in so far, is like the State, *and in a manner far more intimate and emotional and fundamental* than the State, a synthetic power. And, in particular, the idea of the Catholic Church is charged with synthetic suggestion; *it is in many ways an idea broader and finer than the constructive idea of any existing State* . . ." (pp. 151-7).

On Humility, the Basis of Democracy. "The real justification of democracy lies in the fact that none of us are altogether weak; for every one there is an aspect in which he is seen to be weak; for every one there is a strength, though it may be only a peculiar strength or an undeveloped potentiality. The unconverted man uses his strength egotistically, emphasizes himself harshly against the man who is weak where he is strong, and hates and conceals his own weakness. The believer, in the measure of his belief, respects and seeks to understand the different strength of others, and to use his own distinctive power with and not against his fellow-men, in the

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common service of that synthesis to which each one of them is ultimately as necessary as he" (*Ib.*, p. 198).*

There is one last confession which gives the specific note of all these pathetically hopeful, but actually faithless, meditations. "All my life has been at bottom, *seeking*, disbelieving always, dissatisfied always with the thing seen and the thing believed, seeking something in toil, in force, in danger, something whose name and nature I do not clearly understand, something beautiful, worshipful, enduring, mine profoundly and fundamentally, and yet the utter redemption of myself; I don't know—all I can tell is that it is something I have ever failed to find."†

How negative, inadequate, and paralyzed with doubt is the "religion" I have here attempted to summarize, though I hope not unfairly or with disproportion! There is not to be found in the paragraphs quoted above, nor anywhere throughout our author's writings, one single positive expression of faith in the existence of God. The nearest approach to it is a reverent obeisance before some great Perhaps, whose only symbol, we may add, should be a sublime note of interrogation. Of what poor and tepid avail is an agnosticism such as this when called upon to energize ordinary human nature in its unceasing and momentous conflict with undisciplined passion!

Undisciplined passion is always a trespasser, whether regarded from the individual or from the social standpoint; moreover, *undisciplined intellectual passion is a much more harmful trespasser than undisciplined physical passion.* This last fact I must dogmatically assert in the teeth of all modernist and "New Theological" opposition, and I beg to call Mr. Wells' serious attention to it, for the neglect of it is the main reason of his failure to apprehend what religion is in itself and what it is meant to do.

There are times when it is a right and proper thing for a man "to smite down," as Newman says, the pride of his critical intellect; and most of all is it right to do this when the critical intellect turns trespasser and thief within the very sanctuary of God-given Truth—presuming, of course, that there be a God and that He has revealed Himself; if there be no God there can be no religion except in an equivocal sense.

* *Cf.* Aquinas, *Summa*, 2 2. Q. 161, art. 3. † *Tono-Bungay*, p. 252.

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To make the critical intellect, on the other hand, the supreme and final criterion of divine revelation is to put it to an entirely undisciplined and improper use. But not only is the intellect of man, in its critical capacity, thus put to undisciplined and improper uses; in its constructive capacity it is put to a task still more out of all proportion to its natural powers, namely, that of creating a new revelation of its own in the place of that divine one it has so wantonly presumed to criticise and condemn.

According to the now fashionable doctrine of many religious bodies and of Mr. Wells himself—who deny that there is any decisive and final religious authority external to the private individual judgment—according to this doctrine, private individuals are endowed with the capability (and, therefore, with the right that not even the State may dispute) of creating brand new religions, each according to his own image, superscription, and idiosyncrasy.

Now this is a pretty big order even for the massive intellect of the ordinary man, with his not over-thorough education and training in the theory and practice of the spiritual life, and we are not surprised to find that, although Mr. Wells allows the human intellect such large and powerful jurisdiction in spiritual matters, he will not allow it the same absolute privileges in more mundane affairs. Despite his formal repudiation of original sin in one place, he categorically lays it down in another, that the intellect of man is not to be trusted, because of its inherent weakness and imperfection. "The forceps of our minds are clumsy forceps and crush the truth a little in taking hold of it"; we need, he tells us, certain safeguards and correctives "*in order to save us from the original sin of our own intellectual instrument.*" *

If this is true of our intellectual dealings with the more quantitative things of life, it is truer still of our dealings with the more qualitative ones, and most of all true with regard to the things pre-eminently qualitative—the things of God Himself. A man may, indeed, reach out to the things of God, but only by the exercise of a lover's faith and a lover's humility. The critical faculty of a man of faith is turned in upon his own failings and has there a sufficient and proper occupation (I am speaking, of course, only of its religious use). *Distrust*

* *Scepticism of the Instrument*, now printed as an appendix to *A Modern Utopia*, p. 392.

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of self, that is where the critical faculty comes in and quite rightly so; *trust in God*, that is where it does not come in, and if it did, would come in wrongly and without reason. If, at any time, however, say in some period of waning devotion, it should be tempted to turn itself to the criticism of the divinely perfect or such revelation of truth as He has vouchsafed for our temporal and eternal benefit, then it is the business of humility to step in and silence its questionings by pointing out their unreasonable folly, lest, forsooth, the critical intellect, once more pretending to a supremacy above God Himself, should become in very truth the abomination of desolation trespassing where it ought not.

Intellectual passion, then, is a good thing when devoted to its proper objects in proportion to its proper powers and under the auspices of its proper authorities, but it is a bad thing when exercised in an inordinate and undisciplined manner, at wrong times and in wrong places and upon wrong objects, without subjection to authorities more universal and more excellent than itself. Mr. Wells supports this contention and uses it most powerfully when speaking of his State; but when he comes to his "religion" he denies it in theory and in fact and chases it out of the field as a dangerous enemy to freedom of the individual.

After all, Mr. Wells' religion is a poor thing and won't work—as he himself is candid enough to confess in *First and Last Things* (p. 143)—it is merely a side dish put on at his social board for those of his guests who, after partaking rather generously of his earlier Socialistic courses, need something tasty to make them feel nice and sentimentally good. Mr. Wells, unfortunately, does not believe that religion is to provide the main food of man here on earth, but seems rather to believe that it is thrown in to tickle a jaded palate when surfeited with the abundance of this world. Mr. Wells has made a mistake. Religion is not given to tickle a jaded palate of man; it is given that man may have life and have it more abundantly.

The problem of the spiritual power in the Socialist State has not been solved after all, the "sun" of Mr. Wells' earlier metaphor is still a mere metaphor, signifiying nothing; and his whole scheme is left in the darkness of great spiritual failure. Mr. Wells, I know, repeatedly asserts that there is no

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real distinction between things quantitive and things qualitative, but I presume that, at any rate, he will allow us to make a real distinction between people who are *poietic* and people who are *base*. It is true that he emphasizes that difference on the intellectual rather than on the emotional side, and that is why his whole political cosmos is such a rigid and static affair. It is love that makes the world go round and it is lust that makes it go round the wrong way. His cosmos, too, is rigid and static because it is densely and materially fashioned, and this is true of every Socialist cosmos. *Socialism of itself and by itself can do nothing to diminish or discipline the immediate and materialistic lusts of men, because Socialism is itself the most exaggerated and universalized expression of those lusts yet known to history.** Last of all, it is insufficiently energized and accelerated in the right direction by spiritual as distinguished from material forces, and by an authoritative spiritual as distinguished from an authoritative material power. To sum up, the problem of Social Reform has two aspects, the quantitative aspect and the qualitative aspect, the latter being the more important. Mr. Wells has dealt with the quantitative aspect very fully, but not I think satisfactorily, on a Socialistic basis. As to the qualitative aspect of the problem, he has not yet got within sight of it, much less within sight of its solution. Such, at any rate, is the contention advanced in these articles.

* See two most powerful articles on Socialism in the English *Quarterly Review* for April and July of the present year. Socialism is searchingly examined as to its origin, philosophy, and practice; and is declared on all these heads to be essentially materialistic and anti-spiritual.

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HOLY COMMUNION.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

My soul that's house-mate with my body,
  And finds the tenement too small,
Frets at her vesture, white and ruddy,
  Would break the windows, scale the wall.

Would spread her useless wings and flying
  Leave all her dull estate behind.
To-day, with angels touching, vieing,
  She finds her prison to her mind.

See now the prisoner's manumission!—
  And yet she hugs her prison still—
Where shining heads and wings elysian
  Are crowding by her window-sill

She sweeps her room and makes it festal,
  Flings a white cloth upon the board,
And with a bridal heart and vestal
  Awaits the coming of her Lord.

This is her hour. Enrapt, with Mary,
  She breaks her box of ointment rare,
Kneels in her heaven, Love's sanctuary,
  And feels His hand upon her hair.

Meanwhile her house-mate, who shall perish,
  One hour is glorified likewise;
Envied of angels, she doth cherish
  The Darling of the earth and skies.

One hour, poor wench, her honor's over,
  She, destined only for the earth,
Fashioned for no immortal lover,
  Gives praise for crowns beyond her worth.

No longer now the soul's in prison,
  Nor tethered by her useless wings,
Slips bonds: follows her Lord arisen
  And, ere she falls, by heaven's gate sings.

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ST. TERESA.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT. C.S.P.

N March 12, 1622, five saints were canonized in Rome amid the most splendid ceremonies and most heartfelt rejoicings. One was St. Isadore Agricola, whom Gregory XV. then placed on the altars of Christendom to call men's souls to worship God and thank Him for the marvels of grace adorning the lowliest state of life, for St. Isadore, as his surname indicates, was a peasant.

The other four were among the greatest saints of their era, which was that of the Protestant revolt in the heart of the sixteenth century; and each was typical of some special, divine gift to the Church during her time of sorest trial. They were St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Philip Neri, and our St. Teresa of Jesus. The first named was chosen by God as the chief organizer of the forces of truth and holiness which He set in array to stop the ravages of Protestantism, and to re-establish Catholic peoples on the solid foundation of obedience to lawful authority, guiding them, meanwhile, to the interior life of God by his marvelous system of mental prayer. St. Francis Xavier was the foremost disciple of Ignatius, and had in the Far East renewed the missionary glories of the apostolic era. Then comes the name of Philip Neri, the saint whom God appointed to a sixty years' apostolate in the eternal city, so fruitful as to merit for him the official title of the Apostle of Rome. And finally St. Teresa of Jesus was canonized, the reformer of the Carmelite Rule, and the foremost exemplar and teacher of contemplative prayer granted the Church for many centuries. Men saw in the canonization of these four saints, just a hundred years after Luther's rebellion, an account-taking of what heaven had bestowed on the Church of Christ as a compensation for the losses of the Protestant revolt. And they noticed, also, that the year 1622 was the one which ended the glorious life of St. Francis de Sales, the most successful of the Church's missionaries to Protestants. He was also a very powerful exponent of God's ways in every form of devout

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life, including contemplative prayer, which was the special theme of St. Teresa.

We are now writing of her on occasion of a new English version of one of her most notable works, *The Interior Castle of the Soul.* The translation is made by an English Benedictine nun, one who is evidently kindred to her spirit; and it is edited by a Carmelite friar who is just as plainly competent to aid her in an editorial capacity.*

The saint wrote this luminous exposition of infused prayer in all its gradations and qualities, while she was suffering from a furious persecution. And yet it breathes that heavenly calmness peculiar to spirits dwelling in the loftier regions of heavenly peace. Like all of her writings she composed this one under a very stringent obedience from her confessor, at that time Canon Velasquez, afterwards Archbishop of Compostella. It is curiously allegorical in its framework; and yet the high topics are very plainly treated of, and they are made as intelligible to ordinary readers as is possible; all the more so, in fact, on account of the comparison she adopts between the stages of the soul's advancement in prayer, and the progress of a guest in a magnificent castle passing from its outer to its interior splendors. The style is familiar, yet the tone is stately, often even majestic. The author sheds a clear light, clear though dazzling, on the vague and distant and ravishingly beautiful states of contemplative prayer.

Some time previous to writing *The Interior Castle*, St. Teresa, under similar and even more painful stress of obedience, had written her most famous work, her autobiography. It narrates the principal events of her life up to and including the founding of the first monastery of her reform at Avila. But its chief purpose was to specify dates, places, persons, and all other accompaniments of her earlier supernatural experiences, such as locutions, visions, and ecstacies. It is the chronicle of the saint's novitiate under the Holy Spirit as novice master. It tells in narrative form of the same kind of divine extraordinary visitations more systematically treated of in *The Interior Castle.* The personal element is very powerful in the *Life*, for during several years of these divine visitations she was suspected of being bewitched by Satan; in fact, this was deliberately decided

* *The Interior Castle; or, the Mansions.* Exclamations of the Soul to God. Translated from the Autograph of St. Teresa by the [English] Benedictines [Nuns] of Stanbrook. Revised, with an Introduction, Notes, and Index, by Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. London: Thomas Baker; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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on by several learned and devout priests, and St. Teresa was treated accordingly. After a dreadful interval of suffering she came across better informed confessors, and her vindication was really dramatic in its suddenness and completeness. The *Life* is a book of most vivid interest and withal of most valuable instructiveness.

It was followed almost immediately by the little treatise on prayer called *The Way of Perfection*. This is a manual of what may be called meditative contemplation, or meditation of the less active, more intuitive kind. But yet *The Way of Perfection* also deals extensively with the virtues of a good Christian life, which are at once the means and the results of absorbed mental states of devotion of whatsoever degree or kind. Though written expressly for Carmelite nuns, it is a book richly replete with elementary instruction for devout Christians of all conditions, though it inclines the soul to those quieter tendencies of the spiritual life which are peculiar to the cloister.

This in turn was followed by her *Book of Foundations*, which may be called a continuation of her autobiography. It, again, was written under obedience. It holds a unique place in literature, being a minute disclosure of the interior guidance of God as related to His external ordering of affairs. It is a faithful, elaborate history of the providential happenings connected with the beginnings of nearly all of her convents of men or of women. It is thus the sequel of the *Life*, a narrative of the events of her career from the start of the reform at Avila till not long before her death. This makes it a book as precious as it is charming. But its peculiar value is in the golden thread which runs through it of the daily supernatural history of the author. Hardly anything important was ever done except from the inner prompting of the Holy Spirit. These are all described in the same artless but entrancing simplicity, as are the curious and often startling adventures accompanying the outward work of the establishment of the different houses. One passes continually from the promptings of her divine interior guide, to her counsellings with her external guides, and her conflicts with her many opposers. We read now of her shrewd dealings with lawyers and property owners, and then of her ecstacies and visions. From long conferences with magistrates and prelates we pass to her interviews with the holy angels. And we see how marvelously both orders of life,

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the earthly and heavenly, were ordered and mingled together by God for the founding of communities of austere, prayerful friars and nuns, intermediaries for the uniting and carrying out of God's temporal and external purposes among men.

The *Book of Foundations* was composed by the saint from her own imperishable memories of her supernatural experiences in the establishment of those houses of solitude and penance, each of which was to her as dear as her heart's blood—almost every one a victory earned by a hard-fought battle against the allied forces of petty jealousy, human greed, and official timidity. Besides her own vivid recollections, the saint had at her command those of her associates early and late and their diaries and other memoranda, as well as the community records of each house.

Taken together with the *Life* and the *Letters*, the whole forms a singularly powerful and impressive history of one of God's greatest saints, and certainly of the greatest woman of the sixteenth century. These books impart perhaps the most intimate, certainly the most extensive, acquaintance ever granted of the hidden ways of God with His more favored children. The *Life*, as we have said, is her most famous book, and in several ways deservedly so. Yet the *Book of Foundations* is needed for an integral, a finished study of her career and character, since it is a minute history of those long and painful, some of them racking, years between 1562 and 1582 covered by her work as a founder.

We are indebted to Mr. David Lewis, a distinguished Tractarian convert, for an admirable English translation of the *Book of Foundations*. His work is preceded by a succinct history of the reform, which embodies a summary life of the saint. The translator also elaborately edits the book, offering many valuable observations, historical and critical, together with a surprisingly full contribution of references to parallel records of events and teachings found in her other writings. He possessed the perfection of Teresian learning as well as the most ardent enthusiasm of Teresian discipleship. He also translated and placed at the end of the volume the saint's manual of the Visitation of the nunneries, the Carmelite Rule, the Constitutions of the Reform, and the Maxims of St. Teresa. Mr. Lewis also wrote the *Life of St. John of the Cross* and translated his works.

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The Library of the Paulist Fathers, in New York, possesses a unique work in French by an anonymous artist, entitled *L'Espagne Thérésienne, ou Pelerinage d'un Flamand a toutes les Fondations de Ste. Thérèse.* It was published in folio, second edition, 1893, at Ghent, at the Carmelite monastery there. It is an illustrated itinerary of the saint's life as a founder, containing twenty-nine large pictures and innumerable smaller ones, all excellent engravings from line drawings made on the spot, of buildings and localities, together with likenesses made from authentic portraits of all persons in anywise closely connected with the various foundations. The work is artistic and thoroughly well done. It is accompanied with narrative and descriptive comments of the most reliable kind, made by the Carmelites of Ghent. It is a work of deepest interest to all disciples of our saint, though only best appreciated by artists. It is a worthy companion volume to the *Book of Foundations.* We fear that it is too good to obtain wide circulation and that it will pass out of print. For the copy now in possession of the Paulist Library we are indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Mother Prioress Beatrix of the Holy Spirit, of the Boston Carmel.

Newman has said that the only real biography is that which a man himself writes in his letters. The truth of this is shown by the *Letters of St. Teresa.* However, in her case, the candor of letter-writing characterizes all of her books, especially her autobiography and her *Book of Foundations,* resulting in a self-revelation of ever-increasing credit to herself and instruction to her disciples.

There is an indescribable charm about St. Teresa's letters. In reading them one exclaims instinctively: "Oh, how outspoken a soul is this, and how affectionate; how fearless and positive and resolute a character; and yet how gentle; how great a gift of speech and how vast a wealth of holy thought to draw upon for spreading the love of God and zeal for souls."

The immovable calm of this master mind is as well displayed in her *Letters* as in the *Book of Foundations,* a feminine spirit enthralled by the knowledge of God closely viewed, and yet devoid of feminine fussiness. The entire gentleness of the sex is also there, every sweet virtue of sympathy, kindness, and patience. But withal a queenly purpose to stand her ground for right and for God against all comers. One notes

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that she rules the male sex as simply as she does the female, not seldom becoming spiritual adviser to the many saints and sages who from first to last were her directors. "My son," was a term of address she often used to men well advanced along the road of perfection, and of high name and office in the Church and the schools. In this trait she was kindred to St. Catherine of Siena, who had grouped about her during the later years of her life, and living almost continually in her company, a little college of men of distinguished ability, great sanctity, and widespread influence in Church and State, proud to be called her disciples.

The foremost disciple of our saint was St. John of the Cross. His works on mystical topics are quoted everywhere. She formed, under God, his mind and life to the highest standard of perfection. What St. Francis Xavier was to St. Ignatius, we might almost say St. John of the Cross was to St. Teresa. We are fortunate in having Mr. David Lewis as his English biographer and translator, giving us his exact, almost scholastic, and yet highly poetical development of St. Teresa's more artless teaching of the higher kinds of prayer. In founding her reform—as is shown by her letters as well as by her other writings—she dealt no less masterfully with able and holy men than she did with the great-souled women who were her close associates. Her coadjutors, or rather her auxiliaries were, indeed, oftener men than women, noblemen and men of wealth or of learning, or of sanctity, and of states of life varying from petty shopkeepers to Archbishops and high grandees. She exercised over them all the same kindly authority as over the young girls whom God sent her for the equipping of her new monasteries. But if she mastered these men with great power, it was not at the expense of her womanly kindliness, nor with the least semblance of mannishness.

Given a reader with any degree of devout receptivity, and St. Teresa's writings are quickly established among his masterbooks, to be used occasionally all through life, in many cases to be used unceasingly. *The Way of Perfection* and *The Interior Castle* are systematic treatises; they exhibit the saint's spiritual doctrine in ever fresh attractiveness, but with close regard to form and division of parts. The *Book of Foundations* and the *Letters* joined to the *Life* as a vine to a trellis, impart the same precious teaching but more discursively. They are par-

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ticularly valuable as elaborate and really fascinating accounts of her whole career, and afford every possible means of knowing exactly what by nature and grace God did when He made and perfected St. Teresa.

From generation to generation this literature continues to win for our saint a tribute of reverence as affectionate as it is powerful. Her books establish and continually re-establish and perpetually inspire the Teresian discipleship of silence, self-denial, recollectedness, and hidden union with God. Not in all holy reading, outside of Scripture, are any books possessed of exactly their peculiar sweetness and force, making for love of the hard life and glorious recompense of the soul's retirement into God.

The Way of Perfection, the *Life*, the *Book of Foundations*, *The Interior Castle*, and the *Letters* are the chief literature of our saint, though her rules for governing and visiting the reformed houses are of great and, indeed, essential value to her own religious. But we must not forget to say that there are a few little poems of hers which are of fascinating beauty, the outpourings of the saint's soul in the language of a most refined imagination. In reading, for example, her "Canticle on Death," we cannot help regretting that God did not guide her to write a whole book of poems.

Her literary abilities were of the highest order, and place her words, written as they were in the golden age of her native tongue, among the best Castilian classics. The style is at once flowing and terse. There is not the faintest suspicion of verbiage, and yet she possesses that diffusiveness of description so necessary in discoursing of topics where the least shade of meaning ministers to the essential needs of integral information.

How many mysterious details of transcendent mental states are found in all her writings. They lift the reader out of his element into the serene, if baffling, glories of the higher kinds of prayer, yet not without frequent glimpses sharp and clear of perfectly intelligible truth and beauty. Nor is this privilege the monopoly only of the more perfect Christians. A soul but newly converted from the most degrading vice, if he be only intensely converted, can get some profit, indeed some very practical profit, from every page of these messages of a fellow-mortal raised to the highest sanctity.

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Her style has enabled our saint to be a crystal medium of communication between herself and any human soul, a medium as sympathetic as it is unconventional. She is, therefore, constantly read by persons of all states and conditions of life in Holy Church, who are in the least degree desirous of Christian perfection. The test of three and a half centuries of trial has been applied to these books, and has proved them to be worthy of the life-long reading of all spiritually-minded Christians.

Until the Stanbrook nuns gave us this perfect translation of *The Interior Castle*, English readers must have used perforce Canon Dalton's version; and the same is to be said of *The Way of Perfection*. All praise to him. Truest of disciples, his services were very great. Among all the saint's clients none was more devoted than he. He was eager and jubilant in his work of translating her books, and he reveled in it. It is a pity that he lacked literary quality, even such needful gifts as clearness of expression and verbal orderliness. The present translators will, no doubt, wholly supersede him; and they promise an English version of *The Way of Perfection*. Of all the letters of St. Teresa of any value we have Father H. J. Coleridge's translation, attached to his valuable biography of the saint.

As to our saint's natural character,* one might think that so typical a contemplative would necessarily be a retiring and timorous soul. Teresa was retiring indeed, and craved passionately to be alone with God. But in reading her *Life* and *Letters*, and especially her *Book of Foundations*, we become acquainted with an independent, even an aggressive temperament, full of initiative, venturesome, resourceful, often bold to the verge of audacity—all this exhibited not simply as the result of the supernatural gift of fortitude, but, in a certain degree, of her native and instinctive qualities.

Her age was the last glorious era of Spanish knighthood, whose exploits in the old and new world filled men's souls with

* The following is the chronology of the principal events in the life of St. Teresa. Born March 28, 1515, at Avila, in Old Castile, her father being Alphonsus Sanchez de Cepeda, her mother Beatrice Ahumada. In 1522, being then seven years old, she induced her little brother to steal away with her to Africa to be martyred for Christ by the Moors, and was intercepted and returned to her home by her uncle. In 1533 she entered the Carmelite convent of the mitigated observance in Avila. In 1537 she is granted her first vision. In 1560, under supernatural divine guidance, she resolves to found a monastery of nuns of the strict observance of the primitive Carmelite Rule. In 1563 foundation of the first monastery of the reform. From that time till her death, October 4, 1582, the saint is almost wholly occupied with planning and founding new monasteries of men and women. St. Teresa's life thus extended over the greater part of the eventful sixteenth century.

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wonder, and established the mightiest empire of modern times. But no cabellero or conquistador among her dauntless countrymen could excel her in daring. She battled valorously in the peaceful field of the Gospel, where victories are won by love of enemies and by holy patience. She thirsted for those conflicts; and she exhibited a spirit of adventure in the cause of God during the twenty years of her career as a founder, which makes her achievements read like a romance.

Furthermore, this nun, rated by non-Catholic writers as a dreamy mystic, was a good business manager. Though so often rapt into the celestial regions of holiest thought and love, St. Teresa was the reverse of a dreamer, knew how to drive a good bargain, borrowed money advantageously, quickly fathomed weakness of character in the men and women with whom she dealt. Cardinal Wiseman, in his preface to the English version of *St. John of the Cross*, calls attention to the matter-of-fact expression of St. Teresa's face in her authentic portrait, the solid sense, the keen observation, the well-recognized traits of countenance of a capable woman of affairs. Read her letters to her brother about family concerns, and the many other letters about business matters, if you would see how good a head she had for plain, everyday work—that head so filled with divine thoughts, and yet so shrewd for the earthly duties incident to her vocation as a foundress.

She was the advance agent and the first and final manager in all such things as title deeds and purchases, debts and legacies, as well as the current support of each of her many monasteries; a sane woman of immense positiveness and great business foresight, yet often lifted up into the heavens in raptures and again restored to earth—a wondrous duplex life of inspiration wholly miraculous and of good sense entirely reliable. Her practical decisions were very rarely at fault. She had a marvelous mingling together of the truest earthly with the sublimest heavenly guidance.

Take a specimen from her letters; we may call this message to her brother a sort of interlude of family business thrust into the midst of high contemplation. Writing to him about some connection of the family who had been tormenting them with lawsuits, and with whom they were now arranging a settlement, she says: "He has a good heart, but in this case he is not to be trusted; and therefore, when you send him the thou-

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sand reals, you must make him sign a deed, by which he will obligate himself to give five hundred ducats to my sister Mary if he should again trouble us with recommencing the lawsuit." Notice in the *Book of Foundations* with what unconscious ease she passes from the relation of visions and the revealing of heavenly secrets to the discussion of such a mundane thing as the shortcomings of a stone mason in her employ.

As a child of seven years she ran away from home that she might go to the country of the Moors to suffer martyrdom, dragging with her her little brother Rodrigo.

> "Scarce has she learned to lisp the name
> Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
> Life should so long play with that breath
> Which, spent, can buy so brave a death.
>
> "Scarce has she blood enough to make
> A guilty sword blush for her sake;
> Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove
> How much less strong is death than love."
>
> —*Crashaw, "Hymn to St. Teresa."*

Some little girls forecast their future vocation by playing nun; she did so by actually striving to become a martyr for Christ. Hers was naturally the reverse of a yielding, pliant nature. During her early years, both at home and at boarding school, though a sweet-tempered and guileless child, she yet was self-willed. When her father refused his consent to her entering the convent, she left her home and joined the sisters against his will. From the beginning to the end of her life she exhibited much self-poise of character. Even after God had terribly chastened her by interior anguish and bodily illness extending over many years, and began to illuminate her soul with miraculous guidance, He yet did not hinder her thinking for herself, though, as we shall see, He granted her an heroic grace of obedience to superiors. After He had elevated her motives and had bestowed on her the rarest gifts of infused prayer, she still retained her original native force; and she responded to His inspirations for introducing the Carmelite reform by a strikingly fearless plan of action. After she had fortified herself with the counsel of the wisest confessors she could find, she undertook the task of reforming on old and decadent re-

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ligious order; a harder task by far than that of founding a new one in original fervor; "a purpose," to quote the language of Holy Church in the saint's office, "in which blossomed forth the omnipotent blessing of the merciful Lord. For this poor virgin, though destitute of all human help, nay very often opposed by the great ones of this world, was yet able to establish thirty-two monasteries."

In making these foundations, she was in almost every case forced to defend herself against powerful and numerous enemies. Her holy purposes were maligned, her friends were persecuted, she herself was sometimes in danger of even bodily harm. We constantly behold her struggling in what was, humanly speaking, a hopeless effort to introduce into a town a body of holy women who, for God's love, would voluntarily live on alms, keep holy silence, fast, and pray. But she struggled on undauntedly; now with the wild passions of the townspeople, now with the jealousy of other communities or the dark suspicions of prelates, again hindered by the coldness of associates or half-heartedness of friends, sometimes held back even by the timidity of her confessors—brave men enough, but appalled at the obstacles which she so fearlessly faced. Again, every effort is for a time paralized by excommunications and interdicts or other such restrictions of bishops, the generals of the order, and even papal nuncios, resulting practically in her occasional imprisonment in monasteries.

Yet this woman, though so valiant, was never disobedient. In reading her own calm narrative of all the important occurrences of her life, one says instinctively, never was any saint called on by God to obey so many unlawful superiors; so many lawful superiors quite misinformed, often enough totally stampeded by the basest calumnies; or again far transgressing their canonical limits of authority. Yet she responded with entire compliance in every case, submitting sadly but fully to usurpation, just as she did joyfully to legitimate guidance. Fools in high places received her allegiance as well as the wisest men in Spain; she obeyed scoundrels as promptly as saints. During many years she was led by an interior guidance so plainly divine that she solemnly and repeatedly affirms that she would have cheerfully died to witness its validity. Yet when any one, holding authority over her in the external order, crossed the divine will thus made known to her, she never faltered in obedience to the representatives of God's outward rule, though

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sometimes she felt a pain in doing so that threatened to be her death.

As in her practice so in her precepts, she advances the essential need of this virtue of obedience, so renowned in the little commonwealths of absorbed prayer and sacrificial suffering she was engaged in founding. The following words, taken from the fifth chapter of the *Book of Foundations*, and addressed to all of her nuns, may be a description of her own struggles, while emphasizing in practise the supreme dogma of obedience: "Our Lord makes much of this submission, and with perfect justice; for it is by means of it that we make Him master of the free-will He has given us. We practise it sometimes quickly and completely, thereby winning an immediate self-conquest; at other times it is only after a thousand struggles that we succeed, constantly thinking that the decisions made by superiors in our case are nothing but folly. But finally, being drilled and practised by this painful exercise, we conform to what is commanded—painfully or not, we do it. Upon this our Lord, having helped us all the time, now seeing that we submit our will and our reason for His sake, gives us the grace to become masters of both." The uses and the philosophy of obedience could hardly be better stated.

The most cursory acquaintance with our saint reveals, as we have shown, a nature impulsive indeed but not headlong, a steadfast soul, full of initiative, yet by obedience made prudent to the verge of caution. But once set agoing by the instincts of zeal, it bore down opposition by the force of holiness of motive and an extraordinary power of persuasion. All through her *Book of Foundations*, as well as in her *Life* and *Letters*, she shows that her resistless will to do right was wholly adjusted to the strictest obedience. Men and women conscious of a great mission (or of a little one they think to be great) will find in her a perfect illustration of how obedience does not hinder individuality, but, on the contrary, only tames the soul's wildness, chastens its pride, purges it of lower motives, enriches it with the counsel of good, wise, and peaceable advisers, and hinders both precipitancy and tardiness. While constantly checking self-conceit, obedience blesses and adorns a strong nature's activity with the supreme merit of humility. "Experience has shown me"—mark these words, the very first in her prologue to the *Book of Foundations*—"not to mention what I have read in many places, what a

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great blessing it is for a soul never to withdraw from under obedience. Herein lie, in my opinion, growth in goodness and the gaining of humility. Herein lies our security amidst the doubts that arise whether or not we are straying from the heavenly road. . . . The divine majesty in His goodness has given me light to see the great treasure hidden in this priceless virtue." After the death of her countryman, St. Ignatius, our saint was the most aggressive spirit of her age—and also the most obedient. Notice that the end of her life was almost coincident with the beginning of that of St. Vincent de Paul, whose personal initiative was so great that princes and peasants, courts and armies and senates yielded to him as to an imperial master; and yet who seemed to be—and indeed in a sense really was—the gentlest and most yielding of human beings. To read but one side of the lives of these three great workers for God, Ignatius, Teresa, Vincent, one would behold what seemed the very petrifaction of submissiveness; and yet the other side shows the successful planning and successful executing of vast undertakings under incredible difficulties, without the faintest lesion to the integrity of obedience. Nor can the closest investigation detect where obedience ends and personal decision begins in many of their greatest works.

So St. Teresa always thinks for herself and yet is never free from the sense of another's approval. One-half of her outward history tells of the great works of God she both originated and achieved; the other half is the narrative of her dealings, most submissive, with every grade of superior. The lesson is plain; it is that in religious affairs the perfection of individual force is found in an activity springing from interior guidance subject to external regulation, both equally divine. No zeal is God's gift, except it shows itself faithful to the inner light of His grace, and equally faithful to the outer rule of His discipline in Holy Church.

One is at a loss to decide whether such virtues as courage and constancy are more plainly St. Teresa's characteristics than conformity to lawful authority. If her obedience is magnificent, yet her fearlessness is often yet more magnificent. If a model of obedience, yet is she a living lesson that a life of perfection is not for the chicken-hearted. A saint is one who has been taught by God how to mingle energy with patience, initiative with obedience.

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A WALK ACROSS THE CAMPAGNA.

BY F. H. P.

OST visitors to Rome know something of the Campagna, for they have presumably been out to Albano or to Frascati, and have thus caught a glimpse of the great rolling waste which surrounds Rome on three sides. But few really know the Campagna, for although some chosen ones may have gone out a good distance on the Appian way, not many venture to take a real Campagna walk. And yet we dare to say that until they have done so they miss one of the greatest charms of Rome "without the walls."

We had felt fascinated by the Campagna from the few glimpses we caught from the train as we came down from Cività Vecchia; the wild wastes spreading away towards the sea, the long lines of low hills, the arid expanses of sand, all seemed to tell of a land unlike any we had seen before, and we made up our minds that we would not leave Rome without taking at least one good walk away from metalled roads—we did not realize when we made this resolution that we should, in a sense, keep it without any difficulty, for there are no metalled roads in the true sense of the term in Rome or its neighborhood.

We ventured to broach the subject of this walk one day, but were met with a whole string of objections. No one ever dreamed of doing such a mad thing! What on earth was the good of it? We should certainly be eaten up by the fearful Campagna dogs, of whom terrible tales were told us. One informant had even heard—though he was not inclined to believe it—that there were wild buffaloes to be met with in some portions of the Campagna! And, lastly, we were told that if we escaped all these terrors we should certainly fall into the hands of the Campagna shepherds, who were notorious bandits. To tell the truth these "travelers' tales" only had the effect of whetting our curiosity, and we were now determined to go on a voyage of discovery. The first proceeding was to buy a re-

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liable map. And here, as so often in Rome, we drew a blank at the outset. We were shown by one of the biggest booksellers in the city a poor map which took in hardly anything of the parts we most wanted to see, and when we demurred, and asked if there was nothing better, we were solemnly told that nothing else existed, that no one ever wanted to go into the Campagna, etc., etc. We were beginning to know something of Roman ways, however, and proceeded to another shop. Here we found exactly what we wanted, a full and detailed map with brooks and watercourses, etc., marked, and to our huge joy we discovered written across a compartment of the Southern Campagna the words: "*Procojo dei Bufali.*" So there actually were buffaloes there after all.

A few days afterwards saw us on our way to the Trastevere Station. An attempt at Charing Cross in a wilderness is the only description we can give of this would-be magnificent enterprise. It is a relic of the desire to make of Rome a mighty commercial city, and it lies there now as a solemn warning to posterity. We found that a train left in a short time for Fiumicino, a spot on the coast a little to the north of the mouth of the Tiber. We got into a third-class carriage and found ourselves in the company of sundry strangely-attired figures armed with long fowling pieces which looked for all the world as though they dated from the flood; dogs and hair-knapsacks completed their kit, and we learnt that they were going down to the marshes to shoot wild-fowl. We ventured to make inquiries about one of the fowling-pieces, and were not astonished to find that it had formerly belonged to one of Pio Nono's soldiers, and that it had seen service in Abyssinia; and, added its possessor with an air of pride, it *does* shoot straight!

The train, wonderful to relate, started punctually, and in an hour we were at our destination. Most of the sportsmen had got out at earlier stations on the way, but a few passengers still remained, they had come down from Rome to get a whiff of the sea. We walked along the quay, peeping into the church on our way. It looked for all the world as though it had been transplanted from Belgium, a thorough village church, with its gaudy shrines, its St. Antony, and its Madonna, bedecked with flowers, and its tinsel ornaments on the altars. Still it was "the house of God," and perhaps the inhabitants thought it a work of art, though more probably they never

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gave that point a thought, but looked upon their church as a place of prayer where they had been baptized, where they heard Mass, where they received the Sacraments, and whither they would one day be brought on their way to the cemetery.

We wanted to make our way up the coast a little, so we went to the very edge where the tiny waves were breaking. This was the only place where the sand was solid enough to make walking possible; but when we were out of sight of the people on the shore near the village we took off our shoes and stockings and walked in the sea itself. It was a most delightful mode of progression, as the sea-beaten sand was firm and the water both cooled and hardened our feet. As we had a long walk before us this latter point was of importance. It was glorious, that view of the Mediterranean. The sea of the deepest blue, the sky to match; while a barque standing out to sea with all sail set, and a few small fishing smacks closer in, completed the picture. Meanwhile the sun grew hotter and we bethought ourselves of a swim. Truth to tell, the idea of a swim in March had never struck us, but when we noticed how warm the water was we felt it would be wrong to miss so golden an opportunity, and in we went.

We emerged like giants refreshed and, after a short time spent in consuming part of our provisions, we turned inland. Here swamp succeeded swamp and our progress was proprotionately slow. Huge locusts sprang from the bushes as we fought our way through the undergrowth; butterflies were everywhere—they were presumably all hibernated specimens which were enjoying the sun. In the pools were countless frogs which plopped into the water with extraordinary agility, so that for a long time we almost persuaded ourselves that they were lizards, though how these latter could survive the water we could not understand. At last, however, we caught a distinct view of a frog as it leapt from the bank into the water; it sank like a stone and there was no sign of its presence save a few bubbles. These frogs seemed to be of a different species from any we had hitherto observed, they were striped all down the back and were extraordinarily agile, so that one had little or no chance of getting a clear view of them before they were in the water and hidden in the weeds at the bottom.

It was hard work struggling across this sandy waste, as at every turn we were forced to retrace our steps in order to

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avoid a swamp. Cattle tracks—the buffaloes' we hoped—were everywhere, but these beasts could go through swamps which were impassable to us. More than once we had to remove our shoes and stockings, and one member of the party, who wore boots, found this a serious inconvenience. At length we came to a road bordering one of the irrigation canals and we went along this for some way, as the swamps had thrown us out of our course considerably. On starting from the shore we had singled out a scar in the distant hills as a mark to be aimed at, and this was very necessary in a place where there was little hope of meeting a friendly native to tell us the way. We had no compass, but used our watches instead. There is a very useful trick which, as it may not be known to some, we mention here: if in default of a compass you take your watch and point the hour-hand to the sun, then half-way between the hour-hand and twelve marks the south—if it be before midday you must work forwards, if it be afternoon you must work backwards. Thus, if it be 10 o'clock in the morning 11 on the dial will indicate the south; if, however, it be 4 o'clock 2 on the dial will point to the south. This simple device stood us in good stead during the long walk of that day.

We had been much struck by the absence of bird life so far, but shortly after 12 o'clock we came to some ploughed land and here the birds were much in evidence. Kites sailed majestically through the air, and the sunlight played marvelously on their wings, bringing out into clear relief the peculiar burnished brown which is so striking a feature of these birds. As they turned in the air the white wing-coverts shone and gleamed, while their forked tails served them as steering gear. It is always a treat to the bird-lover to watch a hawk on the wing, but the sight of a kite has in it something far more satisfying. He is so large, so graceful, his wings have such a spread, his tail is so large and so graceful, his huge circles in the air are so fascinating, and his varying colors as he wheels round are so wonderfully displayed, that one would far sooner watch one of these glorious birds than any hawk. On the ploughed land a bird of the wheat-ear species was very conspicuous. The patches of white made him easily visible and his habit of mounting on the rails of the neighboring fences, or on any hillock which suited him, made it easy to observe him even without the aid of the binocular.

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We walked across the ploughed land to gain a good look at the huge Campagna oxen which were yoked to the plough and which moved in dignified ease as the share broke up the soil. What majestic creatures these oxen are! Nothing seems to disturb them; their mild eyes gaze at the stranger, their huge ears twitch with curiosity, but they move on unperturbed. The Campagna soil is heavy, and the roots of a bulbous plant spread everywhere and cause much difficulty to the plough. There were three ploughs at work in this part; the furrow was fairly deep and the oxen had to pull hard, but they never looked as though they were really working, for their strength is enormous. They pull of course from the neck like all cattle, and not from the chest as do horses.

There is hardly a more picturesque sight than that of these Campagna oxen pulling steadily at the plough. They are yoked in pairs, and here there were four pairs to each plough. When you stand behind the plough the four pairs of huge horns waving to-and-fro form a very curious picture. The marvel is that the cattle do not prod one another as they struggle with the plough; but they never seem to do so. The cultivation of the Campagna is progressing rapidly, and it was good to see large portions of it being turned up by the plough. Its irrigation, too, is admirably carried out, and if only the inhabitants chose they could undoubtedly raise many fine crops here.

We now struck further inland and the soil got firmer as we went. A glance at the map showed us that we had no hope of seeing the buffalo, for the spots marked "*Procojo dei Bufali*" were much too far to the north and we had our work cut out for us to get back to Rome by 8 o'clock in the evening. Presently we came to a broad irrigation canal. Two gulls were busy feeding in it and we stalked them for some time in the hope of being able to determine to what species they belonged, but they were too wily for us and flew away before we could get near them. Meanwhile we had not lost sight of our landmark—the scar on the hillside; indeed, if we had not singled it out when starting we should certainly have got into difficulties long before. It stood out plain now, and we turned eastwards towards it. We had noticed a long line of fences at a distance, and as our road lay in that direction we made for them in the hope that they marked a bridge which would

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carry us over one of the innumerable irrigation canals which intersect the country; we had had enough of taking off our shoes and stockings.

As we approached the railing we saw dull, chocolate-brown figures moving about; they were certainly cattle and at first we paid no attention to them. But suddenly one of them lifted its head and we ejaculated "Buffaloes!" Though far away from the district marked on the map, they were indeed a herd of buffaloes. As far as we could see the huge beasts were scattered over the plain; they were feeding quietly enough and we went up to the double fence which at this point separated them from the wild part of the Campagna whence we had come. As we leant against the fence the nearest beast got wind of us and lifted his ugly head and sniffed! We felt safe where we were, but we realized that unless we wanted to go a very long way round we must make our way through the midst of the herd!

Right across the ground on which the buffalo were feeding there ran a narrow ditch full of water with a weak fence on either side sloping almost over the water. We noted that inside this fence there ran a narrow path near the water's edge. If we could gain that path we should not be so conspicuous to the beasts feeding above us, and if one of them did take it into his head to charge we could at a pinch get into the water, though that was no inviting prospect, as it was very filthy and we had a long walk before us. We started down the fence-line and passed the first buffalo on our left without difficulty. The frogs kept plashing into the water as we went, and in the interest of trying to determine their species we almost forgot the beasts above us. After a while we came into close proximity with a buffalo to our windward. As we got within his range he lifted his hideous head and sniffed ominously. If he had charged we were done for, as there was nothing in the shape of shelter save the ditch in which we were, and this would probably have proved no obstacle to an angry buffalo. We held our breath, but steadily pursued our way, pretending not to notice his uneasiness. But our hearts leapt to our mouths when he seemed to make up his mind that we really were "undesirables," and then made one rapid step forward. He stopped, however, as suddenly as he had moved forward, and, to our inexpressible relief, re-

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sumed his grazing. We stole along, edging away to our left so as not to annoy him by the smell of "humans" more than we could help.

After a time we came in sight of a man with a dog. This reassured us, and we made towards them. The man seemed astonished to see us, and when we asked him in our poor Italian whether the buffalo were dangerous he said: "Yes; if I I were not with you." We thought at the time that this was an exaggeration, especially as we had now got beyond all the herd. But we felt rather uncomfortable when our new friend informed us that we could not go to the right, as we had intended, but must turn to the left and pass through another herd, for the land on the right was all swamp. We followed in his wake and he kept up a running fire of remarks, most of which were unintelligible to us. We made out, however, that all the buffaloes within sight were cows—we had counted ninety of them—that the bulls were higher up, and that the calves were in a separate enclosure. Just at that moment we had to pass very close to four or five cows; they tossed up their heads and came menacingly towards us. It was an uncomfortable moment, as the ground on which we stood—though well enough for a mud-larking buffalo—was too much of a quagmire for us to do more than pick our way with deliberation. However the guide poured out a rapid volley of expletives at them, and they did not come any nearer.

For the next quarter of an hour we were occupied in saving ourselves from a marshy death, but at the end of that time we found ourselves on solid ground. We thanked our guide and then asked him whether there was an *osteria* anywhere within easy reach, as we were thirsty. To our delight he pointed to a little cottage near-by, and told us he would take us there and we would be well provided for. We went in and were shown upstairs into a little room where three young girls were seated with an old man—presumably their father. They brought out the wine at once, but were not at all satisfied when we refused a second glass. We tried to explain that we had a long walk before us and dared not take too much. Neither would they accept any payment—indeed, they made us feel that we ought not to have offered it. While we were drinking our wine the men amused themselves by guessing our ages and we returned the compliment; we

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found to our astonishment that our recent guide, who was agility itself, was over sixty-two years of age. We left them bowing and making expressions of gratitude for our visit. How spontaneous and natural is the hospitality of these rough and untutored natives of the Campagna! And yet some of them do not bear too good a character for honesty, and perhaps if one met them at a late hour of the night one might find oneself relieved of one's purse!

We now scrambled up on to the low-lying hills which separate the flat from the higher portion of the Campagna. It is remarkable how these two parts differ; the one is flat, sandy, divided up by marshes, monotonous, and untenanted save by our friends, the buffaloes. The other is hilly, undulating, broken up into fertile valleys, and tenanted by herds of Campagna cattle, such as those we had seen engaged in ploughing, and by immense flocks of sheep. Our way took us across a series of valleys which necessitated a constant mounting and descending of the alternate flanks. It was hard work, but interesting from its novelty. Later on in the day, at the top of one rise, we saw the dome of St. Peter's. It stood out in all its majesty even at that distance—it was twelve miles away. Indeed, so near did it seem that we almost began to doubt the map which indicated its true distance. We felt sure it could not be more than four miles away! We were destined, however, to learn in the most practical way that it was fully twelve miles distant, for our weary feet, in spite of the sea-bath of the morning, were going to be very sore ere we got home that night.

After some considerable walking we had come to a stream called the Galera. It was a fine mountain-stream which went brawling along, cutting a deep channel as it went and showing by its deeply indented banks that in flood-time it carried a large volume of water. We had to remove our shoes and stockings once more, but it was worth while, if only for the delightful coolness of the water which went gurgling round our legs and refreshed us much. It was shortly after this that we had our first view of the dome of St. Peter's and until nightfall it was always within sight.

On the map a road is marked leading from a bridge across the Galera, but we had struck this river too high up to make it worth while to go down to the bridge and we had in con-

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sequence missed the road. We were glad of this, however, as we immeasurably preferred the free walking over the rolling Campagna. All about were huge flocks of sheep and at one spot we had rather an unpleasant time. We had come across a ewe with a new-born lamb. She courageously came towards us, bleating as she did so, when suddenly there came a hoarse bark, and one of the dreaded Campagna dogs came bounding down the hillside at us. We had one stick—a formidable one it is true—and one of us had shortly before picked up a useful stone. The dog rushed up and we felt sure he would attack us. But, though he kept growling and showing a most unpleasant set of teeth, he made no more hostile demonstration. Presently he trotted off and we began to breathe more freely and congratulate ourselves on the nerve we had shown.

All of a sudden, however, he was back again and seemed in a more determinedly hostile mood than before. We walked stolidly on, pretending we were hardly conscious of his presence, but all the same heartily desirous of his absence; at last his attentions became too wearisome and I stooped down to pick up an imaginary stone. It seemed rather a rash thing to do as he might have flown at us, but what was our astonishment when he at once took to his heels with his tail between his legs. We had been told that this would be the case, but had hardly credited it, as these dogs seem so fierce and are so very large that a mere stone would seem the most ineffectual weapon against them. However it was a relief to see his rapidly retreating form and we pursued our interrupted way in peace.

After a time we came to a really beautiful stream which formed quite deep pools one above the other. The map informed us that it was the Maglianella. It offered the most tempting chance for another bath, but we could ill afford the time as it was getting dusk and we wanted to be well off the Campagna by nightfall. We struck up towards the north, therefore, and soon found ourselves on the Via Aurelia. From this point we had a weary trudge of five miles into Rome. How glad we were to sit down and remove our shoes our readers may well guess when we say that we had covered thirty miles.

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AN EPISODE IN COSTA RICA.

BY JOHN ARMSTRONG HERMAN.

THEY told me he was the oldest man on Irasu and that from his eyrie he looked down upon Cartago, the ancient capital of Costa Rica—a town founded in 1543—and on the great valley which Nature has made an earthly paradise.

My legal work was done. Certain dusty Spanish records had been read and translated. Certain colonial and post-colonial statutes had been considered as bearing upon an ancient title. Now it was time to play. The fates decreed that the beginning of my sweet-do-nothing-time in the little republic, northwest of Panama, would be a visit to the Old Man of the Mountain.

Irasu! It is one of the beautiful mountains of the world. It has been terrible in its time, but it is slumbering now, slumbering ever since it destroyed a former Cartago in 1841.

It was the morning of a September day when I turned my horse's head from the Hotel Cartago, where I had spent the night, towards Angulo's eyrie. If you are on pleasure or recreation bent in Costa Rica you go on horseback—*Paseos a Caballo* they call it. The *carteras*—cart roads—are not used for light vehicles, and men, women, and children walk or ride.

It would be unnecessary in Cartago to say that the morning was perfect. All mornings in Cartago are perfect in September. It is the rainy season, which means the rain begins to fall at three o'clock in the afternoon—sometimes the rainfall is torrential—and it stops about seven o'clock in the evening. At five thousand feet above the sea level the equatorial sun is not oppressive, the trade winds play on Irasu's shoulders, the flora, in which Costa Rica is singularly rich, has been refreshed and reinvigorated by the downpour of the previous afternoon, and the intense glare of the sun discovers to the eyes of the early equestrian thousands of raindrops on the tropical foliage, raindrops that glitter prismatically as they die.

It is difficult to be moderate in a description of the scenery

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and tropical beauty of Costa Rica if the witcheries of Nature find echo in the blood. Long ago I had read Anthony Trollope's song of praise of this tropic Switzerland and its courteous denizens. Thomas F. Meagher, in 1859, closed a series of brilliant articles on Costa Rica with this invocation: "Oh, may that Providence, typified by the vast mountain Irasu which overshadows it, and which has long since quenched its fires and become a glory instead of a terror to the scene, protect Costa Rica to the end of time." Elisee Reclus grows eloquent over the fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate, and Wilhelm Marr, in *Reise Nach, Central America*, published in Hamburg, generalizes somewhat extravagantly about Costa Rica in this vein: "No one can imagine a country more beautiful than this. This perfect climate does not permit the development of impassioned thoughts or turbulent passions. This air, this nature, are as balsam to the life overwhelmed with activity and pleasure." So that in his deep appreciation of this land of the sun the German author may not have been judicial.

The summit of Irasu is about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and therefore about seven thousand feet above Cartago, where I had spent the night. The crater of the mountain is almost directly north of Cartago, but for a mile or two the ascent is most gradual. My way first led past the station of the railroad and by a pretty little plaza where stands the statue of Don Jèsus Jemènez, father of the President elect of Costa Rica. The statue was erected by public subscription and the inscription on the stone base of the statue informs the passerby that this honor was due Don Jèsus Jemènez, because he had been a good and faithful President of the Republic. Beyond the plaza the road leads through the straggling suburbs of the town. Flowing water courses through open aqueducts in the streets of Cartago, and my way for a mile or so followed up one of the streams that hurries from Irasu to the ancient capital. In the suburbs the small adobe houses were frequently embowered in luxuriant, semi-tropical verdure, and in gardens, the ginger plant, the wormwood, the camomile, and other medicinal plants grew, and the mango, the aguacate, the lime, the orange, and other fruit trees were as grateful to the eye as their fruit is grateful to the palate. Costa Rica has few indigenous roses, but

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from the ends of the earth they have been brought here to bloom and flourish. But it is a land of almost perennial blossoms, and there are sixty varieties of humming birds that live on the nectar of Costa Rica's flowers. As I journeyed further into the country great shrubberies lined the road, and humming birds often flashed before me like a ray of green or blue or ruddy light, for they are of many hues.

Let no man who has not some knowledge of the Spanish language try to travel the serpentine mountain roads of Costa Rica without a guide. Time and again it was necessary for me to appeal at cross-roads for information, and time and again it was most courteously given. A peon went to the trouble to trace with his fingers on the sand on the road a route map for me, and every one had a "*Buenos Dias, Caballero,*" for the traveler from the Northland. Women were washing clothes in the streams. Men and women were hurrying towards Cartago with fruits and vegetables, some on foot and some on horseback. Many of the people I passed were mestizos. Some were of pure Spanish blood and some of native race, but all alike seemed to know Angulo, and one informant told me of his altar to the Virgin, and of his vista of the rich, rain-drenched, and sunkissed valley of Guaco, and of Orosi farther southward. Orosi where streams are born and where the banana of the lowlands and the coffee and orange of the uplands flourish together.

As I traveled farther away from Cartago the road became steeper, the last vestige of the suburbs disappeared, and I was in the country, a land of large estates. As we climbed higher and higher the sun shone more brilliantly and my patient little horse would stop now and then, ostensibly to take a long breath, but in reality to clip the grass or herbage by the wayside. The semi-tropical flora began to disappear and I was entering the zone of the Indian maize that was now in tassel. Then came pasture lands, where the great red cattle of Costa Rica were grazing on the hills—hills rising one above the other towards Irasu's crater—and then on a commanding point I stopped.

Cartago was below me now, its light and straw-colored houses flooded with tropical sunlight vividly outlined in its deep green setting. Further south were the *Cerros de las Cruces* (the Mountains of the Crosses), and at the south of the

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Crosses, Orosi, and in the midst of Orosi, a white band. The white band was the turbulent beginning of the Reventazon, a river that is ever in head-long haste to reach the sea of the Antilles. Above me was the village of Tierra Blanca, eight thousand feet above the sea, for I was taking a round-about way to Angulo's—the longer the better, for the way was beautiful. The primitive forest in the great valley and on Irasu's shoulders had long ago disappeared and my view was unobstructed, while white, lace-like clouds above me, now touching the pasture lands here and now the corn tassels, were noiselessly flying along the mountain side, driven by the trade winds. There was elixer in the air and sunlight. Indescribable color—hues opalescent, green, olive—bathed the distant Mountains of the Crosses. So Santiago, my pony, and I, crossed another hurrying stream and won ever steeper hills outlined by ever deeper glens, until we came to the straggling village of Tierra Blanca.

It is a hamlet of a simple life, a very Arcadia where spring is almost perennial and, for all that Santiago and I might know, eternal. The houses were lost in foliage. The peach tree and the quince tree blossom and bear fruit at this altitude and I recognized in the gardens the tuber that has helped to solve the starch problem, and other vegetables of the temperate zone. The natives call the climate *frio* (cold) and *saledoso* (healthful), so after all there was a good scientific reason why there should be an Old Man of the Mountain. The children scurried away from the man of the Northland. With the exception of the tourist who once in a while visits the crater of Irasu, people of the North are seldom seen in the village, and the unknown is sometimes viewed with suspicion. I had lingered long at outlooks from coigns of vantage on my way and it was approaching noon. From men and women came the same "*Buenos Dias, Señor,*" with a glance at the sun, for after midday the expression changes as it does in English-speaking lands. It was difficult to believe that the village had five hundred inhabitants, as is claimed. The houses were scattered and lost amidst the orchards and dense shrubberies and the site of the town is a jumble of great hills and deep glens. As I traversed the village I was ever discovering houses where I had least expected to see them—now hid in a glen, now lost in an orchard.

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The home of the nonagenarian was a thousand feet below Tierra Blanca, and was on the direct road between Tierra Blanca and Cartago. It was a more traveled highway than the route I had taken to Tierra Blanca. People were returning from Cartago and people were going to Cartago. Patient, powerful, and obedient oxen were struggling up the hills with heavy loads. Other oxen with as great travail were holding back heavily laden carts on the down grade. The trade winds were fresh and brisk at this altitude, the humming birds less frequent, the racing brooks more garrulous, and the view extensive and magnificent. Dark clouds were beginning to gather over the distant Mountains of the Crosses and over the crater of Irasu. People on foot and people on horseback, good-natured and smiling, added a human interest to the scene. My horse was going down hill now and homewards, and it seemed but a short time after I left Tierra Blanca when we arrived at the broad open doorway of Pastor Angulo's home.

His was a modest home. A small abobe house sheltered the patriarch. The estate was a small one and near the house a brook—there are brooks and brooks during the rainy season on Irasu—rushed headlong away. The front of the house faced the valley and the roof extended an unusual width beyond the front of the house. The residence stood near the highway, and as I rode into the front yard my horse, knowing the customs of the country better than I did, trotted towards the broad open doorway and stopped only when his head was within the doorway. Almost before I was aware of it, my little horse was inspecting the interior. As I apologized Angulo answered that the sheltering roof was for the protection of horse and man from the mid-day tropical sun and I was invited to enter.

So I alighted and walked into a good sized room, where I saw a large man sitting in a massive chair by an altar to the Virgin. He would hear of no apology from me for invading the sanctity of his home.

"I am glad" (*me gusta mucho*) "to see you," he said in Spanish, and motioned to me to draw a chair beside him and sit down. He told me it was his (*almuerso*) breakfast time and invited me to join him. All in the polite Spanish language. Then it was that I saw that my host's lower limbs were helpless, for he made no attempt to rise from the chair in which

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he sat, nor did he rise or attempt to stand upright during the hour I was by his side. His widowed daughter, and his grandchildren, one of eight years, and the other of twelve years of age, brought us tortillas, warm milk, coffee, and eggs. While we ate I answered many questions about the great republic of the North and its cities and its intense activity, so different from the quiet life on the breast of slumbering Irasu. In the midst of breakfast Angulo's middle-aged sons came in from the field where they had been at work, and the questions were multiplied, the little Spanish girls mustering courage to ask about the boys and girls of the visitor's land so far away.

As I tried to satisfy my questioners, I was lost in wonder because of the altar to the Virgin. It occupied the entire side of the room opposite to the entrance and was to my left as I sat at table. It was carefully if crudely constructed. In the centre stood the image of the Virgin, the head of the image almost touching the ceiling. Artificial flowers, *Ave Marias* in golden letters, the creed in artistic letters, and elaborately illustrated commandments of God, adorned and beautified the altar. Some of the objects were attached to the altar by nails and others were supported on elaborate brackets. There were illustrations in color of the sacraments of the Sacred Mother Church (*Sacra Madre Iglesia*). It was a richly embellished altar—not rich in the usual sense, but rich in its many adornments that told of the reverent work of Pastor Angulo or of the reverent work of loving hands for him. Nothing in that modest home was half so fine. In its wealth of ornamentation the altar stood alone.

To my right I looked down through the broad doorway upon Cartago where I could distinctly see the Church of La Señora de las Angelos, Orosi the land of cascades, the Mountains of the Crosses; all wondrously beautiful—a seeming paradise. Angulo read my thoughts. He spoke in the Spanish language a thought which might be translated with these words:

"The view of the valley gives me a picture of an earthly paradise, and when I turn to my altar through it and beyond it I have a view of the celestial Paradise. Should I not be a happy man?"

As I was about to frame an answer the two middle-aged bachelor sons arose to go out again to work on the mountain

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side, and one of the little granddaughters rushed in with a handful of blossoms for the man from the Northland. It was very plain to me why her grandfather was so cheery and happy. He had dutiful sons, a filial daughter, gracious and sweet grandchildren, and profound faith in a happy future. So that the deepening twilight of a long, long life was roseate and joyous.

But the time had come to go and the visitor tried to express in proper phrase his gratitude and appreciation for the kindness he had received. How could I thank the little Señorita for her blossoms? A happy thought came to me. I had in my card-case a tiny starred and striped flag. Momentarily I had forgotten that a hotly contested election had just been held in this distant land and did not understand the child when she stepped back without accepting my gift. A slight cloud passed over Angulo's face.

"Take it Rosililla. The gentleman means it in all kindness," he said.

"And is it not true, Señor, that your country will send an army to take our cities?" she asked.

I could have given many negative answers to a grown-up person, but to a child it was different. So I told the little girl that in my land there was room for untold millions of people. That we only wished her peaceful land prosperity, and that it had made me happy to see the little boys and girls of Costa Rica love and worship the beautiful striped Costa Rican flag as deeply as the boys and girls in the far-away land loved and worshiped the stars and stripes.

In that hospitable environment an hour had fled. Then they brought Santiago, who had breakfasted too. As I left I saw Angulo touch his forehead, lips, and breast with his finger tips, while he made the sign of the Cross each time—and repeated words that were an appeal that he might think no evil thoughts, speak no evil words, and do no evil deeds. I distinctly heard the Spanish words: *malos pensamientos*, *malas palabras*, and *malas obras*.

I felt sure that he thought no evil thoughts, spoke no evil words, and did no evil deeds.

As I rode away the little Señorita's words "*Hasta la vista*" (come again) were ringing in my ears.

During that hour's rest in the abode of the Old Man of

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the Mountain Nature had wrought a stupendous transformation scene on the towering peak of Irasu. How Nature dwarfs the mimic transformation scenes of the theatre's stage! Instead of the white, lace-like shreds of clouds, that at great intervals had been racing across the crater and breast of Irasu, dense, black, impenetrable clouds thousands of feet in depth now mantled the mighty crest, almost extending to Tierra Blanca, a thousand feet above me. Southward, far across the valley, I had seen from Angulo's doorway the marshaling clouds growing in great throngs over the Mountains of the Crosses, until the clouds were an ebon mass, illuminated now and then by the far-away lightning's glow—but Irasu's summit to the north had been invisible.

Already from the summit of the Cerros de las Cruces, and from the summit of Irasu, Thor, fabled ruler of the world of mists, was sending out clouds in companies, battalions, and regiments towards the valley, and I knew that in an hour or two the plain, now drenched in sunlight, would be drenched in rain.

I had often wondered at the precision and clock-like certainty of the downpour every afternoon, and often watched the gradual and sure effacement of the deep blue tropical sky that canopied the valley of Guato by the approaching mists—and now it would be repeated. But I knew there was ample time to reach the inn at Cartago.

So Santiago had his way, as he nibbled grass here and a young twig there, as we came down the mountain side, while the shadows of a whole division of clouds began to blot out the sunlight. It was almost three o'clock when we passed again the plaza where stands the statue of Don Jèsus Jemènez in Cartago.

The first great drops of rain dashed themselves into liquid fragments on the hard stone floor of the *patio* of the hotel, as I sought the shelter of my room. An hour before I reached the inn, Tierra Blanca and the eyrie of Angulo had been engulfed in a trade-wind driven flow of seething clouds.

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AMERICAN HISTORY IN ROMAN ARCHIVES.

BY CARL RUSSELL FISH.*

WHEN I informed people in Rome that I had come there upon a mission to search for materials for American history, I was met nearly always with a smile of polite incredulity, from which they recovered with the illuminating suggestion that I might possibly find something on Columbus. As a matter of fact, there is probably nothing on Columbus that was not made public at the time of the four-hundredth anniversary celebration; while the American material grows increasingly abundant and important the more nearly we approach our own times.

The most interesting material for the sixteenth century is found in the *Nunciature*, or collections of the diplomatic correspondence of the Holy See. These collections were once widely dispersed, as they were held to be the private property of the successive Secretaries of State, and were by them incorporated in their family archives. The more important, however, have now been brought together in the Vatican; and while there are still some collections unsecured, and gaps which no known collection can fill, their bulk is so enormous that it will resist publication and even calendaring for very many years to come.

From this correspondence, particularly that with Spain, one gets an unequalled view of the great struggle of that century for the control of the Atlantic ocean. The Roman court was in the centre of the diplomatic situation, and tentacles of interest ran out to every seafight and every colonizing plan of English Protestants or French Huguenots. This interest was not confined to a desire to keep *au courant* with the news. The Spanish kings soon convinced the Holy See that extraordinary efforts were necessary to defend their vast and scattered empire, and received permission to levy special taxes on ecclesiastics for that purpose. Any student of American history

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might spend a few months profitably in reading these letters and news sheets, even if he had no direct object in view, and although the direct references to America form but a small proportion of the whole.

This same material supplies, moreover, a great part of what little we find at Rome on the history of the Church in America during this period. The original bull of Alexander VI., granting the Western Hemisphere to Ferdinand and Isabella, gave them, also, most unusual ecclesiastical privileges. Not only the ordinary patronage, but the whole direction of missionary enterprise, and the creation of an ecclesiastical system, was left in their hands and those of their successors. These privileges were strictly insisted upon by the Spanish government, and therefore, instead of close and intimate accounts of the Spanish explorations, the life of the Indians, and the struggles of the early fathers, we have chiefly the negotiations between the Spanish government, and the nuncio at Madrid, who was always striving and always failing to secure for the Church a closer supervision over its new branches. Through these, indirectly, one occasionally gets a glimpse of things in America.

After the first third of the seventeenth century the *Nunciature* decline in interest for the American student. The news sheets contain even more about America, but their items are not so unique. The general diplomatic correspondence becomes less vital, as the centre of European conflict shifts from Spain to France, which was much less closely bound to the Holy See. The correspondence of the nuncios relating to missions, moreover, ceased to be carried on with the department of state, but was now done with the Propaganda.

The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda was founded in 1622 to secure a more effective control of missionary enterprise. Its powers extended to every part where there were unconverted to be brought into the Church, but were more extensive in some regions than in others, and were particularly wide in America. From the first it was active and businesslike; its archives were the best kept in Rome, and they contain the bulk of the material for American history there, from the date of its foundation to the present time.

The first use to be made of these records should be to study the general organization and methods employed. The Propaganda was not, of course, primarily a missionary agency, but

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was intended to supervise the various organizations engaged in that work, to harmonize their efforts, and to keep them in touch with the Holy See. Its policy of making its license necessary to missionaries, and of granting to them and to bishops outside of Europe, *facoltà* or special powers, for limited periods with the necessity of renewal, gave it control of all new missions and gradually tightened its hold on the older ones. Its direction of missionary education served the same end, and finally, by making itself the medium of appeals to Rome, it came into contact with the lay populations of America and many other parts of the world.

Under these new conditions it was natural that still further American material flowed into the papal archives. Even from Spanish America came accounts of explorations, including one particularly valuable narrative of the occupation of New Mexico by Father Bonavides. The relations of the early English settlements came mostly at second hand from the Blessed Father Stock, and are more interesting than accurate. The news of their success, reaching him in somewhat exaggerated form, moved him to suggest, in 1631, that the Church itself undertake the foundation of a colony of Italians. The reports of the French explorations came promptly, and were promptly acted on, missionary undertakings being authorized in Louisiana as early as 1684. These accounts are fairly full, and may prove, on careful examination, to contain much material not previously known to historians.

The social and even economic problems of America began to find reflection in these archives even from the beginning. One of the reasons for the desire to extend the influence of the Holy See in America had been the hope of improving the condition of the Indians, physically as well as spiritually, and Propaganda was actively concerned in this matter. The question of negro slavery began to attract its attention about 1660, and problems arising out of it recur constantly, including those produced by the abolitionist zeal of certain missionaries in Cuba. There are some interesting documents on the slave trade, particularly concerning concessions made by the Spanish government to the Dutch. The difficulties and methods of ocean travel, the routes of transportation, and the whole question of communication between Europe and America are splendidly illustrated. Certain financial documents show direct-

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ly, and the many requests from Canada for a diminution in the number of feast days, indirectly, the poverty and the stress of the frontier communities. Questions regarding matrimony were largely left in the hands of the bishops, but those that did come to Rome were the more complex and important. From the French West India islands, where there was only a vicar-apostolic with *facoltà* less extensive than those of a bishop, came petitions for judgments or graces on a wider range of subjects.

Many documents of the seventeenth century deal with the attempts of Propaganda to reform the Spanish American Church. During the long period of its growth, in the absence of central control, there had developed many practices bad in themselves and many deviations from the customs of the Church. These included simony, the pursuit of trade by ecclesiastics, disorders, and misunderstandings of all kinds between bishops and regulars, and laxity in the enforcement of the rules of monastic orders. The discussion and settlement of these difficulties involved much diplomacy and the accumulation of voluminous reports, but this great bulk of material touches only the portions of the United States once held by Spain, and those only here and there, as they formed such a small proportion of the Spanish empire. By the eighteenth century a *modus vivendi* had been reached, and these subjects received much less attention.

A subject of the most general interest is that of the relations of the Church with the various civil governments in America. As has been already indicated, Propaganda was able to deal more effectually with Spain than had the State department before its foundation; in part because of the increasing needs of Spain for the defence of America. The total extent of its progress, however, fell far short of its desires. The Spanish American Church remained practically a branch of the Spanish government, and communication was chiefly through the nuncio at Madrid. Complaints of the violation of ecclesiastical immunity were frequent. When the time came for the formation of a bishopric in Canada, profit was taken of the experience of the past, and it was made directly subject to the Holy See, and not a part of the French ecclesiastical system; although the patronage was granted to the king. On the discussions over this question, covering many years,

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and on the controversies with the archbishop of Rouen, who claimed jurisdiction, there is a great amount of inedited material; while its settlement, being favorable to the Holy See, meant that from the beginning the communication between the Church in Canada and Rome was constant and intimate.

The greater portion of the documents illustrating the relations between Rome and the missions in English North America have been printed by Father Thomas Hughes, in his *History of the Society of Jesus in North America.* Intercourse was slight and indirect; a local superior reporting very infrequently through the vicar-apostolic of London, who himself corresponded through the mediation of the nuncio at Brussels. The more important records, through the first half of the eighteenth century, are those in the archives of the Society of Jesus itself.

The numerous changes of territorial jurisdiction were promptly adjusted by the Holy See, which acted on the principle of recognizing governmental boundaries. Even the suggestion that certain nearby West India islands, belonging to separate powers, be united for missionary purposes, was discarded. The conquest of Canada, transferring so large an area to the rule of a government with which the Holy See was not in relations, called for the formation of a special congregation to consider it, but the case was really a simple one, as the territory constituted an independent bishopric, which continued its close connection by means of an agent at Paris. While much is known of this episode, the documents at the Propaganda must be examined before its history can be said to be complete.

The war of the American Revolution brought more novel problems. There were few precedents for the adjustment of the Church organization in independent non-European countries, and none at all in a country where government refused in any way to interest itself in ecclesiastical concerns. The matter was most carefully considered during 1784; the correspondence included letters of Propaganda, several written under the direction of Pius VI., the nuncio at Paris, Dr. Franklin, Count Vergennes, Count Luzerne, and M. Marbois, the French representatives in America, several American ecclesiastics, and many others. The plan of transferring the American Catholics from the direction of the vicar-general of

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London, to that of some French prelate, was abandoned for that of leaving out all intervening links and bringing them, like the Catholics of Canada, directly into contact with the administration at Rome. There are but few documents on the foundation of the bishopric of Baltimore, because that was only the expected outcome of the decision of 1784. This material has been used by J. G. Shea in his *Life and Times of the Most Rev. John Carroll*, and the greater part of it will probably be printed in the *American Historical Review* during the year.

The effect of this settlement was, as in the case of Canada, the immediate strengthening of the bonds between the new diocese and Rome, and the material from this date forward is sufficient to give a most intimate history of the development and expansion of the Church in America. One series of problems was occasioned by the gradual acquisition of Spanish territory by the United States. None of these became serious, owing to the continued policy of the Holy See of recognizing all official changes of jurisdiction and the immediate inclusion of the newly added territories in the ecclesiastical system of the United States. More important were the difficulties that arose from the fact that Catholic organizations in the English colonies had been so little accustomed to interference, and, while no such bad conditions had developed as in Spanish America, there was some divergence of custom and an unwillingness to submit to control. The readjustment was deferred owing to the confusion of the Napoleonic *régime*, and took place chiefly in the period from 1815 to 1830. The material on this subject is voluminous and interesting. One question was that of the proper vesting of church property. Difficulties arising out of this and allied questions brought about the occasional necessity of diplomatic activity, and, in the absence of a papal representative in the United States, the Sardinian officials acted for the Papacy. During the administration of John Quincy Adams, the interference of the United States government was sought, and some letters exchanged and interviews held with American representatives abroad. While this intercourse is interesting, what is more significant is its slight character as compared with that between the Church and Government in Canada. As the archives are closed to investigation for the period after about 1830, it

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is impossible as yet to make a thorough study of the later beginnings of actual diplomatic negotiations between the Papal and the United States, and the agitation for the establishment of a *nunciatura* in the latter country.

One of the methods by which it was sought to bring about closer relations was by education. More than half the material relating to the negotiations of 1784 was concerned with that subject. The willingness of Louis XVI. to provide the funds for the support of American students at Bordeaux was doubtless due in part to the hope the French government held that France might take the place of England as the metropolis of the United States; but their education there was more effective toward the unity of the Church than in furthering the plans of the French Government. At the same time provision was made for two American youths at the *Collegio Urbano* at Rome, and a small subsidy was granted Mgr. Carroll for educational work in America. The gradual increase in the number of seminaries, schools, and colleges in the United States is recorded, and the view of educational expansion, while not always detailed, is comprehensive. The archives of the American College at Rome, founded in 1859 by Pius IX., are extensive; but they, and those of Propaganda relating to it, fall after the period to which general access is allowed.

A subject lying but just outside United States history, is that of the relations of the new Spanish American republics with the Church. The material for these negotiations is very full, and offers a most tempting field for any student of Spanish American history, or of the policy of the Holy See.

Supplementary material is to be found in many other Roman collections. The offices of the various congregations other than Propaganda do not contain much, since the latter exercised most of their functions for America; but occasionally difficult questions were referred to those of the Holy Office or of Bishops and Regulars. The archives of the Spanish embassy, which are quite complete from the middle of the seventeenth century, contain much on routine matters, and on such subjects as the formation of new dioceses. Particularly interesting are the negotiations, about 1795, for the formation of a separate bishopric for Florida and New Orleans, which must

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be taken in connection with the Spanish policy of strengthening its hold on these territories neighboring to the United States. The *Archivio Nagionale* includes many Papal records, seized at the time of the Italian occupation. These belonged mostly to the *Camera*, and are consequently of a financial character, but such material often supplies, under skillful handling, important facts, and the series *Libri obligationum pro servitiis* and *Libri resignationum* contain, regularly, American items. Nearly all the national libraries, occupying as they do the rooms, and retaining the library collections, manuscript as well as printed, of the various monastic orders, have some few unique items of *Americana*, but these are scattered, and, except those of the *Fundo Gesuitico* of the *Biblioteca Vittorio-Emanuele*, are mostly unimportant. The various collections gathered from time to time into the *Biblioteca Vaticana*, contain similar material, and its bulk and importance probably somewhat exceed that in all the national libraries taken together.

The government seizures after 1870 did not include the archives of the monastic orders with their libraries; but these archives have suffered much more than the central archives of the Papacy from the alarms and excursions of the last hundred years. The central Roman monastic archives never contained as much relating to America as those of certain provinces of Spain and France; except, perhaps, in the case of the Society of Jesus. The most important class of material is that of reports of the procurators of provinces. Probably the collection containing the most of interest to the American student is that of the Franciscans, which is at the present time being carefully ordered. The Dominican archives also contain a great deal of American material, as do those of the Recollets. The material in the English College at Rome has been used by Father Hughes in his *History of the Society of Jesus*.

One class of material remains to be mentioned, and that the most fundamental; the regular series recording the official action of the Pope and the College of Cardinals. These are in, or in connection with, the *Archivio Vaticano*. The consistorial records are for the most part merely formal, noting the creation of dioceses, and the conferring of ecclesiastical digni-

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ties. They should include also the brief summaries of conditions, which were prepared and furnished the cardinals before the meeting of the consistory as a basis for their action, but many of these have been lost. These records are fundamental in determining the chronology of the various dioceses, and have been used for their American material by St. Ehses in his *Gründung von Bisthümern in Amerika* in the *Römische Quartalschrift* for 1892, and by the American Catholic Historical Society, for its volumes IX and X. Neither of these researches extended as late as the foundation of the bishopric of Quebec, and consequently they relate only to Spanish America.

The bulls relating to America for the fifteenth and the greater part of the sixteenth century are registered in the *Regesta Vaticana*. As these are not arranged geographically, nor even with perfect chronological accuracy, it will require great patience and the labor of many scholars for many years, to discover all those relating to America. Nor are all bulls registered, particularly for the second half of the sixteenth century. A complete examination would, however, doubtless, bring to light many—the originals of which have been lost—and probably the first requisite for a complete history of the Church in America is a comprehensive *bullarium*. The *Regesta Lateranensis*, so called because it was formally kept at the Lateran, extends into the nineteenth century, and is continued by other series to the present day. This is a register of bulls, mostly of a formal character, as, for example, those granting bishoprics. It is a question whether this might not serve as a better basis for a chronology of the American hierarchy, than the consistorial archives, but its contents would scarcely repay publication complete; calendaring would be sufficient, and should be comparatively simple, as the series is more easily handled than the *Regesta Vaticana*. Beginning towards the end of the sixteenth century, and up to the present time, bulls on subjects of a less routine character have been registered with the secretary of briefs, and are to be found in the immense collection recently removed from his office to the *Archivio Vaticano*. These thousands of volumes are practically without arrangement, except that their contents are ordered with fair chronological accuracy, and the labor of examination

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is enormous. Their contents, however, continuing the material in the *Regesta Vaticana*, is so important, and the amount pertinent to America increasing with the growth of the Church here, so large as a whole, that they cannot be permanently neglected.

Throughout the modern period a very great proportion of the most important decisions of the Holy See have found expression not in bulls but in briefs. The registers of these were at first less carefully preserved than those of the bulls, but they are, if any difference of value exists, the more necessary for the historian, at least from the beginning of the seventeenth century. These volumes consist of minutes rather than registers. The earliest are preserved in the *Archivio Segreto*, the original collection around which the *Archivio Vaticano* has grown up. They have suffered much from the hand of time, many have completely disappeared, and no one seems to know just what exist and what do not. They contain a sprinkling of American material, and their condition should perhaps be taken as an incentive to use them while one may. There is, in addition, a series of Lateran briefs, containing answers to petitions on many different subjects. Included in this series are the fee books, with the record of payments made for the briefs registered. The American items are few because the *facoltà* of the bishops included the power to grant most of the requests here included; they are, however, numerous in the case, already noted, of the French West India islands, where there was no bishop. The most important collection of briefs is that transferred, with the bulls, from the office of the secretary of briefs. This again is rather a file than a register, although the material is arranged in volumes. It contains nearly always the original petition, sometimes in the handwriting of the suppliant and sometimes as put in shape by a procurator. This is endorsed in such a way as to show its history, note being made of reference to some official or congregation, and finally with the sanction: "*Ill mus annuit*," often accompanied by some restriction, as "*Juxta decreta*," or "*cū solitis restrictiōn.*" Finally there is the minute of the brief which was drawn up to execute the decision.

Americans have not yet done their share in making useful to the world these vast collections thrown open so wisely and

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so graciously by Leo XIII. While nearly all the governments of Europe are represented officially or semi-officially, and all the great orders of the Church, the serious workers from the United States, from the opening in 1880, might be counted on the fingers of one hand. The occasional ecclesiastic, pointed out as American, is usually from Mexico or Peru. It was perhaps proper that the first and hardest work, that of breaking into the material, should have been done by those who had more to find, but it certainly seems that there should be no further delay. It is to be hoped that we may profit from the experience of the pioneers, and particularly that our scholars may waste less time through lack of a plan of campaign and of co-operation than have those of Europe. Certain large and comprehensive operations should be carried out first, in order that local or particular studies may afterward be made without overlapping, and without incompleteness due to failure to exhaust the material. The greatest contributions will, of course, be to the history of the Church, but if the treatment of this be only broad enough, it will shed needed light on all the other branches of our history.

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SEBASTIAN WESTCOTT

(*1524–1583*).

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, Mus.D.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great and deserved fame of the music school of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in the sixteenth century, there is very little of detail handed down regarding it by any of the historians of English music. Even in the interesting monograph on the "Cathedral Organists of Great Britain," by Mr. John E. West, there is a lacuna in the list of organists of St. Paul's from 1547 to 1583. Mr. West merely gives the date of John Redford's resignation as 1547 and he then gives the name of William Mulliner with a query, followed by that of Thomas Gyles in 1583.

The really remarkable feature of what may well be termed a conspiracy of silence on the part of our English musical historians in regard to the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral from 1553 to 1583 is that the position was held during these thirty eventful years by a Catholic—not a nominal adherent of the ancient faith, but a staunch recusant who suffered imprisonment on two occasions for his resistance to the Protestant innovations, and yet who was permitted by Queen Elizabeth to retain his appointment. This man was Sebastian Westcott, who has up to the present received but scant notice even from Catholic writers. His name is not to be found in Grove's monumental *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, edited by Fuller Maitland; nor in Dr. Ernest Walker's recently published *History of Music in England;* nor yet in the *Dictionary of National Biography;* and therefore no apology is needed for rescuing his name from undeserved oblivion.

Of Westcott's birth and early training we have scant particulars, save that he was born in 1524, but it is more than probable that he was a chorister of St. Paul's under John Redford, who was organist, almoner, and master of the boys from 1491 to 1547—a supposition which would sufficiently account for his great gifts as a choir-trainer and playwright. Indeed,

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it is in the latter capacity that we meet with the first mention of "Master Sebastian"—for by this name was Westcott generally known, even in official records. This was on the eve of Queen Mary's coronation, in 1553, on which auspicious occasion, as Stowe, the chronicler, tells us, the choristers of St. Paul's took part in a pageant, and also "played on viols and sang."

Here it is *apropos* to mention that the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, as far back as the year 1378, presented a petition to King Richard II. to protect their plays and pageants, which had cost much money and which were being interfered with "by ignorant and unexperienced persons" performing the same. Under Henry VII., as Warton writes, moralities, interludes, and pageants had reached a very high level, and one of these with music is still preserved, namely, *A New Interlude and a Mery, of the Nature of the IIIj. Elements*, by John Rastall, the friend and relative of Blessed Thomas More—remarkable as being the earliest known specimen of English dramatic music.

It would not be assuming too much to identify Westcott with one of the boys who had been "impressed" at the same time as Thomas Tusser as a chorister of St. Paul's. From Tusser's *Hundredth Pointes of Husbandry*, the first edition of which was published in 1557, we learn of the then prevalent custom of impressing boys and men for the choir of St. Paul's. Tusser thus praises his master, John Redford:

> "Thence for my voice I must (no choice)
> Away of force, like posting horse,
> For sundrie men had placards then
> Such child to take.
> By friendship's lot to Paul's I got,
> So found I grace a certain space
> Still to remaine
> With Redford there, the like nowhere
> For cunning such and vertue much
> By whom some part of music's art
> So did I gaine."

Certainly Tusser—who was born in 1525—was impressed by John Redford about the year 1538, whence he proceeded to Eton College under Nicholas Udall. And it is well to observe

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that these impressed boys were very well treated, and to them, after the breaking of their voices, every opportunity was given for advancement. Redford was, for the long period of fifty-six years, organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's, and to his lot fell the production of numerous pageants and masks, in addition to the performances by his boys at Christmas, Shrovetide, etc. Dean Colet, in his statutes for the government of St. Paul's School, made a provision that the scholars "shall every Childermas day come to Paul's Church and hear the child-bishop sermon, and after to be at the High Mass, and each of them offer a penny to the child-bishop, and with them the masters and surveyors of the school." This provision refers to the custom of the Boy-Bishop, which celebration was forbidden by a statute of Henry VIII. in 1542, but restored by Queen Mary. A favorite pageant at this period was that of the "Nine Worthies," of which mention is made in the Coventry pageant of the year 1455, on the occasion of the visit of the Queen of Henry VI. The last pageant in which Redford was engaged was for the procession of King Edward VI., on February 19, 1547, previous to his coronation. Redford's successor, William Mulliner, had a short term of office, as owing to the Puritan spirit in 1551, under William May, Dean of St. Paul's, the organ was silenced in the Cathedral of London.

With the advent of Queen Mary came the natural reaction from Puritanism. John Heywood devised a beautiful pageant for the coronation, and he himself made the Queen an oration in Latin. On this occasion, too, when Sebastian Westcott appeared for the first time with his choristers, Richard Beard, vicar of St. Mary-hill, wrote a "godly psalm," the opening chaplet of which ran:

"A godly psalm of Mary queen, which brought us comfort all
Thro' God Whom we of duty praise, that gave her foes a fall."

When Queen Mary made her triumphal entry into London, "the Lords, surrounded by the shouting multitude," as Froude writes, "walked in state to St. Paul's, when the choir again sang a *Te Deum*, and the unused organ rolled out once more its mighty volume of sound."* On St. Catherine's Day (No-

* A *Te Deum* was also sung in St. Paul's on February 9, 1554, the day after the suppression of Wyatt's rebellion.

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vember 25, 1553), Bishop Bonner formally restored the old form of worship at St. Paul's, and Rev. John Howman de Feckenham, O.S.B., was appointed Dean. A few weeks later the banned custom of the Boy-Bishop on the Feast of Holy Innocents was again observed, and one of Westcott's boys distinguished himself as the "childe-bishop."

On the first Sunday of Advent, 1554, Cardinal Pole was present at St. Paul's, Dr. Feckenham presiding as Dean, Bishop Gardiner being the preacher. Sebastian Westcott provided a grand Latin service for the occasion, and it is likely that the beautiful motet: *Te spectant Reginalde Poli*, was sung in honor of the Papal Legate. Certain it is that Orlando di Lasso, who composed this motet for Cardinal Pole, was in England at this time and was doubtless present to hear it sung. This visit to England of the great Netherland composer is variously given by his biographers as "before 1554" and as "about 1554"; but inasmuch as Cardinal Pole did not land at Dover until November 20, accompanied by di Lasso, the date is narrowed very considerably. The verses to which di Lasso set music are as follows:

"Te spectant Reginalde Poli, tibi sidera rident,
Exultant montes, personat Oceanus,
Anglia dum plaudit quod faustos excutis ignes
Eliciis et lachrimas ex adamante suo."

No doubt di Lasso, during the Advent season of 1554, must have met Tallis, Bowyer, Heywood, Shepherd, Edwards, Farrant, Byrd, White, Forrest, Wayte, Westcott, and other well-known English Catholic musicians, but his stay in England lasted only a few weeks, as we find him back in Antwerp in February, 1555. It is only pertinent to add that this motet was published at Antwerp in 1556, being included in his First Book of Motets, containing twelve numbers for five voices and five numbers for six voices. Perhaps it is also as well to mention that one of di Lasso's songs "Monsieur Mingo," concluding "God Bacchus do me right," etc., is quoted by Shakespeare in his *Henry IV.* (Pt. II. v. 3).

For the Feasts of St. Nicholas and of Holy Innocents, 1555, the Boy-Bishop ceremony was carried out with unwonted splendor, and Strype tells us that "the child-bishop,

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of Paule's Church, with his company," were admitted into the Queen's privy chamber, *where he sang before her* on St. Nicholas' Day and upon Holy Innocent's Day. The lyric which was sung by one of Sebastian Westcott's boys was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and set to music by the organist of St. Paul's.

On November 21, 1556, John Feckenham, D.D., O.S.B., Dean of St. Paul's,* was formally installed as Abbot of Westminster, and was succeeded by Dr. Henry Cole. The usual Christmas festivities were carried on by the children of St. Paul's, and Strype tells us that the child-bishop "on St. Nicholas even went abroad in most parts of London, singing after the old fashion, and had as much good cheer as ever was wont to be had before." Strype is also our authority for the great May Day revels of the year 1557, when the "Nine Worthies" was revived, with Morris dancing and other amusements.

During the Christmas holidays of 1556–7, Queen Mary paid a visit to the Princess Elizabeth at Hatfield, when a play was performed by the children of St. Paul's, under the direction of Sebastian Westcott. We read that the Princess—then in custody of Sir Thomas Pope—was particularly pleased with the choristers, and "on the next day she sent for one Maximilian Poynes, who had taken a part, and made him sing to her while she played at the virginals." Incidentally we may observe that the Princess Elizabeth's detention was not unduly severe, and we may also observe that both Queen Mary and Elizabeth were most accomplished musicians, especially excelling on the virginals. It is also well to remove a popular delusion to the effect that the virginals was so called from the "Virgin" Queen, whereas, as a matter of fact, the instrument was in use in England in 1499, under Henry VII.

Queen Mary in the last year of her life kept up her practice on the virginal, and under date of April 10, 1558, we find a warrant in the Lord Chamberlain's accounts, directing John Green "coffer-maker" to be given "as much green velvet as will suffice for the covering of one pair of virginals, and as much green satin as shall serve to line the same, with passamayne lace of silver for the garnishing and edging of the same."

* Feckenham was made D.D. at Oxford University in May, 1556.

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At the accession of Queen Elizabeth, in November, 1558, no changes in religion were made for the greater part of a year, and, of course, Sebastian Westcott was continued at St. Paul's, as also was Richard Bowyer as master of the song of the Chapel Royal.

However, no sooner was the Act of Uniformity passed than a general visitation was instituted. Accordingly, on August 11, 1559, as Machyn writes in his diary, "the visitors sat at Paul's," in regard to the Harpsfields and others. Strype tells us that though all the members of the Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral were cited, "very few appeared," and so the absent ones were regarded as contumacious. John and Nicholas Harpsfield and John Willerton refused to subscribe to the Articles of Enquiry and the Injunctions. So also did the organist, Sebastian Westcott. The new subscribers were then bound over till the 12th of October following. The adjourned visitation took place on November 3, and Westcott, remaining firm, was, with the majority of the Chapter, deprived.* The Dean, Dr. Henry Cole, was sent to the Tower on May 29, 1560.

It is well known that the musical services of the Chapel Royal were of the very highest artistic order, and it is also a matter of common notoriety that the gentlemen of the Chapel were left undisturbed in their religious views during the reigns of Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. But it is not so well known that an avowed Roman Catholic was permitted by Elizabeth to continue as organist, almoner, and master of the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, even though presented and deprived on two different occasions. The real truth is that Queen Elizabeth was undoubtedly fond of music, and she even sacrificed her religious views in regard to any of her musicians for the sake of musical art, an instance of which may be cited in the case of John Bolt, who afterwards became a secular priest.

Mr. R. R. Terry, organist of Westminster Cathedral, thus writes: "Elizabeth was not the woman to suffer any diminution of splendor in any musicians appertaining to the Court. She was quite determined that the magnificence of the Chapel Royal services, so long the wonder and admiration of Europe,

* Bishop Bonner, of London, was deprived in May, 1560.

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should not be denuded of their ancient splendor at the bidding of reforming prelates. On the contrary, she maintained as ornate ceremonies as were consistent with the new form of worship, and not merely did she retain the services of all her musicians (knowing them to be Catholics), but also created new posts for others, such as Tallis and Byrd, although she could have been under no illusion as to their religious opinions. This protection extended to Catholic musicians by Elizabeth is a curious historical fact, but it is eminently characteristic of the woman."

Yet, though sentence of deprivation was given, Westcott was permitted by Elizabeth to continue in office. Dom Birt, O.S.B., in his scholarly book, *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, gives by far the best account yet published of the actual state of religion in England in the years 1559–60, and, in his notice of the visitation of St. Paul's mentions Westcott's deprivation. He does not, however, allude to the fact that this worthy musician was allowed to retain his post, and therefore it is well to insist on what may otherwise seem inexplicable, especially as the Bishop of London (Bonner) and the Dean of St. Paul's (Cole) had been, as we have seen, sent to the Tower. The proof lies in the contemporary description of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Nonsuch, at the close of the year 1559, when Lord Arundel entertained her right royally. In this contemporary document we read that one of the features of the pageants was "a play by the children of Paul's, *and their master Sebastyan*, after which a costly banquet, accompanied with drums and flutes."

But some reader may object that, though Westcott was in office in 1559, where is the proof that he continued so in the years 1560–1? Fortunately we are enabled to answer this objection, and to place here on record the proofs from contemporary sources, not alone as to Westcott's retention in office for these years, but as to his continuance in same to the year 1583—and this in spite of the fact of his well-known obstinacy in his religious views.

Under date of Christmas, 1560, there is an entry in the *Accounts of the Revels*, which relates to the payment of the sum of £6 13*s* 4*d* to Sebastyan Westcott, "master of the children of Paul's," for plays presented before the Queen's Majesty, or, to quote the exact wording, "for playing before her

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Grace." Be it added, too, that music largely entered into these performances by the choristers of St. Paul's and we know that in "Gorbuduc," or "Ferria and Porrex" (1561), there was music in each of the five acts, namely violins, cornets, flutes, hautboys, and drums. Again, in the tragic comedy of "King Cambyses" music is introduced at the banquet:

". . . they be at hand, sir, with stick and fiddle,
They can play a new dance called *Hey-diddle-diddle.*"

For the proof of the statement that the subject of this memoir was still organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's in 1561, and this without abating his religious convictions one jot, or compromising his orthodoxy, we may appositely quote an interesting paragraph contained in the Report* presented to Cardinal Morone by the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Sander, in May, 1561: "Sebastian, organist of St. Paul's, London, was willing to be deprived, but, being a favorite with Queen Elizabeth, he was allowed to retain his appointment in that church *without doing anything schismatical.*"

From the *Acts of the Privy Council* we learn that Westcott received annual sums of £6 13*s* 4*d* for the years 1561, 1562, and 1563, for plays performed by his choristers for the delectation of Queen Bess. Apparently his enemies became active in 1563, for in August of that year, as appears from a letter to Lord Robert Dudley, quoted in Grindal, Master Sebastian was again deprived "for refusing the Communion and upon suspicion of adherring to Popish principles." Dom Birt, O.S.B., seems to imagine that the sentence of deprivation really took effect, and that Westcott lost his position at this time. He thus writes: "Every effort was made to induce him to conform, but in vain; and finally *he suffered deprivation in 1563.* He was master of the choir at St. Paul's; *hence his influence amongst the choristers had to be counteracted or removed.*" This inference by Dom Birt is opposed to facts, for the Revels Accounts for the year 1564 shows a payment to Sebastian Westcott, "master of the children of Paul's," of the usual sum of £6 13*s* 4*d* "for a play presented by him before the Queen's Majesty" at Christmas, 1564, which sum was paid on January 18, 1564–5. Less than two months later, on March 9,

* *Vat. Archive. Arm.*, lxiv. 28, ff. 252–274.

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a similar sum was paid him for the performance of a play on Candlemas Day.

It is, therefore, absolutely certain that Master Sebastian continued in favor with Queen Elizabeth even after the second sentence of deprivation, and notwithstanding his known refusal to conform. In the Revels Accounts for 1568–9 we meet with the customary payment of £6 13*s* 4*d* to Westcott for a play presented by him "before her Highness" on New Year's Day, 1568–9. Three years later, on the Feast of Holy Innocents (December 28), 1571, he produced the play of "Iphigen." Again, on the feast of St. John the Evangelist (December 27), 1574, the children of St. Paul's, under Westcott, produced a play entitled "Alkmeon." Not long afterwards he presented a Mask for which a payment is entered of twenty-six shillings, being amount given to the feathermaker for "a coat, hat, and buskins all covered with feathers of colors for Vanity *in Sebastian's play*." Another entry, on February 1, 1574–5, accounts for two shillings for "skins to fur the hoods in Sebastian's play"; and a further sum of two shillings for "making of two sarcenet hoods for citizens in the same play." Incidentally it may here be mentioned that Archdeacon Nicholas Harpsfield died on December 18, 1575, outliving Bishop Bonner by six years. Abbot Feckenham was committed to the care of Bishop Cox, of Ely, on July 28, 1577, and Archdeacon John Harpsfield to that of Bishop Cowper, of Lincoln.

On New Year's Day, at night, 1576–7, Westcott presented a play called the "History of Error" at Hampton Court. On the following Shrove Tuesday night he presented the "History of Titus and Gisippus" at Whitehall.

In the early summer of 1577 religious persecution broke out afresh, and Blessed Cuthbert Mayne (arrested on June 8) was martyred on November 29, 1577. Two months later Blessed John Nelson and Blessed Thomas Sherwood gained the martyr's crown, and a rigorous treatment of Catholics was ordered all over the country. Of course, Bishop Aylmer, of London, was only too glad of the opportunity to exercise greater severity against Catholics, and so, in November, 1577, he returned Sebastian Westcott, "master of the children of Paul's Church," as a recusant. Dom Birt tells us that at this period Master Sebastian" lived in London, doubtless under the protection of Lord Dudley," and that he resided "*under the shadow*

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of his old home in St. Gregory's, by Paul's," and strangely enough assumes that he was then finally deprived. In this return, now in the Public Record Office,* Juliana, the wife of William Byrd, the famous English composer, is also included.

It may be as well to state that Westcott was not living, as Dom Birt puts it, "under the shadow of his old home, in St. Gregory's," but he was actually living in his old home, where he had been in continual residence as almoner and master of the choristers since the year 1553. Nor yet did he suffer deprivation finally in November, 1577, for, according to another document in the Public Record Office, he was at liberty in March, 1578, and still retaining his post at St. Paul's. However, there is a very important fact to be chronicled, namely, the imprisonment of Master Sebastian, as a confessor of the Faith. Aylmer, no doubt with a view of currying favor, had Westcott arrested and sent a prisoner to the Marshalsea on December 21, 1577. In the "List of Prisoners for Ecclesiastical Causes" we read as follows: "Sebastian Westcott sent in by commandment from the honorable Lords of the Council *for Papistry*, 21 December, 1577, and was discharged by my said Lords of the Council the 19th day of March, 1577 [1578]."

No doubt Queen Elizabeth herself interfered for the enlargement of such an old and valued musician and choir trainer, and it is beyond question that Master Sebastian retained his post. In the Revels Accounts for 1578–1579 there is an entry under date of January 1, 1578-9, in which three and sixpence is charged "for carriage of a frame for Master Sebastian to the court." A further entry gives us the information that Westcott and the children of St. Paul's performed a Morality entitled "The Marriage of Mind and Measure," at Richmond, on the Sunday after New Year's Day.

From the Records of Christ's Hospital, London, we obtain a valuable reference to the sturdy Catholic organist of St. Paul's at this period. Under date of March 5, 1579-80, we read that "Mr. Sebastian of Paul's" was given Halloway, the younger, from Christ's Hospital, "to be one of the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral." This entry refers to the privilege accorded to the masters of the children of St. Paul's (and exercised for over a century) of impressing choir boys and men from other establishments—a privilege also attached to the

* P. R. O. Dom. Eliz., cxviii., November, 1577.

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mastership of the song in the Chapel Royal. It is worthy of note that William Byrd was organist of the Chapel Royal at this time, although he was well-known to be a Catholic. I have previously alluded to the fact that Byrd's wife, Juliana Birley, had been presented as a Catholic recusant in November, 1577, but she was again presented on June 28, 1581, on January 19 and April 2, 1582, and in several succeeding years.

The last reference I can find regarding this staunch Catholic musician is in 1582, a year memorable for fierce persecution against Catholics, resulting in the martyrdom of Blessed John Payne (April 2), Blessed Thomas Ford, Blessed John Short, and Blessed Robert Johnson (May 28), Blessed William Filey, Blessed Luke Kirby, Blessed Lawrence Johnson, and Blessed Thomas Cottane (May 30), Blessed William Lacey and Blessed Richard Kirkman (August 22), and Blessed James Thompson (November 28). Fearful of danger, two eminent Catholic singers from the Chapel Royal, Nicholas Morgan and Richard Morris, fled to the Continent. This is confirmed in a letter written by Cardinal Allen to Father Agazzari, in July, 1582: "Two notable musicians, married men, have escaped from the Queen's Chapel, who are said to be going to Rome to exercise their art and gain a living by it, and by this the Queen is said to be incredibly displeased. One is named Morris, who easily excels all the musicians of this church and and place, and he says that another is at Rouen on his way to us, a colleague in the Queen's Chapel, who is far superior to him." Yet Thomas Tallis, organist of the Chapel Royal, though a Catholic, held his post, and we know that some others of the gentlemen were certainly of the ancient faith.

In regard to Westcott, his name disappears from the Revels Accounts for the year 1583, and we can fairly conclude that he either resigned, or died, about that time. Unfortunately, the *Acts of the Privy Council* for the years 1583 and 1584 are missing, but inasmuch as Thomas Gyles was organist of St. Paul's in 1583-4 our conjecture cannot be very far astray. Moreover, the extraordinary severity of the laws against Catholics in 1583 led to a reduction of the members in St. Paul's Cathedral, and will also account for the resignation of Westcott, for we find Queen Elizabeth issuing a warrant to Thomas Gyles, in 1585, to impress boys and men for the service in the choir.

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New Books.

PSYCHOLOGY.

In what might be called "essays in applied psychology," Professor Münsterberg is continually endeavoring to correlate the conclusions of his own proper science with the needs that different classes of people daily experience. So, having spoken to the lawyer, and the doctor, he now addresses himself to the teacher, his aim being to sum up in the present volume* all the enlightenment that modern education may hope to receive from modern psychology.

Premising correctly that the first fundamental question must be: What shall the teacher aim to achieve? the author devotes himself to the larger inquiry: What are the supreme purposes of human life? This question is then considered, rather ponderously, in the course of the first, or ethical, part of the volume, and answered by the affirmation that life must be devoted to the upbuilding of the absolute values, truth and beauty, love and peace, progress and justice, morality and religion.

Among the most interesting chapters of the second, or psychological, part, is that which outlines the recent development of psychological science, and describes, modestly enough, the beginnings of educational psychology. The chapter on "Mind and Brain" leaves one a little uncertain as to the precise character of the freedom postulated for the will, "which cannot demand a break in the causal chain." The chapters on "Memory," "Association," and "Attention," and, in fact, all of the second part, will be especially instructive and suggestive to the general reader.

The third part of the book considers in what way the school may be best used to fit the child for the purposes of life, and contains a number of well-grounded criticisms looking to the improvement of the existing educational system in America. It is interesting to read that "there is no school and no teacher who can afford to teach without implanting in the young souls a religious and philosophical longing."

The book might be compressed with advantage, but, as it stands, will be useful to discriminating readers.

* *Psychology and the Teacher.* By Hugo Münsterberg. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co.

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A WINNOWING.
By Robert H. Benson.

Father Benson's latest book, *A Winnowing*,* is absolutely out of the ordinary. As usual with the author, it is neither the characters nor the plot, but rather the idea that makes the story. This time the idea, as in *The Conventionalists*, is that of the religious life, the need of its existence, the true nature of its purpose, and the insistence of its call. By a miracle of Divine Providence Jack Weston, the young squire of a good English estate, is brought back to life a few moments after his actual death. The puzzled doctors later pronounce it a case of suspended animation, but Jack knows that he actually died, and those few moments showed him the reality of it all—of judgment, heaven, and hell. On his recovery he decides to change his life. His desire is to become a monk, on condition that his young wife, Mary, will consent to enter a convent. This arrangement Mary very naturally rejects, but promises not to oppose any other plans her husband may form.

The latter, therefore, contents himself with giving up his beloved sports, with practising pious exercises, and with building on his upper lawn a convent for some Carmelite nuns exiled from France. By the example of these nuns, by the silent force of their characters, Mary Weston comes by slow and painful degrees to a realization of her own call to the religious life in fulfillment of a vow which she made at Jack's deathbed, and which she has since been trying to interpret more leniently. But when at last she tells her husband of her readiness to become a nun, leaving him free to follow his plan of entering a monastery, it is only to learn that while her ardor has increased, Jack's has gradually declined. He renounces his "pious folly" in disgust, and goes off to South Africa to play in a cricket-match, and Mary's life seems to resume its former tenor.

In less than a month, however, a telegram from South Africa announces her husband's death, and two years later Mary takes her final vows in the Carmelite convent. The almost uncanny mixture of the real with the exalted and supernatural, the everyday occurrences seen by flashes of the "light invisible," make the story altogether unusual. It is thought-compelling and has many meanings; and is a book to be remembered.

* *A Winnowing*. By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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SERMONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

A good book of sermons is a book for the millions, even though it never is read by an unclerical reader. It sweetens the springs of holy teaching. It is a book of a universal kind, for from head to members of the parish organism it informs all minds, the one or two leaders being inspired by it and the rest instructed by that inspiration.

The writer and preacher of these sermons,* Dom Wilfrid Wallace, O.S.B., was a type of the best kind of preachers. He was a scholar, an author, a professor, and a pastor of souls. The latter half of his life was spent under the vows of the Benedictine Order, the first having been devoted to the pursuit of sacred learning and parish duties.

The sermons are all comparatively short. There are two for each Sunday in the year, devoted to the explanation of the Gospel lessons. They are working sermons, pointedly applicable to the needs of daily life, sympathetic with human sorrows, stimulative of hope and joy no less than of penance for sin.

They are devout in spirit, useful, practical, abounding in scenes and descriptions, with a wise choice of Scripture quotations, and the solid substance of Catholic doctrinal instruction.

If there is little pretension to the flowery adornments of style, there are yet frequent appeals to the deeper religious emotions. Every ennobling sentiment of religion, both natural and supernatural, is aroused. Though this be done in the quiet-minded way of Englishmen, with the self-poise of a grave character, the teaching force is all the better concentrated.

These three volumes, we trust, will be procured by zealous pastors everywhere, serving, as they do, to enforce Pius X.'s urgent injunctions for good preaching.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BOY.
By Josephine D. Bacon.

Those who laughed over the escapades of Binks in *The Memoirs of a Baby*, will be glad to welcome this new volume† which recounts his later adventures. Again Binks is at war with modern

* *Sermons for the Christian Year.* By the late Dom Wilfrid Wallace, O.S.B. With a preface by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. 3 vols. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Biography of a Boy.* By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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scientific methods of education, and persists in growing up after a delightfully irregular fashion of his own. He scorns the paper birdcages of his kindergarten, and, bent on "blocking Froebel's game," he surreptitiously learns to read under the tutelage of the hired man.

Poor Binks is next encouraged to devote himself to the domestic animals, which sounds well in theory, but has its drawbacks, as when he imitates his canine friends too realistically in his mother's drawing-room. Funniest of all is his violent interest in Christian Science, which leads him to rub poison ivy in his cheeks as a "test"; next day, under his laudanum bandages, he reluctantly decides to abandon the "Science" and to try common sense instead.

The succeeding phases of Bink's development are described with an irresistible humor, and the story will probably be even more popular than its predecessor.

FOREIGN MISSIONS. By Malden.

This work of Rev. R. H. Malden on *Foreign Missions** is, in the main, a brief history of Christian missionary endeavors from the beginning. The concluding chapters estimate methods and results and suggest ways of arousing interest at home in the foreign field, but the work is largely historical. The author makes no claim to be a great authority on the subject. He wishes to narrate main facts and stir up interest. What impresses one first of all is the fact that the bulk of this work, although written by an Anglican clergyman, deals with Catholic missions. After reading it, one is still more impressed by his evident sympathy with our missionary endeavors, and his desire to be fair. At times he reflects prevalent Protestant opinion, as in his estimate of the Jesuits—Macaulay's praise and censure watered down. At times, also, the author interjects a little criticism of Roman methods and beliefs; but one feels that in his adverse criticism there is no malice. He pleads for the reunion of Christendom; and we may say that the spirit of fair play and of sympathy which he shows always goes a long way towards promoting an end so devoutly to be wished.

* *Foreign Missions: Being a Study of Some Principles and Methods in the Expansion of the Christian Church.* By R. H. Malden, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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AMERICAN PROSE MASTERS.
By W. C. Brownell.

This recent work of Mr. Brownell,* is an important contribution to American literary criticism. The authors whom he discusses are Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, and Henry James. Each author is treated at length, and under various aspects, the very titles of which reveal Mr. Brownell's power of analysis. But he has more than the power of analysis, though that is one of the chief requisites for the critic. He has read widely in various literatures, and has his standards for comparison. He keeps, too, in touch with reality, and refuses to pay his worship to mere form, as a characteristic judgment will show: "The truth is, it is idle to endeavor to make a great writer of Poe, because, whatever his merits as a literary artist, his writings lack the elements not only of great, but of real literature. They lack substance. Literature is more than an art. . . . Shakespeare, for example, is neither exclusively nor supremely an artist."

MEDITATIONS FOR JUNE.

The thirty days of June are devoted to the worship of divine love, as exhibited in the Heart of Jesus and its throbs of pity for sinners. To feed this devotion there are many books of prayers and meditations, some of singular merit, others a shade too sentimental, as may be affirmed of a large number of the hymns published with the same purpose. But sifting out these faulty contributions, we yet have a prayerful literature of the Sacred Heart of solid worth.

A recent publication † forms no inconsiderable addition to the permanent books of praise and prayer for this widespread devotion. The book is small enough, and therefore portable; the print very plain, the style clear and concise. The spirit which inspires the writer recalls that of Fenelon. One is everywhere forcibly arrested and taught. The tone without being unpleasantly imperative is yet compelling.

One feature that is worthy of special commendation is the choice of Scripture quotations and the arrangement of them in reference to the meditations, each day's allotment being

* *American Prose Masters.* By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June, Dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* Translated and adapted from the Italian by Charles Santley. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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headed by several passages, admirably adapted to inspire appropriate thoughts. It occurs to us that this little volume might well serve for the manual of the yearly retreat of devout clients of our Redeemer's loving Heart. None of the principal topics of a Christian's reflections upon life and death, time and eternity, God and His Christ, are omitted.

STANLEY. This life* of the African Bula-Matari (Breaker of Rocks) is of absorbing interest. It is edited by Lady Stanley, inasmuch as Sir Henry died before completing his task. But the whole work is from Stanley's pen, except some twenty pages written by his wife, or by others, in appreciation of Stanley's work. Stanley had brought his autobiography down to the year 1862. The account of that portion of his life forms Part I. of the *Autobiography*. The second and larger division, Part II., is the section edited by Lady Stanley, and is made up of shorter and longer extracts from Stanley's unpublished diaries, lectures, and letters. These are united by paragraphs or, sometimes, by a few pages from Lady Stanley's pen, so that the whole presents a connected life of the Welshman, John Rowlands, or Henry M. Stanley, as he afterwards was called.

In Part I. Stanley gives a reflex picture of his early life at the Workhouse of St. Asaph; of his escape from it; of his shipping to America; of his "finding a father" in Mr. Stanley of New Orleans. He tells of his part in the Civil War, as Confederate and as Unionist, giving a most vivid description of the battle of Shiloh.

In Part II. Stanley, speaking from his journals and other unpublished writings, tells how he became special correspondent for the New York *Herald;* of his quest for Livingstone, and of his great esteem for that noble character. Three chapters are devoted to: "Through the Dark Continent"; "Founding of the Congo State"; and "Rescue of Emin." In these chapters we have Stanley's estimate of his work, and of those who helped him to accomplish it. From Chapter XIX. on are given the events of Stanley's later life—his lecture tours, election to Parliament, appreciation of various public men, his last

* *The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B.* Edited by his wife, Dorothy Stanley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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days. The final chapter (XXVII.) contains thoughts on various subjects, extracted from his note-book.

The characteristic that strikes one most on reading the life is stern earnestness. Stanley was deserted by his near relatives while still a child, and this harsh treatment seems to have produced a certain amount of bitterness in his nature that never sweetened. Public distrust and neglect did not help to dissolve that bitterness, as we see from the following words:

> For what was my reward? Resolute devotion to a certain ideal of duty, framed after much self-exhortation to uprightness of conduct, and righteous dealing with my fellow-creatures, had terminated in my being proclaimed to all the world first as a forger, and then as a buccaneer, an adventurer, a fraud, and an impostor! It seemed to reverse all order and sequence, to reverse all I had been taught to expect. Was this what awaited a man who had given up his life for his country and for Africa? . . . Spears in Africa were hurtful things, and so was calumny of the press here; but I went on and did my work, the work I was sent into the world to do.

The life of Stanley shows that he was a deeply religious man. He says, speaking of his gratefulness for having received a "Biblical education" at the workhouse:

> My belief that there was a God, overseeing every action, observing and remembering, has often come between me and evil. Often, when sorely tempted, came the sudden strength to say: "No; I *will* not, it will be wicked; not criminal, but sinful; God sees me." It is precisely for this strength that I am grateful. Reason would not have been sufficient to restrain me from yielding to temptation. It required a conscience, and a religious conviction created it. . . . Religion grew deep roots in me in the solitude of Africa, so that it became my mentor in civilization, my director, my spiritual guide.

BEST STORIES BY CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

We wish to call special attention to ten small and neatly bound volumes issued by Benziger Brothers, and entitled, *The Best Stories by the Foremost Catholic Authors.** The volumes contain one

* *The Best Stories by the Foremost Catholic Authors.* With an Introduction by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. In Ten Volumes. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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hundred and fifty stories by sixty-four Catholic writers of note, and they successfully answer the criticism that there is no good, reasonably priced Catholic literature. Maurice Francis Egan asks in his introduction who is responsible for the small payment received for their work by Catholic authors? He concludes as follows:

> One can see, by reading the names in this set of volumes, that the responsibility for this condition of things does not lie with the author. There are celebrated names here. May I, at random, point to Benson and Katharine Tynan, John Talbot Smith and Christian Reid? There are stories here as nearly perfect as any short story can be. The fault is not with the publisher. Here are books, well made, in good taste, and sold at a moderate price. What more can the Catholic public ask? To ask more would be to be over-critical. What, then, ought to be the duty of people who need decent literature, which does not insinuate cynical unbelief, palliate free love, plead for sexual lawlessness—or, in a word, debase the moral currency? To support the efforts of the Catholic publisher—to enable the authors to be free of anxiety—and to better literary conditions that are beginning, thank God, to improve.

CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST. The frequent additions that of late have been made to our meagre library of English works treating Catholic dogma from the positive and historical side are a source both of regret and rejoicing; of regret that English-speaking theologians are doing so little in this line; of rejoicing that by translations we are enabled to profit by the work of foreign scholars. Thus within the last year our libraries have been enriched by Rivière's scholarly work on *The Atonement*, by Pourrat's volume on *The Sacraments*, and soon we hope to welcome an English translation of Gixerout's classic production on the *History of Dogma* and the German Rauschen's book on *The Eucharist and Penance* in the first six centuries, which will be a companion to Dr. O'Donnell's volume on *Penance*.

To these it is a real pleasure to add the present volume.*

* *The Childhood of Jesus Christ According to the Canonical Gospels, with an Historical Essay on the Brethren of the Lord.* By A. Durand, S.J. An authorized translation from the Freneh. Edited by Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S., D.D. Philadelphia: John J. McVey.

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It is a collection of the articles published by the eminent Jesust, Father Durand, in the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, and the *Revue Biblique;* these are not merely reproduced, but were done over and completed by the author and then put in the more permanent book form in French, and are now presented to us in their English dress. The work treats mainly of the special question of the Virgin Birth of Christ, round which are gathered the other questions relating to the divine Infancy; namely, the Dreams, the Magi, the Massacre of the Holy Innocents, the Flight into Egypt, and the Genealogies of Christ; to which is added an historical essay on the Brethren of the Lord.

There has been a great need of just such a volume in English. The general position of rationalistic and liberal scholars and also Modernists has been to admit the sincerity of the Evangelists, but to hold that the primitive tradition underwent a process of transfiguration under the influence of the faith of the early Church; such a principle led to the rejection of all that is supernatural; hence the narratives of the Childhood of Christ, and particularly the Virgin Birth, have been looked upon as merely legendary. This position has been current in Germany for years; it has spread of late to England and America and the traditional views have been gradually losing ground; within the last ten years an enormous literature has appeared on the question of the Virgin Birth even in English, but not one English book has come from the pen of a Catholic. True we have had some masterly articles in reviews—the ones by Dr. Oussani deserve especial commendation; but the fact remains that this translation is the only scientific treatise in English on this all-important question.

We know these doctrines by revelation; we believe them on the word of God and the infallible word of the Church; but it is also well to give a reason for the faith that is in us, to be able to give the historical and critical justification for our position. This is precisely what Father Durand does. He appeals to criticism, and a scientific criticism demonstrates that there is not a single serious reason to reject the Gospel of the Infancy as legendary, but rather every reason to accept it as a first-rate historical authority. He appeals to history, and his-

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tory proves satisfactorily that from the days of the Apostles to our own day the orthodox Church has looked upon the Virgin Birth of Christ, as well as the miraculous events connected with it, as historical realities.

The work is well translated and printed, is loaded with footnotes and references. These last should have been gathered into a bibliography. It is a volume which ought to be in the library of every priest and educated layman.

THE LIFE OF GABRIEL POSSENTI.

The life of Gabriel Possenti*—a very modern saint—is, for many reasons, of more than ordinary interest. He is a child of our own times. Born in 1838, he lived only to the age of twenty-four, dying in 1862. He gave no evidence of his future holiness until he crossed the threshold of his cloister home. The five years of his religious life, during which he attained such perfection, were devoted to the performance of common duties. Cardinal Gibbons was one of the three bishops who, in 1895, first petitioned the Holy See for Gabriel's beatification. He was beatified within fifty years of his death, and present at it were his brother, several relatives, many fellow-students, his spiritual director, Father Norbert, and even the lady, now the wife of an officer in the Italian army, who had once thought it such a great pity that Gabriel turned his back on the world and herself to become a Passionist.

The volume is founded principally upon the sworn depositions contained in the Episcopal and Apostolical Processes. The author treats the life of Blessed Gabriel under these headings: "Secular Life," "Religious Life," "Work and Means of Perfection," "Consummation in Death," and "Glorification."

The reading of this book will bring home the lesson that essential perfection or holiness is not to be sought in wonderful deeds, but rather in the ordinary duties of life sanctified by the love of God.

* *The Life of Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, Gabriel Possenti of the Congregation of the Passion.* Begun by Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C.P. Rewritten and enlarged by Rev. Nicholas Ward, C.P. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons. Philadelphia: Kilner & Co.

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WHIRLPOOLS.
By Sienkiewicz.

During the month of July the Poles celebrated with much ceremony the five-hundredth anniversary of the battle of Tannenberg, when the victory of the Jagellons meant the beginning of Poland's greatness. Poland lies now dismembered and at the mercy of strangers. Whether the kingdom of Poland will exist again or not is a question difficult to answer in the present confused state of European politics. But the call of their ancient country is still strong in millions of hearts.

Almost simultaneously with this national celebration, Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish patriot and well-known writer, has published his latest work *Whirlpools*,* which sounds like a bugle call to all lovers of Poland to hasten to the rescue and the rehabilitation of their country. The struggle of the twelve million Poles of Russian Poland against Russian tyranny continues to this day with unabated vigor. The doctrines of Russian socialists and Russian atheists have secured a foothold in the land. They are bearing destruction and chaos in their wake, and their triumph will spell utter defeat for the restoration of Poland. The fate of any people struggling for independence and for nationality, particularly when that people are brothers with us in faith, must be of interest to us. And from out these pages rings the pitiful cry that tells us of the terrible trials of a conquered people; of their wrongs inflicted both by those without and within; and most tragic of all—how the virtuous lift prayers in vain; how the responsible ones are faithless to their trust; how truth and morality are sacrificed for self-advancement and self-gratification; and how shame is written in red letters by the hands of her own sons across the face of Poland.

The book, moreover, has a world-wide interest and a world-wide value. Poland may here be the only background to the storm that threatens, but the real background is the world—for the storm threatens the whole of civilized society. They that have ears will hear; and they that have eyes have already seen.

> But Gronski spoke further: "Socialism—good! That, of course, is a thing more ancient than Menenius Agrippa.

* *Whirlpools.* By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Max A. Drezmal Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

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> That river has flown for ages. At times, when covered by other ideas, it coursed underground, and later emerged into the broad daylight. At times it subsides, then swells and overflows. At present we have a flood, very menacing, which may submerge not only factories, cities, and countries, but even civilization. Above all, it threatens France, where comfort and money have displaced all other ideas. Socialism is the inevitable result of that. Capital wedded to demagogism cannot breed any other child; and if that child has the head of a monster and mole, so much the worse for the father. It demonstrates that superfluous wealth may be a national danger. But this is not strange. Privilege is an injustice against which men have fought for centuries. Formerly the princes, clergy, and nobility were vested with it. To-day nobody has any; money possesses all. In truth, Labor has stepped forth to combat with it."

And through this same Gronski, who seems to be his official spokesman, Sienkiewicz shows that in the solution of these pressing agrarian and economic problems Socialism is showing itself an idiot. And finally, when all has been summed up and the story told, an unbeliever speaks:

> "Hear, sir, an athiest, or at least a man who has nothing to do with any religion. Knowledge without religion breeds only thieves and bandits."

The pen of Sienkiewicz has lost none of its power. He can still present a picture with telling lines and vivid colors. His analysis of character is marvelous. He gives us Poland in its nobility, its peasants, and its rabble, detached and accurate. We know their beliefs, their aims, and their morals. To Poland itself the book must be a sort of patriotic classic; to us it is valuable as the apology against Socialism of a keen observer and a deep student.

We regret to say that, like other books by this same author, Catholic as he is, this story is tainted by what some would call, for the sake of using a euphemism, exaggerated realism. If the filth was there it was sufficient to indicate it; it was not necessary to expose it, and hold it long before the reader's eyes. We are sorry to see such stains upon an unusually powerful book. The translator's work is poorly done.

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When Lord Russell, in 1883, visited the United States, he had the happy foresight to jot down in the pages of a diary his observations of the places and persons whom he met on his trip across the continent. These pages,* intended originally for family perusal, have been edited under the auspices of the United States Catholic Historical Society by Charles George Herbermann, Ph.D. Intensely interesting, this diary possesses great merit, because it reflects the mind of a man of excellent judgment, keenly observant of the things around him and fully sympathetic with American life and institutions. At no point dull, his impressions are enlivened by touches of Irish humor and the affectionate effusions of a tender, fatherly heart.

The last few years have been for French Catholics a time of persecution. All have suffered, yet on none has the hand of the government fallen more rigorously and with more dire effect than upon the nuns. Unable to battle with the world, they have been cast out of their homes, and oftentimes by mere brutal force. What they have endured, what their sufferings have been, none of us may rightly imagine. The present volume,† however, supplies us with a vivid description of the trials of these poor women. It is the diary of a nun who has witnessed the expulsion of her sisters and companions, who has seen her community house pass into the hands of atheist rulers, and has herself realized in full the meaning of her Master's words: "the Son of Man hath nowhere to lay His head!" The style is not that of one writing for effect, but simple and unadorned, truly picturing a heart almost broken, yet never despairing. Deep and touching, it is indeed a story of sorrow.

Bishop Colton, despite his many episcopal labors, has again found time to gather together his thoughts on subjects of profitable interest to Catholics. This latest volume, *Buds and Blossoms*,‡ consists of numerous short essays and a few poems that treat of Catholic life from every practical point of view.

* *Diary of a Visit to the United States in the Year 1883.* By Charles, Lord Russell, of Killowen. Edited by Charles George Herbermann, Ph.D. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

† *The Diary of an Exiled Nun.* An Authorized Translation. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *Buds and Blossoms.* By Right Rev. Charles H. Colton, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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Wide in scope, brief yet pointed in its discussion, this book will afford pleasant and useful reading to the busy Catholic.

The scene of this story * is a fashionable hotel in the mountains. There is a little mystery, a bit of detective work, and two love-affairs; the book has no serious claim to consideration, but is pleasant reading for a summer afternoon.

The Chief Sources of Sin, a small volume by Rev. M. V. McDonough, and published by John Murphy Company, of Baltimore, includes a sermon on every one of the seven capital sins.

From the Atlanta University Press, we have received a pamphlet on *The Efforts of the Negro Americans for Social Betterment*. The pamphlet gives much interesting information and copious statistics. It is an important addition to the literature concerning the social betterment of the negro.

The latest addition to the series of instruction books for children, published by Benziger Brothers, of New York, is entitled *The Laws of the King*. With an easy, simple style, and in clear, intelligible language, with here and there an apt illustration, the author explains for young folks the meaning of the ten commandments.

Even to the reader unacquainted with Mr. Veiller's career, a mere glance at his book † will justify its title of "practical." Little theory and no rhetoric may be a departure from the style of discussion which has been too prevalent in the field of tenement reform, but it makes this volume a series of valuable instruction and unavoidable conclusions—presented in a very clear and interesting way. We can think of no point within the scope of the discussion that Mr. Veiller has not treated—and treated well.

Although not equal in charm to the author's former success, *Septimus*, this new story,‡ by W. J. Locke, has neverthe-

* *The Cave-Woman*, By Viola Burhans. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

† *Housing Reform*. A Hand-Book for Practical Use in American Cities. By Lawrence Veiller. New York: Charities Publication Committee.

‡ *Simon the Jester*. By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.

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less a decided attraction of its own. The characters are unusual, the plot is of a fantastic originality, and the style, now pathetic, now whimsical, remains always delightfully clever.

The mysterious death of a pet rabbit leads to a feud between a "gang" and a more aristocratic "set" in a boys' day-school. The story of the skirmishes, the open warfare, and finally the reconciliation, is very real, and is told with evident knowledge of the *genus* boy. The book* is not warranted to suggest novel ideas or to stimulate unduly the young imagination, but is probably interesting enough to be popular.

The publishing house of Lecoffre has again claimed our gratitude by adding another to its long list of publications bearing on positive theology. The volume† before us is very unpretentious, claiming to be a book of information rather than a doctrinal treatise; but, however we may choose to designate it, the professor or student of Sacramental Theology will find it a valuable help in determining the mind of the Fathers of the first six centuries on disputed points. As the title suggests, the subject matter is divided into two parts: one dealing with the Eucharist, and the other with Penance. The arguments drawn from the writings of the Fathers gain in importance from the fact that Dr. Rauschen gives not only his own critical opinion but also the comments of recognized modern scholars; and the translators have added notes elucidating more fully the thought of the French authorities quoted. The index of proper names will be very serviceable for reference work. At times the numerous names and citations of modern authors and the scholastic terminology used in interpreting the Fathers are somewhat confusing; but on the whole the work deserves its French dress, and we trust that an English translation will be forthcoming.

The purpose of this volume‡ is to point out the evolution of dogma in the writings and teachings of the Greek philosophers. That there is organic unity in Hellenic philosophy all

* *The Boys of St. Batt's.* By R. P. Garrold, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *L'Eucharistie et la Pénitence durant les six premiers siècles de l'Église.* Par G. Rauschen, Professeur de Théologie à l'Université Catholique de Bonn. Traduit de l'Allemand par Michel Decker, Vicaire à Saint-Vincent-de-Paul, et E. Ricard, Professeur au Grand Séminaire d'Aix. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre, J. Gabalda et Cie.

‡ *Doctrines Religieuses des Philosophes Grecs.* Par M. Louis. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

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lovers of Greece will stoutly maintain, and so M. Louis has devoted himself to a task that cannot fail to elicit the interest of scholars and the appreciation of all students of religion. Eight chapters seem few and insufficient for such a subject, and yet the author has succeeded in packing all of these chapters full of knowledge. Some of his theories are original, either in themselves or in the manner in which they are set forth. Probably the most interesting chapter is the second one, which treats of the "Divine Mission and Reform of Socrates."

Much of what is said here is old and familiar to the Greek student, but the lengthy and attractive discussion of the "Daimonion" of Socrates is perhaps the best treatment of the question that has yet been given. The opinions of ancient and modern writers are attractively set before the reader. The laws of psychology and pathology, and the Greek religious doctrines of inspiration and divination, are invoked in behalf of this phenomenon. Like his predecessors, M. Louis admits his inability to find a proper translation of this word "Daimonion"; but he insists that it must not be confused with the voice of conscience. In the last chapter the author treats of the "End of Hellenism." Briefly put, he says that Hellenism had its day, and then disappeared "as all great things do, because they are replaced by still greater ones"—the dogmas of Christianity. The whole volume is ably and well written, and the reader will find himself loath to lay it aside until he has read the last page.

The masterly ascetical work of Father Scaramelli, S.J., on *The Discernment of Spirits*, has been translated from the Italian to the French by M. A. Beassioni, and published by Tequi, of Paris. The translation is ably done. May it inspire some one of our writers to give us the same work in English.

To those who read French we recommend another small volume, published by the same house and entitled *Traité des Scrupules*, by l'Abbé Grimes. The little brochure might well be entitled *Traité Conduisant à la Paix de l'Âme*, so well does the author handle his subject and lead the suffering soul out of the labyrinth of its self-imposed miseries. The last chapter is a translation of Father Faber's treatise on the same subject.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (4 June): "The Diamond Jubilee of the Restoration of the Hierarchy" is an account of the "Papal agression agitation" which arose after the Brief restoring the Catholic Hierarchy in England had been published.——The movement of public opinion regarding "The Royal Declaration": A summary of expressions representing the views of Catholics and Protestants in England, Ireland, and Canada.——"Mr. Roosevelt's Warning to England," a notice of his "Guild Hall Speech." "The Press comments on his speech have been marked by a note of friendliness."

(11 June): "Herbert Cardinal Vaughan," a brief sketch of the life and work of the late Cardinal of Westminster, by William Canon Barry.——The text of the Encyclical Letter on St. Charles Borromeo.——Under "Divorce in America" we learn that "divorce was more prevalent in the United States (in 1908) than in any other civilized country, Japan alone excepted." This is due to the "lightness and frivolity" with which marriages are contracted and dissolved in this country.——The degree D.C.L. conferred upon Mr. Roosevelt at Oxford.

(18 June): "The Germans and the Encyclical." How some German Protestants became agitated over passages in the recent Encyclical Letter—an agitation which is "entirely factitious."

(25 June): "The Catholic Missionary Society" tells of an historic event—the opening of the Mission House at Broudesbury Park, with Dr. Herbert Vaughan in charge. The English institution is similar in purpose to the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, D. C.——"The Story of Westminster Cathedral" is a special supplement telling of Cardinal Vaughan and the Cathedral, its style of architecture, history, etc.——The Holy Father has addressed to the Archbishop of Chicago, "a brief full of praise for the Catholic Church Extension Society of America."

The Month (June): "King Edward VII.," by Rev. Sydney

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Smith, is a Catholic tribute to the late King as a kind ruler, a lover and a promotor of universal peace.——"Increase and Multiply" deals with some interesting facts concerning the marvelous workings of geometrical progressions in the animal and insect worlds.——The Reverend Charles Plater, in an article entitled "The Teaching of Civics in Catholic Schools," emphasizes the need and the advantages of such a course. Affiliation with the Catholic Social Guild and practical social work are advocated as means to this end.——"Christianity and War" by the Rev. Joseph Keating, reviews some of the recent peace movements, and in a somewhat detailed manner discusses the attitude of the Church towards war.——"The Alphabet and the Consecration of Churches," by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, offers an explanation of the origin of the ceremony of writing the alphabet on the pavement as a rite in the consecration of a church.

The Crucible (25 June): "Citizens of no Mean City" deals with the question of our faith, and advocates that we should work effectively "to Catholicize the Catholic youth of to-day;" a special appeal is made to build up a strong middle class of forceful and intelligent Catholics, who will be strong and firm defenders of the faith. ——V. M. Crawford describes "How Girl-Clerks are Trained at Fribourg" in a recently established institution known as the *École de Commerce pour les Jeunes Filles*, organized and controlled by the Council of State, but placed under the supervision of the Ursuline Nuns. ——"The Training of Social Workers" is set before us by E. C. Fortez. Two points are suggested in attempting to deal with the problems of poverty: (1) Remedial Work; and (2) Constructive Work.——Felix contributes "A Catholic Social Catechism," showing what Society is, what ails it, and how true Catholic principles applied by Catholics can help in curing it.

The National Review (July): Episodes of the Month reviews Mr. Roosevelt's visit to England.——The Earl Percy writes on "The British Army in a European War." It is a plea for a national army: "The safety of our shores lies in the maintenance of the balance of power

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in Europe."——"Coca and Cant. A Study in Radical Ethics," is an *exposé* of men who preach certain principles and in commercial life violate them. The article is aimed at the proprietors of several English papers, among them being *The Daily News*, *The Star and Morning Leader*, and *The Nation*.——Alfred Austin writes on "Byron in Italy."——The question of a Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States is discussed and the writer hopes that no such treaty will be made.

Hibbert Journal (July): "An Open Letter to English Gentlemen," signed Pars Minima, is an appeal to the "men of gentle birth, of an inherited courtesy and courage," to turn their "serious attention to politics and to a patriotism broader and less self-regarding" than hitherto. ——W. M. Childs discusses "Woman Suffrage." He criticises the main arguments on either side and concludes with a caution not "to allow novelty and risk to prejudice favorable consideration of a prudent, an equitable, and a necessary proposal." He says again: "Let us realize that nothing more injurious to the interests of women could happen than a premature decision upon a proposal of such deep moment to the State."——E. Armitage treats of the question "Why Athanasius Won at Nicæa." He finds the answer in the fact that Athanasius "stood forth as the exponent of the deeper soul in every man's soul . . . whose deep spiritual needs had made him cry aloud for the living God, and who then declared that in Christ this need had been met."

The International Journal of Ethics (July): Felix Adler thinks that "The Moral Ideal," to which every one should strive to conform, should be conceived of as a supreme society, an organism having a multiplicity of parts rather than as a single Infinite Being—God. His reason for this position is that no one individual can be conceived of at the same time as mother, father, brother, sister, etc.——In "The Moral Mission of the Public Schools," C. N. Johnston discusses the lessons of the Congress in London at which America was not among the eighteen nations represented. The possibility of idealizing "na-

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tional duty" or "social solidarity" to take the place of God and religion is considered. Mr. Johnston reviews the experience of Japan and France on the affirmative and that of England and Germany on the negative side. He concludes that the whole problem of morals and religion in education is, throughout the world, in the experimental stage.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (June): "Agrarian Socialism," by the Editor, an essay disclosing various methods of nationalizing the land. The chief object of Agrarian Socialism is to make the State a universal landlord. Single tax on land should relieve all other taxation. Some of the principles advocated, and a criticism of the method proposed by each, are considered.——The article entitled "Newspaper Controversy" is a call to priests to engage in defense work in the newspaper columns. This medium of knowledge reaches all classes and whatever the newspaper states is taken without criticism by the majority of readers. Hence error is easily spread. "The masses should be attended to, heresy must be checked, the newspaper is the means."

Le Correspondant (10 June): "The First Exile of the Duke of d'Aumale." The entire correspondence of the Duke d'Aumale with Cunllier-Fleury was published by M. Limbourg. The article at hand is a review of some of the letters of this publication, relating to the Duke's first exile, which was spent at Clermont Castle, England.——Baron de Witte, in his article entitled "Twenty-Six Years of Catholic Government in Belgium," gives an account of affairs in Belgium since the reactionary election of 1884 gave power to Catholics. The topics considered by the author are: The School Question; The Revision of the Constitution and Electoral Reform; Social Questions; The Question of Languages; The Colonial Question.——"Prayers and Unedited Meditations of Ernest Heller." These prayers and meditations are published on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the author's death.

(25 June): "The Papacy—the View of Germany," Mgr. Batiffol refutes G. Krueger's German work—*The Papacy, Its Idea and Its Upholders*—in which the latter says

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that "the Papacy is a worldly power, but that the Pope does not consider the difficult problems of the times, but leaves their solution to the divine grace which is given him." Mgr. Batiffol appeals to Janssen and says that Krueger does not wish to acknowledge the good that the Church has done for Germany, especially in the early ages. He considers the book very rationalistic.——"The Submarines and their *Rôle* in our Navy." An anonymous writer under the name "Seaman" refers to the part played by the submarines in the French manœuvres of 1909 as a proof of their efficiency. He does not believe that such accidents as recently happened to the *Pluviose* will hinder the further adoption of this means of warfare.——"The Universities and the Preparation for a Business Career," by Max Turmann. The Universities are responding to the demands of business that the youth study the commercial sciences in preference to the classics as found in the curriculum of the past generation. We find that "auditors" are outnumbering the regular students in the large German universities.

Études Franciscaines (June): P. Edouard d'Alençon makes a short, critical study of "A Letter of Indulgences, 1481." This was written by Sixtus IV., and appears to forgive the sins of Ange de Gazollo, in view of a contribution to the Crusade. It is explained that in reality it was merely an ordinary indulgence and the granting of permission to confess to an ordinary priest sins reserved to the Pope.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 June): P. Pisani writes of "The Directory and the Pope" (1796-1797).——P. Lanier has an article on "The Bible and the Origins of the World." His thesis is that the account contained in Genesis was originally revealed to Adam in a series of visions. The biblical narrative gives a series of seven days for the moral purpose of teaching the people the necessity of sanctifying the Sabbath.

(15 June): J. Bricout, treating of "The Auxiliary International Language," gives an historical sketch of "Volapük," "Esperanto," and "Ido," a modification of Esperanto. He discusses also the advantages and the

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feasibility of the project and treats of the various objections brought against it.——H. Lesêtre, discussing "The Day of the Last Supper," cites the data of the Sacred Writers, and concludes that all the probabilities point to the day of the Pasch as that on which our Savior was crucified.——A. Bros and O. Habert give a brief sketch of Pre-Islamic Religion (of the Arabs), Mahomet, and the Doctrine of Islam.

Études (20 June): Jean V. Bainvel reviews "The Last Book of George Tyrrell." This work, although seeming to contain indications of a return of the author towards the Church, still leaves a great deal wanting to make his theories conformable to Catholic doctrine.——Auguste Hamon writes of "The Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus after the Blessed Margaret Mary.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 June): "The Intelligence of the Savage," by Clodius Piat. The savage is, according to the writer, a specimen of the primeval man, he is in the lower stage of evolution, and in many, if not in all, respects bears similarity with the child. The writer not only gives his views, but cites the different theories set forth by Mr. Levy-Bruhl and H. Spencer "pro and con." Lubboch and his followers believe the question to be as yet insoluble.

(15 June): "The Protestant Declaration of the British Sovereigns at the Time of Their Accession," by J. L. de la Verdonie.——"The Duel in Ecclesiastical Legislation," by F. Cimetier. According to the author the Church at large always did forbid the duel proper for any reason whatever. To prove this the writer enumerates the various ecclesiastical documents which condemn this form of "honorable" homicide.

La Revue Apologétique (June): "Jean Ruysbroeck the Admirable," by P. Kremer, C.SS.R. The nature of mysticism and its development up to the time of Ruysbroeck are discussed. The fundamental difference between Christian and pagan mystics is that the former affirm the necessity of supernatural faith and grace while the latter are guided by mere natural speculation and a superstitious theurgy.——"Shintoistic Mythology," by Th. Gollier.——H. Pinard, S.J., discusses two recent books on the

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history of religions (by Reinach and Toutain) criticizing their unscientific methods. Toutain, *e. g.*, asserted that the totemism of the natives of America and Australia is perfectly known and that it is a stage of religion through which all the peoples of the globe have passed —both of which assertions are mere postulates. Reinach finds in all mythologies analogies to the Trinity, Communion, etc., and many biblical personalities, and infers from them that these are unreal or only adaptations.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (June): "Critical Difficulties in Apologetics," by C. A. Kneller, S.J. Scripture-texts as they stand are admitted by rationalistic critics to prove the truth of the Catholic Church and dogma; but these texts themselves are now rejected as not genuine. Should Catholic apologists enter into textual criticism? No; for apologists have chiefly to deal with Protestants who believe in the Bible as it stands.——"The Psychology of Religion, a New Branch of Experimental Psychology," by J. B. Linwurzky, S.J. The methods and aims of this science, which is chiefly an American growth, are discussed with regard to its usefulness for Catholic sciences. A phenomenon of religious life should not be explained by referring to the "causa prima" as long as any possibility of a natural explanation is not excluded.

Theologisch-Practische Quartalschrift (July): "The Education and Training of the Clergy in Accordance with the Times," by Dr. Reinhold, is a *résumé* of Dr. Schroer's book of that title. The author insists that higher education is a necessity, and points out the important part the meagre knowledge of "Church matters" played in the catastrophe of the Dark Ages. He compares the Italian with the French seminaries; lastly he notices the houses of study under Jesuit direction, which he considers ideal.——"Theft in the Law of Moses and in the Code of Hammurabi." Dr. Andrew Eberharter compares various passages in each code. As a whole they agree, through the code of Hammurabi is often stricter than that of Moses. That the Law of Moses originated in Babel is absurd in the light of the foregoing comparison.——"The So-called Biblical Questions and the Edu-

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cation of the People," by Dr. Hugo. Any apparent errors in the Bible must be confined to profane questions. They are to be explained by the human element in the Scriptures and the theory of implicit quotation.

La Civiltá Cattolica (4 June): The need of "Congresses to Improve the Morals of the People," such as was held in Rome recently, is shown to be beyond question; but the ignoring of religion as a remedy for the evils of society by this congress must be censured.——"Prayer According to the Theosophists." There are three kinds of prayer for the Theosophist; and the object to which these prayers are directed is "God"; but this "God" is only a threefold category of beings which pervade the universe.

(18 June): Contains the Latin text and an Italian translation of the Encyclical on the Centenary of the Canonization of St. Charles Borromeo.——The Encyclical is made the subject of an article. The writer believes that the storm which arose in Germany over the Encyclical is due to the intrigues of certain apostates from Catholicism, especially of one residing in Rome, who put a false interpretation on the words of the Pope.

(2 July): "Christianity at the Crossroads," tells of the "challenge flung at Christianity by poor Tyrrell"; it is an exposition of the principal thought put forth in Tyrrell's last works: *Through Scylla and Charybdis*, *Medievalism*, and *Christianity at the Crossroads*.——"The Religious Spirit in the Army" is an account of the fight carried on by anti-clericals and others against every manifestation of religion among the members of the army. The writer shows even the national effects produced by religion.——"The Encyclical *Editæ Sæpe* and the Agitation Among the Protestants of Germany." Now that the storm has subsided the writer deems it advisable to put the whole affair of the Encyclical in its true light.

La Scuola Cattolica (June): Fra Semeli, who is also a doctor of medicine, writes on "Scruples and Obsessions" for the use of confessors.——A. Cantone endeavors to show that "Biblical Monogenesis" has anticipated those investigations which tend to prove the existence of a single home of all mankind in a favorable section of Asia.

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Razón y Fe (June): R. Ruiz Amado, under the caption "Religious Education," asks why the devotion of so many religious men and women to this cause has not been more fruitful. He lays the blame largely upon the materialistic atmosphere of modern society and political opposition from anti-clericals; but he suggests, as a partial remedy, a study of modern pedagogic methods. First of a series of articles on proportional representation by F. Lopez del Vallado. The rights of a minority are pointed out.

España y América (June): P. M. Rodriguez H. sketches "The Yankee Infiltration in Latin America." The author thinks that the United States is trying to absorb the nations of South America and that certain agitators in Peru and elsewhere are willing to further such action. He looks to Brazil and Chile to block the move.——R. P. Requeijo describes the deep devotion to religion in "The City of Mexico."——P. Maximiliano Estebanez shows that recent Spanish-American congresses have brought Spain and her former colonies closer together by dispelling ignorance on both sides.——P. B. Martinez gives an account of the drowning of three Augustinian missionaries in China. They were run down by an English vessel in the Tang Su River.

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Recent Events.

France.

France, it is said, is entering upon a new era of parliamentary government. Up to the present some one or other of the many groups of which the Chamber consists has secured, by alliances with others of these groups, the dominating power, and has used this power for their advantage alone, governing against the parties outside. M. Briand has announced his intention to change all this. "The Government is to govern with Republicans in the interests of the country as a whole." He will not place any longer the Republican Administration at the mercy of a clique. This determination of M. Briand dissatisfied the largest group of those who had hitherto supported him, and at first they were unwilling to do more than give their adhesion to the measures which he announced and refused to approve of his methods. M. Briand would not accept half-hearted support and announced his intention of resigning if he did not receive a vote expressing the perfect confidence of the Assembly, not only in the measures proposed, but also in his methods of government. After considerable wavering, the Socialist Radicals gave the asked-for assurance, and, by a vote of 403 to 110, M. Briand was empowered to introduce the new era—the triumph of a national policy over the petty and factious interests of certain tyrannical political groups. The government is in future to govern for France as a whole. The judicial, the executive, and the legislative powers are to be kept in their respective spheres, the majority, and not a selfish minority, is to rule. What Gambetta tried to do thirty years ago, M. Briand has accomplished. His supporters in the decisive vote were the Progressists or Moderate Republicans, the Nationalists, the *Républicains de Gauche*, and a large proportion of the Radicals and Socialist Radicals. The Socialists without exception voted against him.

The President of the Republic, in the course of a series of visits made to various parts of France, gave his support to the same policy. Addressing the Mayors of the department of Puy-de-Dôme, he said: "Defend ardently the flag of the Republic.

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It is the flag of France, the emblem of our glories. But when you act in your capacity of administrators, act in the interests of all. If you are elected Mayor by a party, let all your fellow-citizens profit by your administration. Thus will you insure your influence and your authority." And in paying a visit to a hospital, he gave expression to his high appreciation of the Sisters of Charity and of the devotion shown by them in the service of the patients. Perhaps this may be taken as confirming the rumors which have been circulated, that efforts are being made towards a more conciliatory mode of action in respect to the Church. The recent rioting in Paris, and several other evidences of a widely spread spirit of lawlessness, may well make every one who has the well-being of the country at heart anxious as to the future, and willing to take the necessary steps to avert any coming dangers. The Confederation of Labor declares that the present republican organization is made up of hypocrites, spies, and assassins. How far this is a true representation of the opinions held by the mass of French workingmen, we do not know. But that an authorized association should give public utterance to such views shows that in the background there are many elements of danger.

The foreign relations of France have undergone but little change. The idea of entering into closer relations with Germany may have received something of a set-back, owing to Germany having applied to certain French exports the *maximum* Tariff, and to the reprisals threatened in consequence. It has been found necessary to enter upon military operations in Morocco on account of the machinations of a very influential sorcerer, but as these were attended with complete success, there is no likelihood of long-drawn-out hostilities. There is, however, no reliance to be placed upon the Sultan, who, if the accounts—widely circulated, although denied by himself—may be believed, is one of the most cruel of the long line of cruel despots, inflicting upon those from whom he wishes to extort money tortures too atrocious to be described.

A visit in state has been paid to Paris by the grandson of Louis Philippe, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, recently declared King of Bulgaria. He was received with every manifestation of welcome and seems to have at once become quite popular.

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Germany.

There has been quite an exodus from office of German officials. The first to go was the Colonial Secretary, Herr Dernburg, appointed nearly four years ago. The aristocrats of Germany claim for themselves, as of right, all the high offices, and when a banker was appointed in order to effect absolutely necessary changes in the management of the Colonies, deep resentment was felt at the innovation, and at the indignity involved in the fact that persons of their quality should be placed under the control of a mere commercial man. These feelings made them act in such a way towards the Colonial Secretary, that he found his position too unpleasant to retain. It is said, with how much truth we know not, that the Catholic Centre was in part responsible. The resignation of Herr Dernburg was followed a short time afterwards by that of two Prussian Ministers, Herr von Moltke, Minister of the Interior, and Herr von Arnim, Minister of Agriculture. No particular importance is attached to these resignations. Neither of them was desirous of office; the former declared that he would willingly walk all the way back to his home at Königsberg, and the latter that he was glad to return to the cultivation of his own cabbages.

A more important change was brought about by the transfer to Paris of the Foreign Secretary, Baron von Schoen, as German Ambassador to France, to take the place of Prince Radolin, and by the appointment in his place of the German Minister to Bucharest, Herr von Kiderlan-Wächter. Even these changes are not so important as they appear, for the control of the foreign policy of the Empire is not in the hands of the Foreign Secretary. It is the Chancellor who nominally controls, but it is thought that the Emperor William is the real controller. The last of the changes is the resignation of the Prussian Minister of Finance, Baron von Rheinbaben. Rumors have been rife that the Chancellor himself, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, was upon the point of going the way of the rest, success not having attended his efforts to settle the Prussian Franchise question. These rumors, however, have so far proved to be unfounded. There is said to be a lack of men fit to fill so exalted and responsible a position. It is the Emperor, of course, who is responsible for these changes, and for the appointments consequent upon them, and what they mean is,

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therefore, more or less guess work. But it may well be believed that nothing has been done lightly, for he has himself informed the world in a recent communication that in all his thoughts and actions he is accustomed to ask himself what the Bible says about the matter, and to find in it the fountain from which he draws strength and light. His subjects, however, seem to be looking in other directions, for recent elections have resulted in victories for the Social Democrats.

Russia.

The *Duma* has shown by its proceedings with reference to Finland that a parliamentary assembly can be as arbitrary and as little amenable to reason as the sheerest of autocrats. The crucial clauses which provide that the autonomy, of Finland, should be subordinated to the Imperial Legislature, that the schools, the Press, and the right of meeting and association, the Imperial taxation, the Customs, military service, and the merchant marine, should no longer be within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Finnish Diet—these clauses which abolish the century-old Finnish constitution were passed through the Committee stage in the brief space of seven minutes. Two days afterwards the second and third readings were carried. In the Council of the Empire, which is largely a nominated body forming the upper House, more consideration seems to have been given to the matter.

And so the Tsar has found his Parliament willing to cooperate with him in making naught of his plighted word and that of his predecessors, that they would preserve intact the rights and privileges which were a condition of its annexation of Finland to the Empire, and of the acceptance by the Finlanders of the sovereignty of the Russian Emperor. According to these promises Finland was to be free in her internal affairs, she was to take her place in the rank of nations, she was not to be looked upon as a conquered province endowed with temporary privileges, but as an autonomous organism, united by free agreement to a sovereign state, which, on account of this agreement, was obliged to respect this autonomy. Finland was to be a part of the Russian Empire consisting of Russia and Finland, but not a part of the Empire of Russia. All this has been set aside, in spite of representations made by various

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authorities throughout Europe. One hundred and twenty British Members of the House of Commons and forty-three Irish Nationalists signed Memorials to the *Duma* in favor of the Finns. Members of the Belgian Senate and House of Deputies, and a large number of Italian Deputies, including several members of the present government, took a like course. One hundred members of the French Chamber of Deputies and fifty of the Senate also sent a Memorial. We have already referred to the Manifesto of some of the most distinguished Jurisconsults of Europe.

We said, in spite of these representations the *Duma* passed the restrictive legislation. Perhaps it ought to have been said on account of these representations greater unanimity was secured. For Russia, like most other countries and some individuals, resents outside interference and is more likely to stick to a wrong course on account of it than to accept advice from outside.

The only justification offered for this violation of their pledged rights was that the Finns had refused to fulfill their military obligations, and that it was inconvenient to the Emperor to run the risk that measures taken for the good of the Empire by the Imperial Parliament should be thwarted by the action, or want of action, of so small a body as the Finnish Diet. It has to be admitted that the Finns have shown no love for the Russians in the past, and have in several ways made things inconvenient for them, and that they may in fact, in some cases, have acted unjustly. So there were grounds for thinking that the Diet might not act in unison with the *Duma*.

It is in this way that the action of the government and of the *Duma* may be explained. It ought to be mentioned also that a modification was made in the Bill by which it is left to the Tsar alone to initiate all action to be taken under the new Law in the practical and actual exercise of any of the powers conferred by it. Moreover, there were considerable minorities, both in the *Duma* and in the Council of the Empire, against the passing of the Bill; and there is said to be a large number of Russians who are strongly opposed to the new Law. What action the Finns will take remains to be seen. It is almost certain that they will offer passive resistance all along the line to any practical exercise of powers in derogation of

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their rights. The Finnish Diet has already unanimously declared that the provisions of the new Law cannot be regarded as valid in Finland. Finnish judges and administrative officials will, it is said, declare that they cannot comply with it, since it is in conflict with the Constitution which they have sworn to uphold. What will Russia do? Shall we see another era like that under Bobrikoff, when judges and officials were summarily deposed and private persons exiled, imprisoned, or deported to remote parts of Russia?

It is not the Finns alone who are to be deprived of hitherto existent rights. The Poles are to become victims of the same unifying policy which is the cause of so many of the evils to which various nationalities in Europe have to submit, and which is the excuse of so much tyrannical action. A Bill has been introduced into the *Duma* which is primarily intended to deprive the chief landowners of the right of election to the Upper House, and to exclude them from the chief elective offices and salaried posts. This Bill was considerably modified before it passed, and the injustice inflicted was not so great, therefore, as its promoters intended; but a further assault upon Polish privileges, such as they are, is projected for the coming autumn.

The Jews, too, have been made to suffer from this revival of national sentiment. It is hard to estimate to what extent the recent expulsions have been carried out, as accounts vary; and they are said to be legal, that is, in accordance with the laws of Russia. But in one or two instances even Russian justice stood in the way of the government, and prevented it from carrying out its orders.

In view of the *Duma's* participation in the Finnish legislation, there is a temptation to pass upon it a severe condemnation and to despair of any hope of the advent of a better time for the Russian people, seeing that Tsar and *Duma* are bad alike—equally arbitrary and ready to oppress. This, however, seems premature. The mere fact that there is at least the semblance of open debate and of discussion before the public is better than the issue of Ukases on the Tsar's sole authority, passed under nobody knows what secret influences. The nation is becoming accustomed to the gradual diffusion of light upon matters which in former times were wholly wrapped in darkness; a school of political education is being formed, and the

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power of public opinion will, in consequence, become greater. The *Duma* has already been the means of reforming a large number of administrative abuses. Incompetent, unscrupulous, and corrupt officials have felt its power, and the measure of their dread is the violence of the opposition which they offer to its continuance. The reactionaries in the third *Duma* form a group of fifty organized members, mostly, it is said, men of low education and led by two agitators, who speak on all occasions and carry on a constant campaign of provocation. Some of the speeches of one of these agitators, M. Purishkevich, are not fit to be printed, and are avowedly made to bring disgrace on the Assembly by exciting disorderly scenes. The resignation of the latest President was due to the uproar caused by one of these speeches. A large number is doing all within its power to discredit the *Duma*, but these advocates of extreme reaction are bankrupt both in policy and in *personnel*.

That the Tsar remains a firm supporter of the constitution which he granted offers a firm barrier to the efforts of its enemies. M. Stolypin has been able to thwart the many attempts that have been made to remove him from office, and has, besides carrying the Land Law of November, 1906, effected a large number of administrative reforms. One fact, however, enables an estimate to be formed of the degree of progress so far attained in Russia. Upon the adjournment of the *Duma* the President, M. Guchkoff, resigned his position in order to go to prison for one month, this penalty having been inflicted upon him for having a short time before fought a duel. No other evil effect seems to have followed upon conviction of such a crime—a fact which goes to show how little public opinion in Russia is influenced by moral considerations. This, however, need not cause surprise, when it is remembered under what a vile police system the country is governed—a system in which the spy and *agent provocateur* of one day may be a high official of the force on the next.

Spain.

It is too soon to tell what will be the outcome of recent transactions in Spain. The government, without consulting the other party to the Contract, have given a new interpretation to the Concordat, which rules by mutual

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agreement the religious conditions of the country. They have also taken steps to control the religious orders, a thing which is outside the competency of the civil power, incompatible with religious liberty, and contrary to the feelings and wishes of large numbers of the Spanish people. Meetings have accordingly been held throughout Spain to protest against the action of a government which represents in this matter only a minority of the nation.

Turkey.

After operations which lasted nearly two months the rising of the Albanians is declared to have been suppressed, although there are those who are somewhat sceptical as to the complete success of the expedition. One of the objects of the campaign was the disarmament of those dwellers in the mountains who for centuries have prided themselves upon their independence and freedom from control. Abdul Hamid, for his own purposes, as the Albanians formed his body-guard and protected him from the punishment he so richly deserved, confirmed them in these privileges. The new order, the object of which is to establish the reign of law for all parts of the Empire alike, necessarily came into conflict with these ideas. The government at Constantinople spared no effort and stuck at no measures necessary to overcome the resistance of the insurgents, burning down their homes and quartering upon them large bodies of troops. The Minister of War himself appeared on the scene of warfare. Success was for a time doubtful. At length, however, arms were surrendered, but as they are for the most part very old and antiquated, it is thought that the really useful arms have been retained by the astute mountaineers.

Friends of the new constitutional order have, on the whole, reason to feel satisfied with the course of events. The Committee of Union and Progress is still the real source of power, and therefore military force is the controller of the situation. But with a few exceptions this committee seems to be using its power by taking steps which will lead to a higher kind of government. An earnest effort has been made to replace the despotic and extortionate governors by honest and impartial administrators. Night-schools are being established, normal schools are projected and even universities. New courts

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of justice are being set up, and efforts are being made to find just judges. Concessions for railways are being negotiated. Investigations are being made as to the feasibility of the irrigation of Mesopotamia which, if carried through, would render this district a source of the enlarged cotton supply which is so much needed. Improved methods of agriculture are being introduced, and the postal service developed. Theologians are discovering that the Koran sanctions all these innovations. Even the animal world is feeling the power of the new *régime*, for an edict has gone forth that the dogs, which for so long have infested the streets of Constantinople, are to be destroyed. All of these reforms cost money, especially the increase and reorganization of the army, and there is, in consequence, a deficit of five millions of Turkish pounds. The Turkish Assembly was willing, however, to make the necessary sacrifices, and adjourned at the end of June to meet again on the first of November. In the course of its session 118 Bills were presented for its consideration, of which 65 passed. The result is considered as highly satisfactory. Except in the districts in the neighborhood of Baghdad peace has been established throughout the Empire.

The Cretan Question.

The Cretan Question, however, cannot be considered as definitely and finally settled. That it should be is the wish of the Ottoman government. But the way to do it is not easy. The Cretans desire to be united to Greece, and nothing will satisfy them until this is brought about. It is surmised that on the occasion of the declaration of the independence of Bulgaria, in 1908, the Powers protecting Crete gave a promise that this union would be allowed—a promise which induced both Greece and Crete to remain quiet at that time. This promise the four Powers have broken, and have sent a note to the authorities that they will re-occupy the island with their troops in case the Mohammedan members of the Assembly are not allowed to take their seats, although they have refused to take the oath of allegiance to the King of the Hellenes. In consequence the Cretans are dissatisfied. On the other hand, equal dissatisfaction exists at Constantinople, for the same Powers will take no further action to bring about the definite settlement desired by the Turks. In fact,

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they have replied that they are incompetent, and that all the Powers that signed the Berlin Treaty must join in such a settlement. This is a very adroit way of getting out of the difficulty, for Germany and Austria-Hungary, while willing enough to promote dissension, are for that very reason unwilling to gratify either the Turks or the other Powers.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unsatisfactory than the present state of things in Crete. On the one hand, the Powers protecting the inhabitants of the island, while securing their complete autonomy and self-government, explicitly recognize the fact of the sovereignty of the Sultan. On the other hand, the Christian members of the Assembly, the judges, military officers, and officials, have taken the oath of allegiance to King George, an oath which the Mussulman Deputies and officials refuse to take. For this refusal they have been penalized by the Christian majority, a majority which, in its turn, is to be coerced by the Powers in the event of its refusing to yield to their demands. And yet the Powers will go no further, and refuse to do anything definitely to settle the question whether Crete is to belong to Turkey or Greece.

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With Our Readers

THE following incident is a curious example of the increasing laxity of discipline in one of our most prominent ecclesiastical bodies. In a state educational institution the salaried chaplain holds service every Sunday (excepting in the summer, when there is none because he is in Europe). He is an ordained Episcopalian minister. Many of the young men obliged to attend his service (rendered in keeping with the American edition of the Book of Common Prayer) are not Episcopalians but Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and others having no religious belief whatever. A few of the more piously inclined expressed a desire "to take the sacrament" once a month with their Episcopalian brother students. At first the chaplain hesitated to administer the sacrament, since some were not only not confirmed but not even baptized. After a time he suppressed his scruples and invited all who so desired to partake of communion. The violation of this rubric would not occur in England, since the law is well defined by the authority of the Crown, at least, for the beneficed clergy. Strictly considered, confirmation may be regarded as a "rite" and not a sacrament, there being but two sacraments, baptism and the Eucharist. By what law, then, may an Episcopal minister give communion to young men who are Baptists, Presbyterians, or Methodists? By what law may an Episcopal minister consecrate and give communion to young men who are not even baptized? This is a matter more serious for the High Church party than even the question of "the open pulpit,' for it is a more striking manifestation of that growing doctrinal disruption which is undermining the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.

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NOT unfrequently we see men accusing Catholic Churchmen, and especially the members of the Curia, of mental dishonesty, and betraying, even in the very attack, a surprising degree of moral obtuseness. Some found it difficult to accept the plain evidence for this in the case of an eminent priest who died out of the visible unity of the Church; we can hardly shut our eyes to a flagrant and more recent instance in a non-Catholic who stands sponsor for a violent assault upon the Church. The author of this assault, we deeply regret to state, is a former Catholic priest, whom his sponsor presents to the public as still engaged in the Catholic ministry and devoted to his pastoral work, "a devout Christian and a good Catholic in the broad sense of the word." Will it be believed that this is the characterization—misleading, as it will appear—of a man

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who proclaims his disbelief in all Catholic doctrine, and even in all that the world has hitherto agreed to call Christianity? What idea of honesty and sincerity possesses the soul of one who can praise a man who will at the same time disbelieve Catholicism and act before the world as a Catholic priest? That an unbeliever should applaud the lapse of a Catholic priest into unbelief is intelligible; but that he should praise one who lives the life of an unbelieving priest, proves only one thing—that he himself is incapable of discerning between sincerity and the deepest dishonesty and hypocrisy. He is, in fact, so blind to the difference between the two that he naïvely exhibits his blindness to the world without any suspicion that it will be discovered, or rather that there is any blindness to be discovered. Surely a Catholic priest, by his very ministry, professes belief in Catholic doctrines and loyalty to the papal authority; if his profession be false, his life is a lie, a greater lie than the life of a soldier or statesman who should be a traitor to his country and work in the interest of the enemy. The thought of an unbelieving priest is intolerable to any Catholic, and, thank God! the instances of it are as rare as they are hideous. It should be intolerable to any honest man. An Ernest Renan is commended, and very justly, for refusing to accept the priesthood of the Catholic Church after he had ceased to believe her doctrines. One only course is open to honest doubt—not to enter upon, nor to continue in, a priesthood which is essentially a profession of faith. A man in a transitional stage, not knowing his own mind, may be pitied or excused; but there can surely be only condemnation for one who disbelieves and yet continues the exercise of the holy ministry. We do not speak thus because we feel there is any call for such a word to our priests—far from it, for we know perfectly well that they deserve the confidence which the laity repose in them; but we speak out in order to condemn and reprobate a position assumed, in the present instance, by one who takes a lofty tone of moral superiority. It is pitiful, indeed, to see one come before the world as a teacher of morality who cannot distinguish between light and darkness.

* * *

THE philosophic sponsor for this book—we shall not gratify him by advertizing its title—assures his Protestant readers, in his brief introduction, that they have one thing to learn from the Catholic Church. Many conjectures will occur to the mind of the Catholic reader before he would dream of the true one: the one thing which Catholicism can teach Protestantism is—the love of art! At first we were tempted to smile at the simplicity of this grave philosopher; but we soon fell to admiring it as an unexpected and charming human trait. He forced us to note the great resemblance between him-

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self and a certain lady who had an interview with Tennyson. "How did the poet impress you?" she was asked. "Wonderfully," the lady replied rapturously. "I never in my life saw such a lovely head of hair!" And we recalled the more striking resemblance between our philosopher and another lady who admired a certain preacher. "Your sermon was beautiful," the good woman assured him, "and your surplus was such a lovely fit!" And so our friend, who has long played the *rôles* of public teacher, of philosopher, and critic, admires the Mother of the Faithful for her flowing locks and well-fitting robes, and urges the Protestant world to frequent her salon and learn there a love of art. It is worth while to gather up a pleasing absurdity of this sort, when we find it blossoming beside the dusty road of religious controversy, and to inhale its perfume; but we should like our philosopher, before he stands sponsor for further attacks upon the Catholic Church, to learn something of its real nature and power. Perhaps, after some years of study, he may become persuaded that the Catholic Church is powerful because she convinces multitudes of all classes and all degrees of culture of her ability to satisfy those two imperious needs of the religious soul—the need of truth and the need of forgiveness or of union with the Deity. She convinces men that she has this two-fold ability, because they see, with their own eyes, that she has the ability, however she acquired it, and because she presents the best credentials for its divine origin. Philosophers are eternally calling upon the Church to become strong by surrendering her unique claim to be the immortal prophet of God upon earth; but her strength lies in that claim and in the reality on which it is based, that she is, in truth, the oracle and vicegerent of God upon earth.

* * *

WE who have the happiness of believing in the Catholic Church cannot read without sorrow the pages of this book (whose introduction, by a non-Catholic who has been for many years an assailant of Christianity, we have commented upon), when we remember that its author is a former Catholic priest. Fénelon and Newman, we believe, have both asserted that impatience was the characteristic sin of heresiarchs; we feel that it is characteristic of this author, who will, however, be no heresiarch, because, like De Lamennais, like Tyrrell, like Loisy, he will draw no souls after him into the abyss of unbelief and hopelessness. A noble soul gone far astray, is the thought that haunts us as we turn over these sad pages; we are impressed as when we gaze on the ruins of a once majestic monastery, or as the poet when he viewed the wintry branches,

> "bare, ruined choir
> Where late the sweet birds sang."

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Faith and love and hope, we feel and we know, once reigned in this heart now possessed by so different a spirit. All that was good and strong in this soul is transformed and pressed into the service of unbelief, into a furious attack upon Catholic faith and the power of the Papacy. It is not ours to judge the causes and the process of this transformation, yet no one can help seeing in this book the lack of measure, the one-sidedness, the unfairness which usually characterize the extremist who turns upon the institution he once loved. Fortunately for the influence of the work, its hatred of the Papacy and its bitter unfairness are too conspicuous for it to effect harm among Catholics. The author essays the impossible *rôle* of a reformer of a Church which he declares founded upon falsehood and compacted of errors and blunders. He might destroy such a Church, but he never could reform it. Once he has proclaimed his disbelief in the divinity of our Lord, and in the divine origin of the Church He founded, the author's influence upon Catholics is gone and gone forever. No new light is shed by him on old questions. There is no need of fighting old battles over again, and this would not be the place for it. The old foundations remain unshaken; the old, battered building shows no sign of cracking or crumbling. One more figure passes out into the dark night of scepticism, trying vainly to persuade itself that the sun is shining; we think of those that preceded it, of De Lamennais, of Doellinger, of Tyrrell, of Loisy, of Houtin, and of their wretched lot; we reflect on the hopelessness of their fight and of the good they might have rendered the Church if they had remained her faithful children; we see this new recruit join them and we remember the past. The Catholic Church has many arguments; and not the least powerful is the fearful shipwreck of the Christian religion which overtakes those who abandon the bark of Peter.

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A GREAT Catholic educational convention was held in Detroit during the month of July. We are informed that its complete minutes, with all the papers presented by Catholic educators and Catholic leaders of to-day, will be published shortly. The report will be of keenest interest to all interested in education. The convention was attended by many archbishops and bishops, prominent priests and laymen, and by more than five hundred Sisters from communities that devote themselves to the education of the young. These conventions are an emphatic evidence of our vitality and our power. They receive but scant notice from the secular press, and yet it is upon the fidelity to right principle, as laid down by Catholic teaching, that the welfare of our country rests.

The Detroit *Free Press* said, editorially, of the convention:

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"The meeting of the Catholic Educational Association in Detroit has brought together a body of men and women of whom the public at large knows but little, but whose work must have a profound effect upon the nation's future. They are primarily reponsible for the education of 1,200,000 of the nation's children, who are already in Catholic schools, and they are aiming to gather into those institutious at least as many more who are compelled still to go to the public schools for lack of room in the parochial ones. That they will ultimately succeed in weaning all their own fold from the public schools there is much reason to expect, especially if their claims of the low cost and excellence of their system be correct.

* * *

LAST month, about sixty years after the restoration of the hierarchy in England, the Cathedral of Westminster was solemnly consecrated. The importance of the celebration can hardly be overestimated. In historical significance it overshadows all other events connected with the restoration of Catholicism in England. The Emancipation Act gave relief and freedom to a long and bitterly persecuted people; the restoration of the hierarchy was the harbinger of a Second Spring, and now—sooner, it seems, than Newman expected—comes an event that speaks of strong, religious life; of a spring that was well planted, a summer fruitful, and a harvest that is constantly increasing. The event gives reason for every hope that the harvesters will be many and capable and that the harvest itself will be so great as to tax their every effort. Wiseman, Manning, Vaughan—the hopes, the prayers, the life-work of all these are incorporated in the history of this magnificent London basilica. The Catholic faith is again set before England in its rightful place of dignity and of power. No longer is its only evidence the dingy chapel on the side street attended by Irish laborers. That faith is set upon a hill in order that its beauty and its universality may be known to all men. No longer is that faith a thing that once was great. It is great now, and the consecration of this cathedral is a proof of its divine, unending life. The Catholics of England may well rejoice and their fellow-Catholics throughout the world also rejoice with them.

* * *

THE consecration occurred at a time that offered signal opportunity for impressing favorably the public mind with the universality and the spiritual power of the Catholic Church. The second reading of the bill to change the notorious Royal Oath was carried by an overwhelming vote of 342 to 41. Protestant bigotry and non-Conformist prejudice will certainly receive a death blow. The Irish members, of

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course, voted solidly for a change in the wording of the Oath. And the unquestioned fidelity of the Irish should never go unmentioned when the history of Catholicity in England is discussed. And the London *Tablet* is conspicuously in error when it says that "alone among the nations England gave martyrs for the rights and supremacy of the Apostolic See."

* * *

THE consecration of the Cathedral of Westminster brings more forcibly than ever to our minds the joy and glory which will be our own at the consecration, in September next, of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. That event will be replete for us with historical importance. It will mean not only the successful labors of a diocese that is one of the greatest in the world, but it will recall and commemorate the deeds of our fathers in the faith, bishops, priests, religious, laymen and women, who endured sacrifice, fought the good fight, and made possible the favors and the prosperity that we of the present day enjoy. The consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral will be an enduring testimony to the imperishable glories of our past—short comparatively as it has been—and a most hopeful inspiration for us to labor unceasingly in the future, for great as is the body of the faithful, rich as is the harvest, both will, under God's providence, be greater and richer still in this our land for the years that are to come.

* * *

AMERICAN Catholic literature suffered a notable loss in the death, on June 17, of the Rev. John J. Ming, S.J. Father Ming was born in Switzerland in 1838, and began his labors in this country in 1874. He was a contributor on philosophical and sociological subjects to the *American Catholic Quarterly*, the *Messenger*, the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, and *America*. *Data of Modern Ethics* was his first published volume. *The Characteristics and the Religion of Modern Socialism* and *The Ethics of Modern Socialism* are two noteworthy works from his pen that refute the claims of radical Socialism and show its utterly unchristian spirit. He labored steadfastly in the cause of Catholic apologetic almost to the very day of his death.

* * *

AS we go to press we learn that the extensive preparations for the International Eucharistic Congress, to be held at Montreal, September 7–11, are almost complete. Without doubt this Congress will witness the greatest religious ceremony ever held in America.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Meditations for June. By Charles Santley. Price 60 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
English Accentuation. By Rev. F. T. Barré, C.S.C. Price 60 cents.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
The Cave-Woman. By Viola Burhans. Price $1.50.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, New York:
Metodo Practico Para Aprender a Escriber por El Tacto. Par J. Martinez.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston:
Astir: A Publisher's Life-Story. By John Adams Thayer. Price $1.20 net. *The Coming Religion.* By Charles F. Dale. *The Gossamer Thread.* By Venita Seibert. Price $1 net. *When Love Calls Men to Arms.* By Stephen Chalmers. Price $1.50.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:
Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway. By Frank and Cortelle Hutchins. Price $2.50.

J. B. LYON COMPANY, Albany:
Report of the Attorney General in the Matter of the Milk Investigation.

JOHN T. COMES, Pittsburg:
Description of the Epiphany Church, Pittsburg, Pa. By Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D.D.

PRESS OF THE PARISH MONTHLY, Huntington, Ind.:
The Parochial School, Why? By Rev. John F. Noll.

BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, Indianapolis, Ind.:
By Inheritance. By Octave Thanet.

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THE

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CHRISTOLOGY AND CRITICISM.

BY W. T. C. SHEPPARD, O.S.B., B.A.

OUTSIDE the Catholic Church the question, What think ye of Christ? is still being asked, and the answers that are given to it are legion. Although, as Catholics, we gaze upon the dispute with the attitude of spectators who have no personal interest at stake, since for us the question admits of no dubious reply, yet we cannot be wholly indifferent to the course of a controversy which is causing many to lose such faith as they once possessed, and which is of vital importance to all professing Christians who are separated from the unity of the Church.

The present time is characteristically an age of "new theologies." There is little, indeed, that is altogether novel in the main conclusions of the modern theories about Christianity, but in the methods of presentation there is much that is peculiar to our own time. A large section of society, claiming to be representative of the "modern mind," with new sciences, new ways of thinking, and new philosophies, has grown recalcitrant of old beliefs, and, intoxicated by success in many paths of knowledge which modern research has opened out, it rushes recklessly onward, eager to encompass within its categories all that Christians have ever held to be most sacrosanct and venerable. Continental Protestantism is rapidly ceasing to be Christian in any true sense of the term; America, too, appears to

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have made strides along the same path; and it is to be feared that even in England, where, generally speaking, a spirit of greater moderation has prevailed, very many members of the Established Church, as well as of the numberless other denominations which have hitherto held fast to the truth of Christ's Divinity, are gradually but surely coming under the influence of what is euphemistically termed a "Liberal Theology."

We are told in many quarters that the "old theology" is dead. The very name of dogma is become a byword. The Christian Revelation means, it is said, not a heavenly message sent down from God to man, the acceptance of which is a necessary condition of salvation, but only a particular effort in the general and natural striving of mankind after the transcendent and divine. Hence it does not differ in any essential particular from other religions. Like them, it may be left behind in the march of the world's progress, and if it is to continue in the future to be of service to mankind, it must be subjected to restatement or alteration in order to answer the requirements of the advanced knowledge and ideas of the time. Such a process, we are told, is in fact needed in our own day, in which the criticism of the New Testament and of Christian origins, combined with the new study of comparative religion, has made imperative the abandonment of the old Christological formularies.

The consistent attitude of the Catholic Church in opposing these attacks upon the traditional doctrines is naturally a serious block of stumbling to the apostles of "reform." We are accustomed by now to the oft-repeated taunt hurled at us from the rationalist camp, that the Church is an effete and antiquated institution cumbering the path of progress; though it is a little difficult to listen with a straight countenance to the dreams of fervid advocates of new theologies, who look forward to a golden age when a Modernist Pope will arise to put the household of the Church in order and to bring her teaching into line with present-day ideas. It is not unreasonable to ask what manner of restatement ought to be accepted in place of the ancient doctrines of the Church, and whether—even apart from any divine and infallible authority lying behind the Catholic dogmas—the answers given by the various critical schools have such compelling force as to establish the prudence (to say the least) of our embracing them.

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The "assured results of criticism"—to employ a phrase of the late Father Tyrrell—hold a prominent place in the writings of the liberal schools, especially in reference to recent study of the New Testament. These "results" are referred to as something so notorious and so evident that by many critics adherence to traditional beliefs respecting the Person of Jesus Christ is regarded as the mark of an antiquated mind and as indicative of a lamentable want of appreciation for the progress of modern science and thought. It is true that all the forces of criticism, sane and insane, have been brought to bear upon the writings of the New Testament to such a degree, that it is no exaggeration to say that never, in any former age, have these documents been submitted to so close and so searching an examination. Far be it from any Catholic to disparage or ignore the good work that has been done in the field of New Testament study by scholars of whatever religious views. We readily acknowledge the vast amount of erudition and scholarship that has been displayed in many quarters outside the Church, and are grateful for all that criticism has done, whether in the matter of text or exegesis, or in throwing light upon the background of the Gospels and Epistles, or in contributing in any way whatsoever to our knowledge of the sacred writings. Within this wide area solid results have been attained. But to one who is not predisposed by philosophical prejudices, it is not easy to see wherein the "assured results of criticism" have made necessary a revision of our traditional doctrines with regard to the Divinity of Jesus Christ. What are these results? The critics themselves do not seem to know, although they appeal to them so loudly.

Father Tyrrell, speaking for the so called "Catholic" Modernists, after declaring that all are united in "the belief in a possible reconciliation of their Catholicism with the results of historical criticism," is yet bound to confess that "they differ widely as to what those results are, and as to the means of reconciliation."* A glance at the literary output of German criticism in recent years will show how widely the conclusions of the various liberal "theologians" respecting Christ's Person differ one from another. The much-discussed *Hibbert Journal Supplement for 1909*, if not very valuable in other respects, is at any rate instructive in giving some idea of the diversity of

* *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*, p. 11.

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opinion which prevails among those who are seeking to adapt Christianity to the "modern mind." M. Loisy himself is struck by this want of agreement, for he writes in the *Hibbert Journal* (April, 1910, p. 496) that "one feels strongly tempted to think that contemporary theology—except for Roman Catholics, with whom traditional orthodoxy has always the force of law—is a veritable Tower of Babel, in which the confusion of ideas is even greater than the diversity of tongues."

The fact is, that the only point upon which the various schools of liberal criticism are agreed is in the rejection of the supernatural and miraculous. "Miraculous" and "historical" are opposed terms. The idea of a supra mundane interference in the established and orderly course of things, as manifested by ordinary experience, is assumed to be an impossibility. Hence the traditional attitude towards the New Testament, in which the supernatural figures so largely, can no longer be maintained, and the central Personage of the Gospel narratives must be unfrocked of the garb of glory and divinity with which, as it is said, later generations have invested Him, and be reduced at all costs to the category of ordinary humanity. This attitude towards the supernatural is the real motive of the critical attacks upon the Fourth Gospel, which is rejected, and denied all historical value, not because of any serious weakness in the evidence for the Johannine authorship, nor because there is much real difficulty in reconciling it with the earlier Gospels, but simply and solely because it emphasizes the divine character of the Christ and refuses to submit to the arbitrary dis section of modern critical methods for the removal of the supernatural. The unhistorical character of St. John's Gospel is now assumed as unquestionable by all the rationalist critics, and everything in the Synoptics which in any way approximates to its teaching is treated in a similar fashion. The Divinity of Jesus being regarded from the outset as an impossibility, every critic is free to devise his own Christology, and the "results" of criticism are just those views which happen to fit in with the individual critic's philosophy.

The cry "Back to the historic Jesus!" has been dinned into our ears *ad nauseam*. We have had enough, it is said, of the unreal idealized Christ presented to us by the formularies of orthodox theology: we want to get behind that figure, and to see the real living *man* Jesus, who actually moved and taught

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upon the soil of Palestine. Hence the long succession of liberal theologians for the past two centuries has been unceasingly employed in the attempt to depict the "Jesus of history" as He actually was. The history of this movement of historical "reconstruction," from Reimarus (1694-1768) down to our own day, is melancholy reading to any one who is not possessed by the prejudices of liberal theology;* and, as we read, a long procession of strange figures passes before our eyes, ranging in character from the ideal man to a deluded lunatic or a disreputable charlatan, each bearing the label "the historic Jesus," each professedly portrayed from a study of the facts, and each possessed of no real existence apart from the inventive imagination of the critics. A writer,† who can scarcely be accused of excessive devotion to traditional views, has said with truth that "when we are bidden to choose between the Jesus of history and the Christ of dogma, few, except professed students, know what a protean and kaleidoscopic figure the 'Jesus of history' is."

It is no exaggeration to say that the state of liberal *theology* (as its exponents are pleased to term it) is nothing short of chaotic. To single out any one theory and to label it as the dominant view would, perhaps, be too definite; judging from the rationalistic literature which is pouring continually from the press, especially in Germany, there would appear to be no dominant view. It is possible, however, to give a rough classification into which the various theories about Jesus Christ may be fitted, despite the considerable differences which often divide critic from critic; and we may distinguish three main classes: the humanitarian, the eschatological, and the mythological.

A school which has been very prominent all through the history of criticism is that which we may call the "humanitarian," which, by the elimination of everything that is supernatural or eschatological in the Gospels, attempts to reduce Jesus to ordinary manhood, though, to be sure, He is to be regarded as a veritable paragon of humanity. There have been many advocates of this view, but the exposition which is perhaps known best in this country is that of Professor Harnack in his *Das Wesen des Christenthums*. Approaching the Gospels with

* *Cf. The Quest of the Historical Jesus.* By Albert Schweitzer. Translated by W. Montgomery, 1910. London: A. and C. Black.

† Professor F. C. Burkitt, introduction to Schweitzer's book already mentioned.

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the usual presuppositions about the miraculous, he discovered in Jesus a merely human teacher, a preacher of ethics, Whose doctrine is concerned in no way with his own Person, but with lofty conceptions of God's Fatherhood and love for men, with the priceless value of the human soul, and with the advancement of right conduct in a purely internal, invisible, and ethical "Kingdom of God." Such is the "Essence of Christianity," which abides permanent and immutable for all time, though disfigured and obscured from its very infancy by elements borrowed from Greek religion and other extraneous sources, until German professors restored it, rejuvenated in all its pristine beauty, to the light of our own generation.

The arbitrary method by which this conclusion is reached has not escaped criticism from other quarters in the liberal camp. It simply succeeds in reading modern German ideas into the Gospels and in rejecting everything that conflicts with them; and hence M. Loisy's well-known criticism is very true, when he says that Professor Harnack, looking back through the ages at the figure of the historic Jesus, is like a man who peers down a deep well and sees reflected in the waters beneath the countenance of a modern German Protestant. It has been objected that Harnack and other critics of that class fail to take into account the thought and condition of the Jewish world in the time of Jesus, and especially the eschatological ideas which were then widely current.

This leads us to the consideration of what we have classified as the second school, the eschatological, which takes its stand upon the eschatological teaching of Jesus—*i. e.*, the sayings about the "last things"—and claims to find in that alone the essence of Christianity. This theory has grown very prominent in recent years. Reimarus had, indeed, long ago suggested something similar. Strauss too, in the earlier portion of his life, seems to have inclined to some view of this description; but the theory did not meet with great favor until much later. The studies of Helgenfeld* and Dillmann,† in the field of the late Apocalyptic literature of Judaism, had drawn attention to Jewish eschatological ideas. Johannes Weiss (1892) gave considerable impetus to the attempt to place Jesus Christ on a level with the Apocalyptic visionaries of declining Judaism, and in more recent years an ardent apos-

* *Hensch*, 1851. † *Jüdische Apokalyptik*, 1857.

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tle of a more developed form of the theory has been Professor Schweitzer.* This species of "Christology" has grown only too familiar to us through the writings of the so-called "Catholic" Modernists, and, in the form expounded by the late Father Tyrrell (*Christianity at the Cross-Roads*), it presents Jesus to us not as a German professor of ethics—Who, if He were only a reality, would be a really estimable personage—but as a mysterious Apocalyptic visionary, Who in some way —we know not how—became possessed of the idea that He was to be the Messias, Whose destiny it was to return very soon upon the clouds of heaven, escorted by angelic hosts, and to inaugurate, by some strange and sudden cataclysm, an entirely new order of things in the "Messianic kingdom"; His function meanwhile on earth being to warn men of the coming catastrophe and to stimulate their minds to thoughts of "other worldliness." Or, as a reviewer† of Tyrrell's book correctly says, the Jesus Whom this class of criticism offers us is "a man who believed Himself to be a demi-god though there are no demi-gods; Who lived in the expectation of taking the chief part in a dramatic transformation scene which never occurred; . . . Who bade His disciples transfer all their hopes from the world in which they lived to a millenium which existed only in His own imagination."

When the Modernist, in the person of M. Loisy, accuses Harnack, in the criticism already cited, of arbitrary dealing with the Gospels, it is natural to recall the remark which a certain proverb records as having been addressed by the pot to the kettle. Both the theories which we have been considering stand condemned as *a priori* and arbitrary, as necessitating the most unwarrantable manipulation and expurgation of the text, and as being based upon methods which are capable of leading to any conceivable result that the private judgment of the critic may desire to draw in support of his peculiar notion as to what the Jesus of history ought to have been. Harnack's school seeks to read modern German Protestantism —or, rather, a single phase of it—into the Gospels; Modernism, precluded by its philosophy from admitting the possibility of man's obtaining to any permanent and abiding truth, and

* *Das Messianitäts- und Leidens-geheimnis*, 1901; and *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* (English translation), 1910.

† Dr. W. R. Inge, *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1910.

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compelled to regard all religion as in a state of unceasing flux, and all doctrines and beliefs as merely symbolic expressions of transient "religious experience" which may be true for one age and false for another, succeeds only in extracting from the Gospels precisely that idea of Christ which it has itself placed there; and whatsoever is found to be at variance with the theory must be either ignored or attributed, after the methods of M. Loisy, to the idealization of early Christian "faith," or to the exigencies of primitive apologetic. This view of the Gospel Christology is not critical but one-sided; it cannot do justice to the moral teaching of Jesus; it cannot give any adequate account of a great deal of what we may call "non-eschatological" material in the Gospels; and it fails to recognize the complex nature of the "Kingdom," and does violence to an important group of sayings which represent that Kingdom as something actually present.

There is, moreover, another objection which strikes at all these attempts to find a so-called "historic Jesus," in contradistinction to the Christ Whom the Church has always worshipped as divine. If there was an "historic Jesus" at all, and if out of this real personage the disciples' "faith" (or whatever else we care to call the motive power in the process), as reflected in our earliest documents, created a glorified and idealized being as the object of their enthusiastic love and adoration, it is a serious difficulty to imagine how this most sudden and unparalleled development could have taken place between the Crucifixion and the dates to which modern scholarship assigns the earliest writings of the New Testament. The growth of myth and legend requires time, and it may be gravely questioned whether in the space of twenty years, or even less, which must be allowed for the process, we have a period sufficiently long to account for the beliefs regarding Christ's Person which are found to be universal in the earliest Christian communities of which we have record. A great deal of modern criticism is still dominated by the theory that St. Paul was uniquely responsible for the line of development which Christology is supposed to have taken in the early Church. But, whatever be St. Paul's place in the process of a deeper and fuller realization of the truths of Christianity, it is impossible, on the evidence of our documents, to show that in his Christology he was in any way opposed to, or different

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from, the older apostles.* It is clear that whatever was the content of the private revelations which he mentions, these were not (as is often asserted) the means by which he acquired doctrines which were not hitherto existent in the Church; and the *paradosis* in I. Cor. xv. 3 following, which he declares he has himself "received" from others and taught at the first onset (*en protois*) to his Corinthian converts, shows that some at any rate of the main truths about our Lord's life and atoning mission lie behind St. Paul, and that the apostle is in their regard a merely passive recipient of established tradition. Everything points to the homogeneity of Apostolic doctrine. And is it not reasonable to suppose that this doctrine is authentic and goes back to the Founder of Christianity Himself? It seems difficult to account for the faith of the primitive Church on any other hypothesis. There were other so-called Messias, who made many followers, and some suffered for their presumption. Why was none of these made the object of this strange apotheosis? Even if we ignore the improbability that such a process would have taken place in a company of Palestinian Jews, whom we should naturally suppose to have inherited all the Jewish abhorrence of idolatry and pagan mythology, it is surely an extraordinary phenomenon that an obscure Galilean peasant, Whose life ended in apparent failure with a cry as of despair upon His lips, should have been transformed, within a few years, and while members of His own family were yet alive, into a Divine Being endowed with the lofty attributes to which even the earliest of our New Testament writings bear testimony.

Our documents must be taken as a whole. No satisfactory or permanent result can be expected from the application of such arbitrary methods as those which have just been discussed. The supernatural is too closely interwoven with the rest of the material to be so easily separated; and this applies not only to the Fourth Gospel, but even to our earliest Gospel, St. Mark's, where the central Figure of the narrative is One Who cannot by any sort of legitimate criticism be reduced to the category of ordinary humanity. "Go as far back as you like in your investigation," says a recent writer,† who cer-

* *Cf.* Gal. ii. 2, 7–11.

† "The Collapse of Liberal Christianity." By Rev. K. C. Anderson, *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1910.

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tainly has scant sympathy with orthodox theology; "what you have at last is a supernatural Christ . . . nowhere can we get back to an historic Jesus." In so far as these words describe the hopelessness of seeking in the Gospels a Jesus Who is mere man, they are true.

That the objections against the above theories are something more than a fiction of orthodox apologetic seems to be indicated by the attitude of certain other schools of liberal criticism. Clearly, if the hypothesis of an "historic Jesus" is to work at all, we must allow a much longer period for the process of transformation. Such a period has been allowed by some critical schools in one of two ways: either by assigning the "historic Jesus" to an earlier date, or by relegating the documents to a later age than is usually accepted. Certain Dutch critics, of whom Van Manen may be taken as the chief, have adopted the latter alternative, and have not hesitated to place all the Gospels and Epistles at an advanced date in the second century, and to regard them as legendary matter which has grown up not only around an "historic Jesus," but also around an "historic Paul." This dating of the documents, however, encounters such enormous difficulties that the school of Van Manen has not found many disciples. In the other direction a few writers—happily insignificant—who claim support from certain very dubious statements in the Talmud, seek to remove the higher time-limit by placing Jesus about a century before the Christian era.

It is not too much to say that the quest of an "historic Jesus" has terminated in a *cul de sac*. It is perhaps the recognition of this fact that has given an impetus at the present day to what we may call the mythological explanation of the Christological problem. However that may be, there are certainly strong tendencies in many quarters to relegate the whole life of Christ to the category of myth; and just as the later Greek, who had outgrown the primitive religious conceptions of their forefathers, sought still to retain the old myths about the gods, and to render them more or less respectable by covering them with a cloak of allegory, so does a certain class of extreme critics endeavor to adapt Christianity to modern needs.

The older German criticism was not wanting in advocates of the mythological theory, though they did not meet with

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any considerable support, even from liberal critics themselves. Bruno Bauer had gained a notoriety by working out a theory which regarded all the Gospel narratives as the projection into the form of history of the "reflexion" of the early Church;* and Albert Kalthoff developed a theory in the interests of what he called "social theology," finding in Jesus nothing more than an eponymous hero, owing His origin to the social conditions and ideas of the second century.† We have recently had, nearer home,‡ a fair sample of this view of Jesus Christ, which discovers the origin of Christianity not in a single Person, but in a "synthesis of the factors that controlled the historical development of the time." It sprang up in an age when religious feeling found its expression in the "Mysteries" and in numberless cults or religious associations which were constituted under the patronage of a protective deity, whose name the members bore and whose honor and service were their special care. Christianity was simply one of these societies, and just as there were cults of Zeus Soter, Serapis, Dionysos, or Hercules, so did men gather together under the patronage of a god Christos. As in the "Mysteries," so in Christianity, the central idea is the story of a dying and rising god—a conception which goes back to primitive nature myth, derived from the yearly experience of the withering of vegetation in autumn and winter, and its revival in the spring. A German professor (Jensen) tells us that the story of Jesus Christ is merely a version of the old Babylonian legend of Gilgamesh, and hence His religion is one out of many forms of the worship of the solar deity. More recently, M. Salomon Reinach has suggested that the roots of Christianity lie in totemism. If we ask how it is that a religion founded upon mere myth has been able to survive so long, and to exercise so profound an influence as Christianity has done, we receive divers answers: some critics, after the manner of Strauss, still tell us that the power of Christianity lay in the "idea" of god-manhood, the realization of which in every personality is the ultimate goal of humanity; others, again, say that the

* *Christus und die Cæsaren*, 1877.

† *Das Christus-Problem*, 1902; and *Die Entstehung des Christenthums*, 1904.

‡ Dr. Anderson, *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1910, article cited. There is another recent work (which the present writer does not yet know from personal perusal) advocating the myth-theory; *Die Christusmythe*, of A. Drews (1909). An American professor (W. B. Smith) has been prominent in the same class of "critics."

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element of permanent value in the Christos-myth was its lesson that we must "die to live."

"In proportion as the science of religion progresses," observes M. Loisy, "it becomes more and more difficult to uphold that Christianity was born, that it was developed, that it is maintained, under conditions quite different from those of other religions."* The whole universe of paganism, ancient and modern, has been ransacked for analogies to Christian doctrines and beliefs, and it has been said, with the most unblushing confidence, that all the main features of Christ's life-story were in existence hundreds—it may be thousands—of years before Christianity. Long lists of alleged parallels have been collected to show that the miraculous elements in Christ's life, the sacramental system, and practically the whole scheme of Christian doctrine, so far from being new things in the world, are only particular expressions of religious ideas, which are a common heritage of humanity all the world over. We are referred to legends of miraculous births, such as those related of the Buddha, or of Plato, or of Perseus; to stories of dying and rising gods like Serapis and Dionysos; and to the sacramental character of Greek-mystery cults; and by emphasizing superficial resemblances, and ignoring the points of dif ference, critics take these myths as proofs of the natural origin of Christianity. This is not the place to enter into the long discussions and minute comparisons which the reputation of these theories involves; but in general it may be pointed out that if the critics would lay as much stress upon the differences as they do upon the resemblances between the old myths and the Christian doctrines, the "results" attained from the comparative study of religions would recede to a much less prominent place in rationalistic argument than they at present hold; for it would be seen that very many of the examples that are cited, especially in connection with the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, stand in the relation not so much of similarity as of contrast to the Christian truths. Even were the resemblances much closer than they actually are, it may be seriously questioned how far they prove the rationalistic thesis. The historical arguments still remain; and it is difficult to see how any unprejudiced reader can peruse the writings of the New Testament, to say nothing of the testimony afforded by

* *Hibbert Journal.* April, 1910.

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pagan and Jewish writers, and of the abiding and conspicuous fact of the Church's existence for nearly two thousand years, without coming to the conclusion that there lies behind the Christian tradition a very real and concrete Personality. In the Synoptics (as liberal criticism from its own standpoint has so strongly emphasized), and even in the Gospel of St. John, Jesus is a man subject to the conditions of humanity, touchingly human in His emotions and His sorrows; and it is revolting to the historical sense to suppose that He is merely the creation of mythologizing fancy or the projection of an idea into the world of actual existence. The Jesus of the Gospels has too close a relationship with actual history, and the background of His life—as in the case of the religious and political forces at work in Palestine during His day—is described with too great a vividness and accuracy to enable any reasonable person to regard these facts as the mere vesture of an ideal.

From this scanty survey of modern liberal tendencies in theology it will be seen that with numerous and important differences, which we have been unable here to indicate in detail, the critics give three main answers to the question with which this paper opened. The "humanitarian" view shows us Jesus as a mere man, generally a very worthy and admirable personage, with a strong suggestion about Him of a modern German professor of theology; Modernism, with the eschatological school generally, introduces us to a kind of harmless maniac; and the myth-theory offers us a nonentity, or (in some cases) a personage whose existence does not transcend the hypothetical. It may well seem to us Catholics that liberal criticism is not far removed from its *reductio ad absurdum*. Sufficient, at any rate, has been said to show how fluctuating and unstable are those views of Christ's Person which we are accustomed to hear proclaimed with so much confidence and dogmatism as "assured results of criticism" in dealing with the early Christian documents. The one element in common is the denial of the supernatural. Some of the theories advanced seem to be too ridiculous for any person in good faith seriously to propose. Yet they really appear to represent the true views of their upholders, and to be offered as serious "solutions" of the Christological problem; and if they possess no other value, such theories are, at all events, interesting to

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the psychologist who makes it his study to investigate the strange aberrations of the human mind. A stream of literature is steadily issuing from the press in support of hypotheses of the crudest description, which would exact demands upon our credulity surpassing those required by the most stupendous miracle ever recorded in orthodox circles. The fact is, that by rejecting the possibility of the supernatural, the critics have blown out the lamp which alone could shed light upon the New Testament and the course of Christianity from the beginning until now, and consequently are groping blindly, hopelessly, in the darkness.

Even in an age of nebulous philosophies it may not be extravagant for most men to expect that a cause should be proportionate to its effect: and there may be grave reason for doubting whether it is probable that the various theories put forth by modern liberal theologians are sufficient to explain the part which has been played in the world by Christianity. To descant upon the power which this religion has exercised through so many centuries over peoples of most diverse nationality and temperament, would be to enlarge upon a truism. It is difficult to imagine how this result—this religious, social, and moral transformation which stands out unique in the history of religions, and which is admitted by liberal critics themselves—could have been effected if Jesus Christ was nothing more than His critics represent Him to have been. It may be doubted whether it is sufficient to attribute the success of Christianity to the lofty ethical teaching which it contains. But whatever may be the speculative probability that ethics alone should have been able to achieve such great victories as history records to the credit of Christianity—and those who know human nature as it is will perhaps feel somewhat sceptical upon the point—there can be no doubt that the real secret of the success of Christianity lies in the fact that it preached a *Person*, Who, "being in the form of God, took the form of a servant"—became man and suffered and died for His fellow-men, in order to draw them to Himself. Morality was simply a consequence flowing from union with Christ. Whether or no it is possible to regard this faith in Jesus Christ's Divinity as a deception or a mistake must depend upon one's belief as to the existence of a rational principle directing this universe of visible phenomena.

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Liberal criticism, led by its philosophical presuppositions, is involved in an *impasse*. Has not the time come, then, to question the competency of its guide, and to doubt the validity of a philosophy which is found to be so frankly opposed to the facts of history and the data of the documents? Such would seem to be the reasonable inference. But so far there seems little, if any, indication that liberal "Christianity" is beginning to reconsider the validity of its premises, and we peer in vain through the mists of controversy to "catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade." We must rest content in the hope that, with the progress of investigation, as successive theories languish and expire, and the disorder and instability of the rationalistic forces become increasingly apparent, there may at least be found many in the liberal camp who will reconsider their fundamental presuppositions, and acknowledge that, when all is said and done, not all the things in heaven and earth are dreamed of in their philosophy.

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PATRICIA THE PROBLEM.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER IX.

HUGH appeared at the house late that afternoon. Mrs. Delarue hovered in the hallway, making no effort to conceal her curiosity at the strangeness of this summons.

"He's a dying man, Hugh," she said by way of warning. "I know you don't care for him; I know you don't believe in him; but if he makes any request of you—I hope you will not lose your temper—I hope you will try and oblige him."

"My dear aunt," said Hugh smiling, "have I proved myself an unfeeling brute? I can't help thinking the gentleman is crooked, living or dead, and if he wants me to take up some of his circuitous methods—"

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" she said. "You are such an idealist. There is no idealism in business. Sometimes I doubt if the modern man will be judged by the ten commandments at all."

"Most of them hope not to be. Now, please show me to Mr. Cuthbert's room. Father Joe told me he wanted to see me at once; and I confess I would like to get the ordeal over."

Tom Cuthbert lay in his massive mahogany bed, a shrunken figure. In spite of the luxurious furnishings of the room, the white capped nurse, true to her long years of training, had unconsciously created an indefinable atmosphere of hospital austereness. The lace curtains were twisted into unrecognizable spirals to admit more air, the oriental scarf on the table had been replaced by a linen towel on which stood an enamel basin, a number of medicines were arranged in a systematic row on the mantel, and a fever chart was spread out on the ornate desk in the corner.

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"Howdy-do, Dr. Farrell?" said the Hon. Tom, stretching out a hot hand to his visitor. "Sit down and tell the nurse to keep out until I ring for her. She's a tyrant; but I reckon that's her business. If a man hasn't got but a week or two to live, I don't see why he can't do as he pleases."

The nurse, who stood near the bed, forced a weak little smile, as if she were accustomed to abuse from her patients, and then moved quietly out of the room.

"Now shut the door, Dr. Farrell, shut the door—don't want any evesdropping—haven't any breath to waste—it's getting shorter all the time—you think I've got the flounders—I sent for you—because—I heard you had lost money—"

"Yes"; said Hugh, reluctantly taking the chair nearest to the invalid.

The Hon. Tom's keen eyes searched his visitor's face. "Much?" he asked.

"About all I had."

"And you were rich?"

"Well that depends on how you look at it."

The old man smiled tolerantly. "Don't want to give me the figures, eh?"

"I don't mind, if it would be of any interest to you—about half a million, I should say."

"On your uppers now, are you?"

"No, not exactly"; he answered, trying to fight back a feeling of resentment at this inquisition. "I have my profession, which might pay if I had any system about collecting bills, and I have a small place in the country, so I'm not homeless."

"But you have no income?"

"No."

"Don't suppose you would object to having one?"

"No."

"Well, I sent for you to-day to make you a proposal—may be a little out of the ordinary, but then you don't expect an ordinary proposal from a dying man—I know I'm dying, and I want to have this matter settled some way—I ain't got any breath to waste." He half raised himself on his elbow and his voice, which had been sinking lower, sounded like a croak. "I want you to marry my daughter," he said.

For the moment Hugh was speechless with amazement. He had been bewildered by the summons to this interview, and

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for the last five minutes he had been watching the Hon. Tom with growing suspicion. He had expected some crooked business proposition—anything but a suggestion of marriage.

"Let me finish," the Hon. Tom went on. "I know you are surprised—I reckon I am too—I haven't cared for you and you haven't cared for me—but a dead father-in-law is often more convenient than a live one. I know men, and I know you are clean—I think you've got the correct ideas about living—I ain't had them myself. This idea of doctoring people for nothing, and housing them for nothing, and feeding them for nothing—I've called them dern fool notions, but I've come to see some sense in them. If you take that much interest in outsiders, your wife won't have nothing to fear; and there's another reason, too, not much in my line—I want Pat to have some position in this town, and even if you're broke your name stands for something. Now, what are you going to say?"

"I was going to ask," began Hugh with some hesitation, for the Hon. Tom had sunk back among his pillows, gasping for breath, "I was going to ask if Miss Patricia had been consulted?"

"Lord, no; Pat would raise the roof. You'll have to do all the courting, but I think you can win out. Will you promise?"

The old man looked so pitifully weak in the dim light that Hugh tried to escape from the direct answer to the preposterous question.

"She does not like me," he said.

"Has she told you so?"

"She has shown it in many ways."

"That's a good beginning."

"I don't think I quite understand."

"Then you don't know women—that's another point in your favor. When I was your age I had been in love twenty times; start an active dislike in a woman and she begins to think about you—she is no longer indifferent. Let her think enough about you and she's in love before she knows it. But I can see plainly that you don't like the idea. Is it some snobbish notion that Pat is not good enough for you?"

Hugh was rapidly losing patience. "It's a question of reserve of privilege," he said.

"For what?"

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"To choose my own wife when I get ready."

The Hon. Tom's small black eyes sparkled like coals. "And money makes no difference?"

"I have never cared for money."

"Because you have always had it," said the old man in a tone that reminded Hugh of Patricia's own. "Wait until you begin to suffer for the lack of it—wait until the world kicks and cuffs you around, and grinds you down until you're willing to seize any chance to get back to a position of power. I tell you every man wants money. It isn't so much the money, it's the power that money brings. I want you to think about what I have said, young man—I don't want you to decide off-hand; and I tell you this: I'm trying to keep my temper, I'm trying to remember just how I would have felt if a rich old man had made such a proposition to me when I wasn't expecting it and I wasn't very well acquainted with his daughter; I'm trying, I say, to put myself in your place, and keep my head, young man, because if I thought you felt superior to my Pat, I believe I'd blow your brains out."

"Then I had better leave at once," said Hugh, choosing to interpret the Hon. Tom's threat humorously. "I hope you will soon be well again."

"Even if you have to face a six shooter?" said the old man, with a touch of his old genialty; "but I reckon you need not worry about that. I judge the Almighty thinks it about time for me to pull up stakes. I trust you won't mention this little talk to Pat; she would never forgive me. If she asks what I wanted with you, say—business. Reckon that's no lie."

"You may certainly trust me." And he could not help smiling at the thought of the tempestuousness that would follow such a revelation. Getting up he shook the invalid's hand in a perfunctory way and left the room. He heard Mrs. Delarue's voice in the library, but he did not stop. He was anxious to get out into the fresh air—to be alone. Inside the sick chamber pity for a strong, gnarled old body struggling for its life blinded him to his own feelings. Now that he rehearsed the interview, he seemed to experience a white heat of rage. Why should Tom Cuthbert take advantage of Patricia's absence, and offer her to a man she did not care for?

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Why should he be the man almost duped into making promises to marry a woman for her money? Tom Cuthbert had offered to buy him, nothing less; and because of the old man's physical condition he had felt it would be unkind to protest. It was an unfair advantage to take—unkind to Patricia—more unkind to her than to him. It was like offering her in the marketplace. He felt in some way that they had both been victimized, and he fell to wondering unconsciously what she would say if he should propose marriage to her. He smiled at the thought of the vehemence of her refusal; then another phase of the situation came to him. His old suspicions of Tom Cuthbert returned with renewed force. He felt that back of the interview there was a hidden, deeper meaning—something he could not fathom. It came as a presentiment or an intuition—too elusive to be reasonable. He forced it out of his mind by asking himself if Tom Cuthbert would insist upon a definite answer to his proposition; and he found himself questioning whether a man could preserve his self-respect and, to humor a dying father, go through the form of suggesting marriage to a girl whose dislike for him was so apparent.

His long walk brought him to the Settlement. The short winter afternoon was merging into twilight, faint lights began to glimmer in the wretched tenements around him, but in the friendly neighborhood house the flaring gas showed bright through the swiss curtained windows. Years ago, when the city was young and fortunes were reckoned only by thousands, this home, with its white marble steps and flagged vestibule and three full stories covered by a brown stucco, had been considered a pretentious mansion, but that time had passed, the false front had peeled away, revealing the cheap brick beneath, the builder and the owner were long since dead, and the heirs had moved away to a more fashionable part of town, almost ashamed to confess that their respected ancestors had ever lived in a street that had grown so "slummy."

The children of the tenements were to have tableaux this evening and Dr. Hugh's services were in much demand; scenery had to be shifted, a curtain swung across the long drawing-room, chairs placed for the eager audience, and when the small actors and actresses arrived they needed much

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friendly assistance to get them into the bright cambric coats and dresses that the feminine workers of the settlement had evolved out of the "remnants" donated by charitable merchants.

The evening was one of genuine pleasure for Dr. Hugh; the interview of the afternoon was almost forgotten. The children were so funny in their unaccustomed clothes, the spectators so breathless with admiration, so unrestrained in their applause; tired mothers clapped their work-worn hands with joy as they beheld the unexpected beauty of their little ones transfigured in the regal robes of kings and queens. What mattered it if the crowns were only made of gold paper and the ermine of raw cotton dotted with blotches of black paint? The happiness was more real than at royal courts and the night was an epoch in their histories.

In the midst of the festivities Dr. Hugh was called to the telephone. It was an urgent summons from Father Chatard.

"Get a taxicab and come to Mr. Cuthbert's at once. Don't delay a moment." The old priest's voice was strained with excitement, and he cut off further communication at once, as if he too were in great haste.

Dr. Hugh was no saint. He was thoroughly out of patience with the Hon. Tom. He had carefully avoided him while living, and he had no desire to be called in to witness his exit. The last interview had been embarrassing enough, but he had escaped without making any rash promises. Now he would be called upon to be brutally frank. The whole affair was most unpleasant; but it called for the truth, even if the truth caused the Hon. Tom to fall into a rage and hastened him into eternity.

The taxicab arrived in a few moments. Dr. Hugh expressed his regret at his rapid leave-taking to the actors and the audience and pulling on his overcoat he hurried to obey Father Chatard's orders.

The butler admitted him into the Hon. Tom's mansion, a little curious that an afternoon call should be repeated so soon; and, relieving the doctor of his hat and coat, he moved noiselessly away, leaving Hugh to face Patricia, who stood, dressed all in white, looking wraith-like in the dim light of the library.

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"Come," she said, holding out both hands to him, "I have dropped my crutch. Will you help me to a chair? I am so frightened. Father is dying and yet he sent me away. He wanted Father Chatard and you—oh! why should he want you, when you do not care for him?—while I—he is all I have on earth—oh, go to him and ask him if I may not come back—you will help me upstairs—go—go," her eyes were wild with terror.

She seemed so helpless, so beautiful, so softened, in her grief, that he experienced a sudden change of feeling towards the Hon. Tom's demands as he placed her in her chair.

"I will do all that I can," he said, knowing that she little dreamed of all that his words might mean. "Is Father Chatard upstairs?"

"He has been here for an hour."

"And I am expected to go up at once?"

"Yes; I was waiting to tell you."

Reluctantly he ascended the richly carpeted stairs and knocked at the invalid's door. It was opened by Father Chatard.

"I am glad you came so quickly," he said, putting his arm wearily about the young man's shoulders, telling him in this mute way of the efforts he had put forth in the sick man's spiritual behalf.

The Hon. Tom half raised himself in bed. "Come close," he said, the bravado had died out of his voice; he had grown perceptibly weaker in the last few hours. "I'm not a Catholic," he went on, and his breath came quick and short, "and I reckon the Lord will forgive me for not believing all the things I ain't accustomed to; but I'm obliged to confess something. I tried to straighten it out this afternoon, but I reckon it wasn't fair—this gentleman has been talking to me so much about mercy and forgiveness—that I reckon some of it has soaked in, and I'm trying to be honest at last." He caught at Hugh's hand and pulled him down towards him. "I—don't own the Larimee—you hear?" he said hoarsely, "I never owned it—it was your father's—twenty years ago—Pat—Pat—is a pauper. Oh, my God!"

He fell back, white and gasping, and then lay inert among his pillows.

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CHAPTER X.

Hugh brought Patricia to her dead father's bedside. She leaned heavily on his arm as he led her up the stairs. It would have been difficult for him to analyze his own feelings—tenderness that he might have felt for any woman in deep grief; sympathy that she had no one nearer than him to cling to her in her hour of need; wonder at the revelation that Tom Cuthbert had just made; and a gradual questioning of himself when he considered the old man's last request. Was it so preposterous after all?

He watched Patricia as she fell on her knees beside her father and took one of his cold, rough hands in both her own, as if she would try to warm it into life again. She did not cry—her face was white and set and full of dread, as if she stood alone facing an eternity of mystery.

Once she moaned aloud: "I must go with him—I must go." It was the protective cry of the maternal instinct that reaches out to the helpless. She rested her head on the pillow, and the pent-up sobs came at last. Hugh and Father Chatard withdrew, leaving her with her dead.

In the dimly lit hallway Hugh stopped and turned to face the old priest.

"I want to tell you at once," he said, "that I mean to take no steps to examine into—what shall I call it?—my claim. Mr. Cuthbert may have been delirious."

"Of course you may trust me to say nothing. It is your own affair. But Mr. Cuthbert was not delirious. The claim is just, and you have nothing."

"But it means poverty and disgrace for Patricia."

The old priest smiled faintly. "There is one way out," he said enigmatically.

Mrs. Delarue came hurrying from her own room, nervous and curious. Had the Hon. Tom been received into the Church? Had he gone to confession? Would they have Mass at the cathedral? Her face fell with disappointment when she heard that the Hon. Tom had died, as he had lived, expressing no preference for any creed.

The funeral was spectacular, monstrosities in the way of floral decorations came from clubs, lodges, business associates.

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Resolutions of condolence were drawn up and elaborately illuminated and sent to Patricia; the undertaker provided the most ornate of caskets and innumerable carriages, which were filled with the conventional minded, who came reluctantly, because attending funerals was part of their social code. An obliging minister read some passages from the Scriptures and prayed largely for the State, the welfare of friends, the comfort of relatives. Mrs. Delarue expressed her relief openly when it was all over.

"You must pardon my frankness, Patricia," she said, "but it is all so different from our point of view. Even though I am a worldly woman, at such times our thought is all for our dear one's soul—prayers for his eternal rest—help for him in his direst need."

"Then show me how," said Patricia. "Even if I don't believe as you do, I suppose I could pray. There must be a God somewhere—there must be a reason—a plan to account for all this suffering and death and misery in the world."

"The plan will never be explained to you," said Mrs. Delarue. "It's one of the things that will make dying interesting. We shall solve so many problems. You look so pale and thin, Patricia, I wish you would think about your own body a little. Why don't you go back to Paris? The ocean voyage would do you so much good."

"Would Marie go with us?"

Mrs. Delarue felt grateful for the "us." She had wondered whether Patricia would care to live under her chaperonage now that she was absolute mistress of her own life and fortune. She settled down in her chair with a comfortable feeling of security and said: "I'm afraid not. I meant to tell you that Marie enters the novitiate this week."

Patricia looked puzzled. "And what's that?" she asked.

"The convent, you know," answered Mrs. Delarue. "The novitiate is—well, I suppose you would call it the preparatory class for nuns."

"I expected it," said Patricia dreamily. "She seemed so apart from the world—did you know that my father loved her?"

"Loved her?" gasped Mrs. Delarue in amazement. "Did he ever tell her so?"

"He told me," said Patricia. "He said he was too old—he said he was not fit—he said she was an angel and that he

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—oh! I will not tell you what he said about himself—men are not good in mining towns."

"God is merciful," replied Mrs. Delarue, while her thoughts, in spite of her sensible efforts to control them, began to picture Marie as an interesting young widow, sharing Patricia's inheritance.

"Marie never knew," continued the girl. "I suppose she never thought of marriage with any one."

"No, I suppose not"; agreed the mother regretfully.

Patricia closed her eyes wearily. "Perhaps it is just as well," she said. "The average man is not very entertaining. I'm getting worn out and critical."

"You need rest," said Mrs. Delarue. "Try to go to sleep, now. Remember your father's lawyer is coming this afternoon, and you will have to see him. Please, dear, try to sleep for a little while." She bustled about with motherly solicitude, darkening the windows, smoothing Patricia's pillows, and then, seeing that her charge was inclined to follow her suggestion, she left the room and closed the door noiselessly behind her.

It was after two o'clock when the maid announced a gentleman visitor, and Patricia, remembering her appointment with her father's legal advisers, went downstairs unquestioningly, to find Bob Bingham in the drawing-room.

She was still a little lame, and he came gallantly forward to help her to a chair. "Little Pat," he said, and his voice was full of tenderness, "I'm here on the d——dest errand that a man ever traveled for; and I came mighty near murdering the man who sent me."

She put her white hand on his coat sleeve with a restraining gesture. "Don't, Bob," she said with a faint smile. "I wouldn't enjoy a hanging. You are about the only friend I have left."

"There's Doc Farrell," he said, watching her intently beneath his shaggy brows. "He's a good man and square as a die."

"He doesn't like me," said the girl hastily. "He's only civil on his aunt's account."

"Well, I would have bet my bottom dollar that he was clean gone. Pat"—he began again, and he swallowed a lump in his throat, feeling an unusual emotion at her deep mourning, which made her pallor more apparent—"Pat, child, I

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reckon you know I'm your friend, and what I've got to say is mighty private. I'd like to shut all the doors."

"Then shut them," said Patricia, half-amused at his tone.

He went energetically to work, pulling out the sliding doors, locking them on the inside, drawing the heavy portières over them, then taking a chair close to Patricia's own, he went on: "You've always treated me right, Pat, and you ain't got any reason to doubt me. If yer Pa was alive I'd leave Jim Biggins and him to fight it out betwixt them, but it ain't fair to let that cutthroat come here and bully you—it isn't fair."

"And who is Jim Biggins?" asked Patricia, her old instinct for excitement reasserting itself.

"Jim Biggins is the man you met by the roadside the day your automobile gave out. He didn't have any place to go and I let him sleep in the stable for a night or two."

"And he stole the horses," interrupted Patricia, "he stole that wonderful colt?"

"Lord, no; I wish he had. That colt would have broken his neck before he had gone a mile. "No; it's worse than that, Pat, he found a trunk full of old papers, and, having nothing to do all night, he went clean through them."

She leaned wearily back in her chair. The story was losing in interest. Why should Bob get so excited about a trunk full of old papers?

"I never did have any use for papers," continued Bob. "They are always looming up to plague a man when he least expects it; and the law sets so much store by the written word. Well, Jim showed me those papers—you understand they belonged to Doc Farrell's father—it seems he went West about twenty years ago to go into mining in a gentlemanly sort of way—no grub-staking or claim-jumping for him—he bought things outright, and—and he bought the Larimee mine—"

Patricia's large hands clasped the arms of the chair, and she leaned forward, eager yet afraid to hear more. "Then, how did—how did?"

"I'm going to tell you," said Bob, spitting nervously at the fire. "Your dad leased that mine and got nothing. He dug so much and talked so much that every one thought it belonged to him. You see, he leased it for ten years, and he didn't get a sight of pay dirt during all that time. Folks

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laughed at him for keeping on, and when Doc Farrell's father came out there, on his way to San Francisco, he found his mine no good; then he went back East and seems to have forgotten all about it. Then, when Tom began to strike it rich, he didn't say anything to anybody at first—kind of scared, you see—nobody paid much attention to what he was doing in his special hole in the ground. Old man Farrell hadn't stayed out there long enough to get acquainted, and folks quit soon in mining towns. Don't know how Jim Biggins ever remembered that he'd been there, 'cause soon after he hiked out for Australia. Then old man Farrell died—nobody claimed the Larimee—and your dad wasn't hunting the heirs—"

"Go on," she said huskily, "and the papers?"

"Well," continued Bob, finding the confession even harder than he had anticipated, "I came into the stable one night and found Jim leaning over a little horse-hair trunk, the kind people used to carry around with them years ago. "I've seen the same sort strapped to a stage many a time. Well, Jim was excited, I could see that; he said he had found just what he was looking for, said the Lord was certainly good to him. I told him I didn't think the Lord had anything to do with him. I kind of felt it in my bones that he was up to some rascality. Well, he had those papers, and he was coming straight to Tom—he knew Tom would give a good deal for them. He calculated that Tom would give more for them than Doc Farrell, seeing as Tom stood to lose everything he had. Then, when he heard Tom was dead, he was coming straight to you—"

"To me?"

"Well, he calculates on selling them to you for ten thousand dollars; and I reckon, Pat—I reckon you had better buy—"

She passed her hand across her forehead as if she were trying to comprehend the full meaning of his words. "I don't think I quite understand."

"Well, it's this way, Pat," he began, sending another stream of tobacco juice at the sputtering fire, "you see, I'm no lawyer, but these papers prove that your dad never did own the Larimee—he only leased it for ten years, and he never struck gold until the lease expired. Jim Biggins has got brains, and he suspected it all along. He was going to make trouble for your dad anyway, but when he found the papers—well, then, Jim knew he could turn them into solid cash."

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"But, Bob, if the papers were so important, why were they left in the stable?"

"Old trunk full of trash—papers weren't considered any good. Reckon old man Farrell thought he'd been a fool to go into any wild-cat mining scheme, thought the least said about it the better. Jim was coming here to talk to you; I wouldn't let him. But Pat—I hate to say it, Pat—but I reckon you'll have to buy him off."

Her expression was like a child's in its white helplessness. "And if I don't, Bob?"

"Then—well then, Pat, you're not worth a cent. Jim Biggins knew he held the cards, he could have landed Tom Cuthbert in jail. You—you'd be as poor as Job's turkey, and your father would be known as a—thief."

She covered her face with her hands and moaned: "Oh, what shall I do, Bob, what shall I do?"

He put his arm roughly around her, forgetful of the change that her womanhood had made. To him she was a child again, sobbing out her troubles on his shoulder, when there was no one else to comfort her.

"I ought to have killed him, Pat," he said regretfully, "and taken those papers away from him. Don't know why the idea didn't occur to me until just now. You've got to buy him off, Pat, there's no other way. He says he will leave the country—he's promised me that—you'll have to buy him off."

"But nothing is mine, Bob—nothing is mine."

"It is if you burn the papers. It won't take a minute. You can't go back to your old life, Pat, you once told me that you couldn't be poor again. Why, it means beggary, Pat, and disgrace—disgrace for your dad—"

"Disgrace?" she repeated vaguely.

"Jail if he had lived," said Bob convincingly. "He was a thief, Pat, and if you don't buy those papers all the world will know."

"Then I will," she said desperately. "Where are they? Get them for me, Bob. I can't have my poor father branded as a thief."

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CHAPTER XI.

When Jim Biggins received Patricia's check he brought the papers to the house himself, and then left town with a promptness altogether due to Bob's importunate and vengeful insistance.

Patricia received the small package with trembling hands and going to her own room she locked the door, and sinking weakly down in a low chair by the window she tore open the heavy envelope of brown manilla and began to examine its contents.

The lengthy forms and legal language puzzled her, even while they convinced her of the authenticity and danger of the documents. She felt that she dared not consult a lawyer as to her rights, and, as she read the papers over and over again, she was convinced fully that Bob's conclusion was correct. She had no rights and she had chosen the only way possible to preserve her fortune and her father's honor.

But she could not burn the papers. All night she had remained awake reasoning with herself that this was the only safe thing to be done; and yet she could not bring herself to the finality of such an action.

There was a small safe in the library which had been built into the wall for the keeping of jewels in frequent use and the guarding of ready money. Here was a place of concealment—the combination was known only to herself—she would put the papers there, and then she would go away to Paris—to Italy—anywhere—to forget their existence.

Anxious to get them out of her immediate possession, she folded them carefully back in their envelope and descended to the library. She was half-way across the room to the picture that hung over the door of the safe when she realized that there was some one sitting before the fire.

Dr. Hugh rose lazily from the big tapestried chair, and dropped the book he had been reading. "I am afraid I startled you," he said with that rare solicitude that always seemed to extraordinarily individualize the person he addressed. "I was waiting for my aunt."

Patricia asked herself, with a dull wonder at questioning

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herself at all, why he always made a point of exhibiting his indifference to her.

"And so you are disappointed at seeing me?" she said, seeking refuge in a conventional coquetry to hide her visible embarrassment. "I was going to put away some papers, and —I am going to ask you to help me." The suggestion was characteristic of her daring. To make him share in his own disinheritance seemed to lessen her responsibility. "Will you tip that Daubigny just a little to one side? There is a small safe beneath; I want to open the door."

He approached the painting with the reverence of an art lover. The picture was one of Patricia's own choosing, a dark, rock hewn coast, with the bluest of waters and a paler sky above.

"If the papers are important," he suggested, with masculine prudence, "I would advise a safe-deposit box; these little household affairs are not always fire-proof."

"I would rather have them here," she said, nervously thrusting them into the small aperature "and"—she hesitated —"if I should drown on my way to Europe you will remember to take them out?" She turned the combination with a sigh of relief.

"Then you are going to Europe?" he said, and there was unconscious regret in his tone.

"Yes; Mrs. Delarue has promised to go with me. I am nervous and want a change."

She walked back to the fire and stood with her hands clasped behind her; they were so cold and she did not want him to see their trembling.

"And Marie?"

"Why, did you not know?" she replied, looking up at him, "I thought you knew that Marie has entered the convent. I can't understand it."

There was a silence. "I can," he said at last.

The old feeling of distance fell between them. This spiritual difference of viewpoint seemed more of a barrier than the sin they had just shared.

"I wish you would explain," she said, and then she laughed mirthlessly. "I seem to be struggling for light. After all, life is so short, the world seems so full of pain and misery. Can you help me to see the plan?"

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"There's always the doctrine of compensation."

"And that means?"

"That our lives are more even than they seem."

"I don't believe I quite understand that either."

"I mean that our lives are more or less alike in joy and sorrow. Some people have less pain, but have more capacity for suffering; some have less joy, but have more capacity for happiness."

"Perhaps it's true," she said, "I do not know. Marie believes many strange things, and they seem to make her happy. I thought"—again she hesitated—"I thought—"

"What?"

"I thought you cared for her."

"Of course I care. I care tremendously for her happiness; but if you mean sentiment, of the Romeo variety, I can tell you honestly that I was never in love in my life. Marie tried to urge me into the priesthood; but I'd never make a priest, I find praying hard work."

"Then perhaps you can understand some one who doesn't know how?" she said, turning away from him to face the fire; "and if a person—an ignorant person of that kind—should do—well, let us say, something very dreadful or sinful, I suppose she wouldn't be as culpable as people who were truly religious?"

"Why what great crime are you contemplating?" he laughed.

"Nothing more," she said, making an effort to smile. "I've done enough, God knows."

The seriousness of her tone arrested his attention; but she was full of quick surprises. He had always told himself that that was the only reason for his interest in her. Her moods were unaccountable. She had been his chief thought of late. Tom Cuthbert's last request had assumed the form of an obligation, if the old man's last confession was true. All day Dr. Hugh had been trying to piece together broken recollections of conversations he had had with his father, exciting stories of western travel, and hints of foolish mining schemes. It was all so long ago. He was only twelve years old when his father died; but he found himself forcing his memory back to that time in his effort to give personal proof of Tom Cuthbert's startling statements.

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And as he examined further into his motives he found that it pleased him to think that Patricia was living in ignorance on his bounty. It seemed to bring her closer to him. And he began to wonder if Tom Cuthbert's plan to save her from poverty was not more honorable than his own. He felt that Patricia would rebel at the thought of preserving her fortune only through his careless generosity.

"How long will you stay in Europe?" he asked, wishing to break the tenseness of the situation that he only half understood.

"Six months—a year—I do not know—as long as it pleases us."

Her face looked white and drawn in the sudden blaze of some falling embers.

"Then perhaps I may join you there."

She turned to him with a strange expression of frightened amazement. Then she said, with her old indifference: "I did not know you thought of crossing this spring."

"Neither did I until just a moment ago; and now that I think I would like to go, I am forced back on the reflection that I can't afford it."

"Oh," she said with a little crying sound, "not even that?"

Again he could not understand. "I have an unfortunate way of forgetting my present poverty," he said lightly.

"But—but don't you make any money out of your—profession?" she asked hopelessly.

He smiled at her evident belief in his inability. "Most of my patients are poor," he said. "Collecting bills is a heart-rending job. Being sick is bad enough, but paying for it afterwards often entails more suffering. Oh, I have enough—a home, and land to farm when I have to. All men at some stage in their careers believe that they are divinely ordered to become farmers, and when I failed to feel the call of the land I suppose the fact had to be forced upon me."

"And you do not mind?"

"Well, I'll be honest. You see, I do mind. I had some pet projects and they had to fall through."

The room was very still, even the fire seemed to hold its breath. "And—and those pet projects?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't be interested, they are semi-

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medical matters. I wanted to establish an institution of some size for defective children. I believe a great deal of crime is directly traceable to a poor physical make-up. There's nothing original in the idea, but we lack facilities in this town."

"Will you let me help?" she interrupted, and her youth seemed to return with her eagerness.

"You?" He made no effort to conceal his astonishment. "I would rather you would not, until—well until you have considered it for a long time. It would cost a great deal—I feel somehow as if I had asked you."

"And why shouldn't you?" she said. "I have too much. My lawyer was here the other day, and the fortune—well, it is fabulous—I did not know how much. My father made wise investments and added greatly to the actual sums he got out of the Larimee mine."

Her last words seemed to bring her some unspoken satisfaction.

"And you are tired of your possessions?" His lips were smiling, though his eyes were sad. "Has life been stripped of its illusions so soon?"

"I do not know."

"You once said that you could not live without money."

"And I could not now," she said with a touch of fierceness. "I could not now. What could I do?—where could I go?—back to the Golden Eagle that my father still owned when he died?—back to the life of a *barmaid?*—oh, my God!" she buried her face in her hands.

"Patricia! Patricia!" he cried, startled out of his cold calm and taking both her hands in his, so that he could look into her face. "Why should you talk this way when I love you?"

She broke away from him; her face had flushed crimson, her gray eyes blazed with sudden fury.

"Did you think I was trying to persuade you into some sort of pitiful proposal? You have always disliked me—I have felt it—seen it. You have told me I was a pagan, which means our point of view is as wide as the world. I cannot understand your religion—you cannot understand me. You have tried to be kind to me—I wish you had not. Are you offering to martyr yourself through a lifetime? I would rather have you murder me than to marry me—"

He looked at her for a moment helplessly, and a great light

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was borne in upon him. Her refusal had made him realize what the loss of her would mean to him.

"It's of no use, Patricia," he said quietly. "I am sure now that I have battled against it—you will try—the end will be the same. We love each other."

He expected another outburst. He was wondering how he would meet it, when Patricia laughed. It was a poor attempt at mirth, but it relieved the strain of the situation.

"What melodrama!" she exclaimed. "You have always had the power to make me more angry than any one else. Of course I wanted you to propose to me—you've been so indifferent. You did it very badly. It's plain that you haven't acquired proficency through practise." Her tone was mocking.

It was his turn to be angry now. "You do not understand" he said, towering white and stern above her.

"Better than you think," she interrupted him. "I want to ask you one question and you must answer me. You had no idea that you were in love with me when you came into this room this afternoon?"

He met her attack with bold truthfulness. "No"; he said.

"It proves my point."

"It proves nothing.

"It proves your excessive truthfulness." And without apology or adieux she turned and left the room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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IN CARRA AND TIRAWLEY, COUNTY MAYO.

BY WILFRID ST. OSWALD.

I.—CONN AND CULLIN.

HURE, your honor, and it's St. Patrick himself as lived in Carra, and blessed the lough and all that should be on it forever." This, by way of encouragement presumably, from one of the boatmen who pulled our Galway-built craft away from the wooded Corriasla shore of the Southern waters of Lough Conn, which at times is as tempestuous as any Scotch loch on which we have been in peril. But to-day and on many another day the beauty of a singularly beautiful May morning casts its spell upon us as we trail rod and line, thinking less of sport than of the loveliness of the scene around us and of its wealth of associations.

Breaking through vaporous mist, golden sunlight is irradiating Nephin, the country's giant mountain, which, embodying strength and mystery and guardianship, is to the people of Carra and Tirawley much what La Rhune is to the French Basques, or the Oertler Spitz to the Tyroleans of Trafoi, or Roseberry Topping to ancient dwellers on the Cleveland moors of Yorkshire. Nearer to us than Nephin, and seemingly nearer too to the sunshine, rises the serrated ridge of Larragan, a glorious harmony of gold and russet and purple hues; while opposite these towering heights the lough is dark beneath the beetling brows of Cuinbeg and Tawnaghmore, over which hovers an eagle ready to swoop down on its prey. Well within our ken lies a belt of islands, possibly long ago broken off by aqueous or volcanic action from the rocky promontories which, united by the Pontoon Bridge, divide the lakes of Conn and Cullin, whose combined length measures about twelve miles.

The largest and most interesting of these islands, Illanaglashy or Glass Island, is conspicuous by the ivy-clad ruins of its thirteenth century, square-towered Gothic church, and is singular in having a population all its own—five peasant families of

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Tirawley, who, when the winds and waves permit, row on Sundays to the mainland where they have a many-mile walk to Mass. A bi-weekly post, duly organized from St. Martin's-le-Grand, is their link with the outer world, and letters are delivered by a postman of no mean parts who, none the less, cannot read. Rather proud is he of his probably unique position in the postal service. When we are told that "the blind Abbot" had a foot amputated on Illanaglashy, we are expected to believe that there was on the island a monastic house, of which he was the grave and reverend senior; whereas there never was a monastery there, and "the blind Abbot," though actually a living entity, was not an abbot at all, but a certain William Burke, the fighting father of a fighting family, blind only in a strictly metaphorical sense, possibly to his own interests or to those of the country, of which he was for a short time nominal ruler as "MacWilliam" in the stormy sixteenth century.* Tiniest of the island belt is Tory island, a collection of cliffs submerged only in roughest weather, lying at the edge of a cross-current, formed by the waters of Cullin forcing themselves back into the larger lake Conn, from which they flow in too great volume to be all at once received by the river Moy, which is Cullin's outlet.

Hard by the richly wooded Corriasla side of Pontoon is Freaghillon, most beautiful of this island group, better known to us as Bilberry—a woodland hillock carpeted with moss and fern and shamrock and wild-flowers, earthstars all of them—primroses and bog violets, wood anemones and sweetgale, gorse and trailing bilberry, and scarcely opening heather, the glory of days to come, beneath a tender green canopy of budding oak and birch. "Lunch on Bilberry" is most often the word after a morning on the southern part of the lake; or, if not on Bilberry, out east among the boulders on School House

* Mayo formed part of the grant made by King Henry II. to William de Burgo, the first of the Anglo-Norman invaders: he made alliance with Cathat of the Red Hand, King of Connaught, whose daughter married Richard de Burgo (or Burke) the great Earl. His descendant in the elder line, Earl William, was assassinated in 1333, and left an only daughter, who was taken to England; whereupon two Burkes or de Burgos of the younger branch seized and divided between them the inheritance of the infant girl, and, taking the name of MacWilliam, became lords of Western Connaught; Edmund de Burgo, who had appropriated County Mayo, being distinguished as MacWilliam Eighter; while the usurper of County Galway was differentiated as MacWilliam Oughter. Their descendants retained the MacWilliamship, with varied fortunes, for about two hundred years. The child heiress, who had been dispossessed, married Lionel, son of Edward III., and handed on her claim to her daughter, who married Edmund Mortimer, Lord Lieutenant in 1380.

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Bay, whence there is no finer distant view of Nephin and Larragan; or, if we row westward and have succeeded in rounding the often stormy Terrybaun and Castle Head, we land at Massbrook for the midday rest, remembering that some two miles away, 'twixt Lough Levally and Nephin's foot, rose heretofore at Bofeenaun a house of Franciscan Conventuals, which unfortunately seems to have left nothing save its name to recorded history.

To Castle Head attaches a legend held in firm faith all over the countryside, that in the far-off days, when kings were plentiful in the land, a certain king's daughter was carried off by force from her father's home in Scotia to be the bride of the lord of Castle Head. Her brothers started in pursuit, but not for a year did they discover their sister in her lonely home on Conn. Greeting her with fair words, they asked her to tell them where they could find her husband. In all trustfulness she bade them seek him at a spot where he had that morning gone hunting. They found him and slew him, and brought to their sister his severed, bleeding head. Distracted with grief, she took in her arms her infant son, and rushing from the castle cast herself and her child from the hill-top into the lake below: wherefore, add those who relate the legend, are the waters ever rough round Terry.

Once more on the lake, in the quiet waters of Massbrook Bay, we pass Massbrook House, a mansion modern as any on Windermere or on the Starnberg See, striking a note of incongruity with the delightful reckless fecklessness of nature's wild ways in Tirawley. Further north on the western shore lie Lord Arran's woods, a glorious labyrinthine tangle of undergrowth and gnarled, ivy-clasped pillars defying the storms and stress of centuries; while nearly latitudinal with the highest heights of Nephin rise the lakeside hills of Cuilkillew, pointing to the ancient holy well and ruined church of Addergoole, almost certainly a copy of the famous parish church of Inishrobe at Cuslough, known as Tempul na Lecca, a typical Irish adaptation of early Gothic. To be laid in the churchyard of Addergoole is what the local peasantry most earnestly desire for their bodies after death.

Where this churchyard touches the lake, the land forms another tranquil bay before jutting out into a bold headland, from which on a long, lonely promontory the stately Abbey

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of Errew, erstwhile sharing with Killala the honor of being the religious centre of Tirawley, echoed with the sound of praise and prayer to God, as it kept watch over the waters. Not of the more ancient monastery, founded early in the sixth century by St. Tigernan, the Apostle of South Tirawley, are the ruins at Errew, but the remains of a twelfth or early thirteenth century building of the style made familiar by the Cistercians, though there seems to be no evidence to show that Errew was ever the home of the Sons of St. Bernard between its early Patrician or Columban period and its reconstitution as a house of Augustinian Canons, by which title it was described at the dissolution of monasteries in the sixteenth century. Inland from the abbey, but still on the headland, is the Errew Hotel, built in great measure from the monastic ruins, and misliked accordingly by the people, who naturally look upon it as an actual, albeit unintentional, desecration of a holy fane.

Beyond Errew and the woods and islands of Enniscoe, whence chieftains waged war in days long ago, yet another relic of medieval religious life is there, a mile inland from the lakeset hills of Gortnardhy, at Croesmolina, where was one of the many Franciscan friaries, which may have given to Carra and Tirawley and to other parts, too, of County Mayo the honest if unconscious Franciscanism of its peasantry. With them it is certainly not a pose. Close to its northernmost point Lough Conn receives the waters of the river Deel which, before reaching Croesmolina, has passed by the hills of Ballycarron, traditionally described as the Grave of Kings, a title claimed also by Errew and by many another place in Mayo.

Past Castle Kelly and the Annagh islets, once the seat of the O'Dowda Kings, and made memorable in the fourteenth century by the murder of Bishop Barrett, we next skirt Cloghans on the lake's northeastern shore—a stony stretch of land prettily indented but lacking the distinction of mountain or forest—and come to Kinmore Point, barely a mile distant *from* Errew on the opposite shore. A suggestion that in days long ago, rocks uniting the two points may have been rent asunder by the forces of fire or water, thus making one lake of what had been two, elicited from St. Patrick's client the ready rejoinder that maybe the saint had broken up three loughs (Conn Upper and Lower and Cullin) to form but one, when he was

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preaching Christianity, "to learn the people the Trinity." This apt adaptation of the shamrock episode to a twelve-mile scale, however improbable, says not a little for the trend of our unlettered friend's thoughts. Well loved of the peasantry, two lonely ancient graveyards, looking south from a bend of the rocky eastern shore far out upon Illanaglashy, seem yet to receive from its ruined church the blessing of Him Whose sacramental presence once hallowed its sanctuary. Never, be it noted, do the quick-witted people of this wild country forget *what* made and makes sacred their churches.

We are writing as if one day sufficed to make acquaintance with Lough Conn; whereas many hours of many days are all too few to reveal its varied beauties, of which we have indicated only a very small number. Greatly enhanced are they, especially during the spring and autumn months, by the changeful skies that make the lights of one hour, nay of one moment, the shadows of the next, playing fitfully upon crag and creek and wave and mountain, and suggesting significance in the bursting of the storm-cloud, the echo of thunder, the roar of raging waters, and in the blessed return of sunlight, of songlight, and of peace. To some such day, when time was young, may we attribute the genesis of the pre-Christian legend that an infuriated giant flung across the lake from Nephin a seemingly ill-poised but really immovable rock, a marvel of just balance, on a distant mountain. There is a similar legend in Tyrol, but there the mighty hand-baller is not a giant but an infuriated, checkmated devil.

Gladly do our sportsmen welcome, not the storm, but the quietly fitful or all gray skies that lure trout and salmon and char to the trailing rods; and even those of us who are but novices in matters piscatorial, learn to feel the fisherman's thrill in playing and reeling up and netting the fish. To one of our boats, and to the practised hand of our host, fell the good fortune last year of capturing some of the largest trout ever caught on Conn, and before the end of the season one of the finest salmon ever taken in the lake was his prize.

Too reedy in the later fishing months for boat or line or rod, Cullin calls the fisherman in early spring, but is beautiful always, and often storm-tossed, as befits the wild character of its setting. Better known than Conn is it to casual travelers, for along most of its northern and part of its western

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shore runs the road from Ballina and Foxford to Castlebar—a feat of engineering which is appreciated when we notice that for nearly a mile on the Pontoon there is barely room for the road between the rocky bases of the mountains and the water. Never to be forgotten indeed is the now familiar drive from Foxford to Pontoon on entering the ancient barony of Tirawley, now, with the barony of Carra, better known colloquially as the Conn and Cullin country. With here and there a few cottages, primitive and picturesque and sometimes sheltering poverty, six miles of rugged rock and dreariest bog are broken by a single stretch of gracious roadside woodland, and brightened only here and there at the lough's stony brink by gorgeous groupings of mingled gorse and sweetgale, or, as it is commonly called, bog myrtle. "The country likes its birthday suit," remarks a racy son of the mountains. In these apparently irreclaimable wastes it is not easy to see how it could be made to don any other. Griffin's island on Cullin has the questionable distinction of having been the home of Gallaher, the last wholesale robber captain in Ireland, and of his band of freebooters, which was broken up by the capture and death of their leader as late as 1818. Suggestively but inconsequently, as they are of later date, the now disused Constabulary Barracks are on the Pontoon close by, and near them is a pleasant fishing lodge, while the well-known Anglers' Hotel welcomes holiday fishermen congruously with the character of the country.

The heights of Knockaglana stand sentinel to Cullin where the road divides, turning south to Castlebar, and branching to the northwest, rises and falls to touch Conn at Corriasla and Massbrook. If the drive from Foxford lives in memory, still more vividly pictured there is the oft-repeated walk along the Corriasla road. We know and love its every feature—the pine-clad slopes of Knockaglana, the mountains sunlit and shaded, distant and near, the tiny farms on hillside or in hollow, their little fields broken by big boulders, the lakelets and the little river, the wealth of wild flowers in their seasons; even the stray dogs and fat pigs, the mild-eyed cows and silly sheep; the happy larks praying or gossiping in heaven (who shall say which?) the stately blackbirds and the trilling thrushes, the warbling robins and the tame finches and yellowhammers, fearless all of them and to all friendly.

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There at the foot of Larragan, or by the rude roadways reaching out to Lough Conn, or on the hills rich in legend, at Pontoon and at Terry, by Dark Lake and Deer Mountain, at far-away Deerens and historic Illanaglashy, live a peasant people who have found their way into our hearts for all time. To paint them as we know them, these Gaels of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows," would be impossible, for our appreciation cannot be crystalized into cold comment, nor can we fairly generalize where individualities are marked. Strong and true-hearted their men, their women gracious and tender and dignified, not without reason are the people of Carra and Tirawley held to be among the finest peasantry in the world. If, like the rest of us, they have the defects of their good qualities, and if the enervating climate makes listless the weakly among them, surely this cannot be laid to their charge in blame; rather should we wonder at the grit and virility of so many dwellers in a district sheltered by high mountain ranges from the sea winds of the Atlantic. Simple as is the manner of life of these children of Western Ireland, it is marked by certain characteristics of high civilization, and it is less primitive than was the life of St. Francis of Assisi and his disciples, who loved even to familiar companionship the beasts and birds and fishes of God's world. Good gifts indeed from the Anglo-Norman settlers to Carra and Tirawley were the Franciscan friaries, whose influence of long ago may have been an important factor in forming among the people a tradition of simplicity of outlook upon the things of earth and heaven, which has outlasted the vicissitudes of centuries.

Greatly we wondered during the early days of our visit to hear the soft Connaught burr attuned to phrases and expressions unmistakably reminiscent of "God's own County" in the sister isle; but the reason was not far to seek. When their own "hurrying time" at home is over, many Mayo men swell the crowd going to England as harvesters, and year after year work in the same pastoral and agricultural districts of Lancashire, returning to Ireland before Christmas. Last summer one of the harvesters, a young man of great promise, was struck dead by lightning during a severe thunderstorm at Ormskirk. Within two hours after the telegram announcing their bereavement had reached his parents at their little farm hard by Pontoon, the whole countryside for many miles around had

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in some seemingly magical way become apprised of their loss, and quickly gathered at the saddened homestead for the *caoin* or wailing for the dead—a low, pleading sound, piteous and pathetic, and withal eerie, falling in soft cadences, and telling of loving sympathy with the bereaved family, and mourning for the departed whose body was laid to rest in the Catholic churchyard at Ormskirk.

Miles away from church live the families, on mountain side, or bog, or islet in the Conn and Cullin country; but, if frequent Communion is practically impossible for them, Christ our Lord gives Himself sacramentally to these scattered children of the Faith at the biennial "Stations," which are regularly held at appointed places in each district. One sturdy man told us with pride that it was his privilege, as it had been the privilege of his father and grandfather before him, and of his "fathers for evermore," to serve Mass when the "Station" was held at Pontoon; and a like privilege was the boast of a horny handed son of toil on Illanaglashy. Without a reference to the "Stations" the most cursory glance at the remote Conn and Cullin country would be incomplete, and we cannot more fitly close our tribute to our friends there than with words spoken by Father Ryan, P.P., V.G., at the Eucharistic Congress in London in September, 1908:

> It is true that for the most part the "Stations" are now held not in the homes but in the churches. Still in remoter parts of extended country parishes it has been found unwise, for the sake of religion, to break with the ancient custom. . . . Twice a year, at Christmas-time and at Easter-time, the country home is prepared for the coming of the Divine Visitor. Within and without the *Domestica Ecclesia* is cleansed and reverently set in order for this greatest of honors and blessings. The families in the immediate neighborhood have gathered with their households, and are waiting when the priest arrives. The best room has been prepared for the hearing of confessions, and there the old and young, master and mistress and servant, enter in turn and receive the Sacrament of Penance. . . . Confessions ended, or, at least, the Mass hour come—for in older days before the drain of emigration the confessions had to be resumed and were often continued far into the day—the priest enters the roomy "kitchen," as the larger room is generally called, and there all has been

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prepared for Holy Mass. The walls, and even the roof-beams, are snowy white; gleaming metal, sparkling glass and china, tell what loving hands have done to show their simple reverence. The homely table is the "mensa" of this domestic chapel, and altar-stone and altar-cloths, crucifix and lighted wax candles, and all the other rubrical essentials for the Holy Sacrifice, are duly arrayed. The priest has rested and begins his *Introibo ad altare Dei*. Reverently grouped around, kneeling on the rude floor—as often as not a floor of clay—the worshippers join with him in the great Act. The time for the Communion comes and the Bread of Life is distributed. Little children, whose happy day has not yet come, look on with longing eyes. The priest passes them by now, but it will not always be so. In the same places their fathers and grandfathers had knelt as children, knelt and waited. It is Hope looking on at Faith and Love. The Mass over, priest and people make thanksgiving together, and in another hour the simple house resumes its usual appearance. But the place has been sanctified, and the blessing seems to cling to these houses "unspotted from the world." When at night the household again gathers there for the Rosary, the memory of the morning's blessing hangs like incense around the place, and that nightly Rosary goes on until the Blessing comes again.

Most true it is, indeed, that these "Stations" are the key to the gladness and content and holy purity of the lives of our peasant friends in the wild country by Conn and Cullin.

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SOCIAL WORK IN SWITZERLAND.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

EW tourists find their way to St. Gall, near the Lake of Constance. Yet it is a picturesque old town lying, like Innsbruck, at the foot of encircling mountains and dominated by the great red-roofed Abbey Church which tells of long centuries of Benedictine rule. To-day the monastery buildings, among the vastest in Europe, are turned to civic and secular purposes, though happily the famous library has been preserved intact and still contains priceless MSS. from medieval times. The church itself, several times destroyed by fire, survives only in rococo eighteenth century form, but so spacious in its florid curving lines, so mellowed in its gold and white decoration, as to achieve a high measure of dignity and beauty.

It was, however, it must be confessed, none of these things that drew me to St. Gall last February, when the town lay radiant amid bright sunshine and melting snows, with a warm south wind bringing visions of spring from Italy. It was the assurance that at this remote mountain city I should find an efflorescence of Catholic social activity well worthy of study. St. Gall is as German as Fribourg, which I had just left, is French. The one is residential, somewhat exclusive, and mainly devoted to education; the other industrial and progressive. St. Gall, as every one knows, makes a specialty of muslin and of so-called "Swiss" embroidery, sent to all parts of the world; mills and workshops abound, and the town has a more purely industrial population than almost any other in Switzerland. Hence labor problems, and the moral conditions under which the industrial worker lives, have asserted themselves more compellingly than elsewhere, and have demanded a concrete solution.

The main characteristic of the democratic agitation in Switzerland for economic and industrial reform was, in its inception, that it was wholly undenominational, and that, for a time at least, Catholics, Protestants, and Socialists worked side by side.

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Religious differences, of course, existed and later asserted themselves, but for some years mutual toleration prevailed, and the welfare of the worker was the end for which men of opposing schools of thought were ready to combine. Thus many Catholic workingmen's societies affiliated themselves at its foundation in 1886 to the *Arbeiterbund* or *Fédération Ouvrière Suisse*, representing men of every creed and of no creed, being content to work together for economic reforms, while acting independently in religious and educational matters. The movement in Switzerland was in close union with that in Germany, of which Bishop Ketteler was the accepted representative; its leader M. Decurtins, a staunch Ultramontane and advanced democrat, was a personal friend of Cardinal Manning's, a follower of Baron von Vogelsang, the Austrian Catholic leader, and, it need hardly be added, a devoted son and disciple of Leo XIII. The publication of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, which came as a definite and supreme sanction to all for which the Christian labor leaders on the Continent were striving, was hailed with special enthusiasm in Switzerland, emphasized as it was by constant personal directions given by Leo XIII. to M. Decurtins.

Perhaps the high water mark of the movement, as far as Switzerland was concerned, was reached at the celebrated international Congress of Labor that met at Zurich, with the express sanction of the Pope, in August, 1897, when, for a whole week, Catholics of all nations, priests and laymen, discussed fundamental labor problems with Socialist leaders such as Bebel, Liebknecht, Vandervelde, and many more. It was an historic occasion which made a profound impression upon all who took part in it. The regulation of the labor of men, of women, and of children respectively, and the prohibition of night and of Sunday work formed the subjects of discussion, and though a deep cleavage of opinion made itself evident on certain points, more especially on all that concerned women's work, a general agreement was reached on many fundamental points of international labor legislation. Indeed, at the time, hopes ran high of a far-reaching democratic movement under supreme Catholic auspices which was to bring economic independence and decent industrial conditions to every workingman's cottage, hopes which, unhappily, were not destined to be realized.

Circumstances, far too intricate to be discussed here, have

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given a different direction to the movement in Switzerland. The ideal, eloquently preached by M. Decurtins, Dr. J. Becke, and others of a constructive policy, of social justice in which men of all creeds should unite, became more and more difficult to uphold, perhaps more and more out of touch with the practical necessities of the moment. Extremists on either side rendered any sort of common platform increasingly precarious, and the narrow anti-clericalism of the Socialist party in other countries became a factor in the situation that could not be ignored. Meanwhile the individual needs and influences of each canton tended to foster a variety of experiments, useful and instructive in themselves, but somewhat destructive of that unity of Catholic social endeavor that had once seemed so all important. Thus in recent years it has come about that St. Gall has devoted its best energies to the development of *Syndicats Confessionnels*, notwithstanding that such action ran counter to earlier Catholic ideals. Indeed its policy, actively pursued, may be taken to indicate a definite parting of the ways.

As a result a somewhat acute controversy has been in progress for the last few years, over the rival merits of confessional and non-confessional *Syndicats Professionnels* or trades-unions. It was felt to be so burning a question that it was debated at length in the pages of the *Revue de Fribourg* (December, 1904). Some years previously the Swiss *Fédération Ouvrière* had passed a resolution that all professional syndicates should be strictly neutral in matters of faith. Hence when the St. Gall syndicates came into existence it was a question whether they could legally be affiliated to the *Fédération Ouvrière*, and at a Congress held at Lucerne in 1904 the proposals made for their admission were rejected by a large majority. On the one hand it is contended—I summarize the views expressed in the *Revue de Fribourg*—that the *Syndicats Neutres* were more efficacious professionally, that they brought together, in a beneficial way, men of every party, and that they in no way interfered with the religious beliefs and practices of members. On the other hand, promoters of the *Syndicats Confessionnels* assert that they are absolutely essential as a means of keeping Catholic workingmen together; that syndicates are not merely economic organizations, but moral and educational forces, molding a man's whole life and thought, and consequently full of dangers to faith unless built upon a definitely Christian basis. They assert that the

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so-called *Syndicats Neutres* are never really neutral, and that they often circulate objectionable literature. It is pointed out that the St. Gall trades-unions are not strictly Catholic, but Christian, that Protestants join them in considerable numbers, and that it is only Socialists, Anarchists, and Anti-Christians generally who are excluded. Finally, it is urged—and this is, perhaps, the most conclusive argument of all—that the success of the movement is its best justification, that it has clearly filled a want, and that Catholic workingmen themselves have been the first to agitate for an organization of their own. It only remains to add that in the earlier stages of the controversy the promoters of the neutral associations believed themselves to be interpreting the wishes of Leo XIII., while in the later stages their opponents have claimed to be carrying out the directions of Pius X.

Whatever may be thought of the merits of the problem, and clearly there is much to be said on both sides, there can be no question that the *Syndicats Confessionnels* of St. Gall are doing a remarkable work for the Church. They form the nucleus of a whole network of organizations, constituting what is known as the St. Gall *Kartell* of the "Central Federation of Christian Social Workmen's Associations of Switzerland," of which the head offices are at Zurich. To this Central Federation over one hundred Catholic *Arbeiter-vereine* or Workingmen's unions, situated mostly in German Switzerland, are affiliated, having a total membership of over 7,000; and as of this number 1,150 members belong to the St. Gall *Verein*, it is obvious that it is among the most important. Indeed, except in St. Gall and Zurich the *Vereine* cannot claim to have attained as yet to any numerical importance; their virtue lies in the fact that they constitute an organization that is capable of indefinite expansion and one that represents a genuine effort at a constructive social policy on Catholic lines. Judged from an English standpoint continental workmen's syndicates appear somewhat weak on their economic and industrial side, and the St. Gall unions seem to me no exception to this rule, although, undoubtedly, they have intervened successfully on various occasions to prevent strikes and to improve the conditions of daily toil for their members. The raising of the rate of wages, which is the main object of English trades-unions, seems to occupy them but little. On the other hand, they are very

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strong on thrift and education. In connection with the St. Gall *Arbeiter-verein* there are a flourishing Savings Bank, paying interest at 4 per cent on all deposits, sick and burial clubs, an Unemployed and an Old Age Pension Fund. A Labor Bureau and free legal advice are at the disposal of members, also a Loan Fund to pay the railway fares of men in search of work. The *Verein* owns splendid premises, including a really spacious hall for meetings and entertainments. I had the good fortune to be present at the annual business meeting held one Sunday afternoon when the place was crowded to the doors, and the routine was enlivened by much indulgence in tobacco, beer, and coffee, and by the singing of chorales.

Another closely allied branch of activity is the development in the villages of small loan and savings banks on the well-known Raiffeisen system of unlimited liability. Of these there are now some 110, mostly in the Catholic districts of Switzerland, and all affiliated to the central Swiss Co-Operative Bank of St. Gall, which affords them the necessary security. Thanks also to the existence of this bank, it has become possible to open a number of co-operative shops for the benefit of members of the various unions, and these have proved extremely successful. There is also a flourishing co-operative printing press at Winterthur which carries out the printing for the whole organization.

Excellent as all these features are on the material side, they are not of themselves sufficient to give a distinctive character to the movement. Its real strength is derived from the ideals that inspire it, ideals of religious faith, of Christian justice, and of organized self-help. These are perpetually preached to the members by the two priests who have been mainly instrumental in the development, in the face of considerable opposition, of *Syndicats Confessionnels*, Professor Jung, President of the *Arbeiter-verein*, and Dr. Scheiwiler, Rector of St. Othmar on the outskirts of St. Gall. By conferences and by frequent courses of lectures on social subjects, as well as through the various newspapers published by the organization, members are taught to feel that they are brothers of one family, sharing in the same joys and sorrows, and are urged to seek progress not in enmity and class wars but in righteous dealings one with another. All these societies are, moreover, affiliated to the recently established Swiss *Volksverein*, which

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organizes the annual Catholic Congresses or *Katholikentage*, at which enthusiasm is kindled and a fuller understanding gained of the duties of Christian citizens. In all these ways the moral and intellectual life of the Swiss Catholic workingman is molded and strengthened, and a sense of religious *esprit de corps* developed. Finally on the spiritual plane there are the workingmen's retreats, carried on at the Jesuit house at Feldkirch, the value of which has only recently begun to be fully appreciated.

Far more remarkable, however, are the results achieved by the *Arbeiterinnen-verein*, or workwomen's union. In the factories in and around the town some 3,500 women and girls are employed, many of whom necessarily live away from their homes, and of these factory-workers and embroiderers, no less than 2,400 are organized in the Catholic *Arbeiterinnen-verein*. It is a splendid result, representing an arduous ten years' work. In England, and, I believe, in most European countries, workgirls of all trades have usually shown themselves singularly indifferent to the advantages of trades-unions and sadly lacking in any intelligent social spirit. That the progress of the Swiss unions should have been so rapid is no doubt partly due to the excellence of Swiss education, but in part also to the inspiring ideals preached by the Swiss *Vereine*. Economic principles are never quickly grasped by women, but when they are skillfully linked with definite material advantages, and the whole movement is infused with a religious spirit, the sex is not slow to respond. So at least one may assume from the experience of St. Gall. The women's union is entirely autonomous as far as its internal administration is concerned, but it is affiliated to, and directly represented in, the Central Federation at Zurich, and on its economic side it is closely linked to the men's unions. Thus the Savings Bank, Sick and Burial Clubs, and old Age Pension Fund serve equally for men and women, while the latter are, of course, among the regular customers of the co-operative shop "Concordia."

I had the pleasure, during my short stay at St. Gall, of long talks with the President of the *Arbeiterinnen-verein*, Fraülein Anna Frank, and learnt from her how much the organization is effecting for the material and spiritual welfare of its members. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature is that there is no almsgiving in the concern. It is an entirely self-sup-

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porting enterprise, managed by the members themselves under the general supervision of Professor Jung, the energetic protagonist of trades-unions. Fraülein Frank is herself, I may say, employed in a shop in the town and gladly gives the whole of her spare time to the service of the *Verein*; so too do the members of the Executive Committee, who are all workers in factory or shop, and who, like the president, are elected annually by the members. Under Fraülein Frank's guidance I visited the fine property of the union, the Pension Felsengarten, consisting of two large six-storied buildings standing pleasantly in a garden in the upper part of the town. That the *Verein* should have been in a position to raise sufficient money for so spacious a building is in itself a fair proof of solvency. Felsengarten is not only the working centre of the organization, but it offers an attractive home to some 120 members, whose work compels them to live away from their families. Charming bed-sitting-rooms, furnished with every comfort, and containing either one or two beds, can be had at prices varying from 2.50 francs to 5 francs a week. Complete board, consisting of four meals, costs only 1 franc a day. Thus the charge is well within the means of the ordinary workgirl, earning from 12 francs to 15 francs per week. The large dining-hall seats over 200 people and members not living in the house can come there for their meals.

The building is heated throughout with hot air and lit by electricity, and bathrooms are provided. There is a large hall where courses of lectures and practical classes are held every evening in such subjects as cooking, ironing, fine sewing, dress-making, embroidery, book-keeping, shorthand, and social economics. Each course, for which members pay only 1.50 francs, consists of 20 lessons, and last year some 400 girls took part in them. Here, too, is housed a lending library of 1,600 volumes, of which members have the free use. Each member is further entitled to the free use of the employment bureau, and to legal advice when needed, and she is supplied weekly with *Die Arbeiterin*, an excellent little propagandist organ. All these benefits are paid for, in addition to the general administrative expenses, by the small monthly subscriptions of members to the *Verein*. A choral society, with annual entertainments and theatrical performances, represents the healthy recreative side of the busy life lived in and around

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Felsengarten. Finally, I must not omit a feature which stamps the whole house with a religious impress: the presence within it of a few nuns, to whom the domestic and kitchen supervision is entrusted. They are Menzingen Sisters, members of that admirable Franciscan congregation founded some sixty years ago by the celebrated Capuchin, Father Theodosius, which has grown with such amazing rapidity that to-day the Menzingen Sisters are to the German Cantons of Switzerland all that the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul have long been to France. They are found everywhere in humble and arduous labors, and they have contributed no mean share to the prosperity of innumerable Catholic institutions. Yet they are not in any sense the directors of the house; they are content to restrict themselves to the domestic management which ensures the comfort of the boarders and to maintain by their presence an atmosphere of peace and orderliness of inestimable value.

Of the immense advantage, material and moral, that such an institution must be to girl workers, stranded in a town away from home and friends, there can be no question. It was satisfactory to learn in addition that the *Verein* does not neglect the industrial interests of its members. On the whole, so Fraülein Frank assured me, factory legislation, owing to the combined efforts of all parties, is fairly adequate; the inspection is well carried out and over-time is strictly regulated. Nevertheless hours are still unduly long in some trades and wages very low. Encouraged by their *Verein* the girls in the cotton mills have agitated with some success for shorter hours and better pay. In the hand-embroidery work-shops, where the cutting out process was extremely badly paid, improved conditions were granted as a result of the organized protests. At St. Gall, as elsewhere, "sweated" labor and all the evils of female home-work prevail in certain trades, more especially in shirt-making and underclothing. It was to obviate these drawbacks and to set a higher standard in the town that a woman's work-room was opened in connection with the co-operative shop "Concordia," in which the workers are paid nearly double the rate of pay prevailing locally, and none the less a profit of 10 per cent is realized.

It must not be forgotten that the *Arbeiterinnen-verein* of St. Gall is no isolated development. Scattered over Switzer-

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land there are no less than 74 of these women's unions, with a total membership in 1909 of 10,575. Not a few of them possess, like St. Gall, their own premises and boarding-houses; all afford facilities for thrift and self-help, organize courses of lectures, and develop a Christian social spirit, and the greater number are in a flourishing condition. At many places, such as Rorschach, Schaffhausen, Olten, etc., the membership of the women's unions far exceeds that of the men. St. Gall was quoted to me, however, as the town where I should find the fullest efflorescence of Catholic activity on modern lines, and even my short stay afforded me pleasant glimpses of a very busy little world. The *Vereine* I have described are indeed far from exhausting local Catholic enterprise. Female servants, equally with workgirls, have organized a union of their own, with some 350 members, and they possess not only a large servants' home and registry office, but a beautifully planned and almost luxurious mansion where aged servants or *Pfründnerinnen* can eke out their savings in comfort and refinement. This house, too, is under the care of the Menzingen Sisters and has its private chapel, and it also receives girl clerks, teachers, etc., as boarders. Then there is an active centre of that most necessary organization, the International Association for the Protection of Girls, the office of which has been made to serve as the base of a voluntary distributing agency of Catholic literature, girls with leisure carrying round fresh books every fortnight to working-class families. Even that popular subject, Temperance, excites enthusiasm at St. Gall. A lecture by Frau Hoffmann of Geneva on the Sunday afternoon of my stay drew a crowded audience, and was noteworthy for being based less on the needs of the individual than on the wider grounds of social welfare and national hygiene which it was the duty of every one to further.

What, then, I asked myself, at the close of my two bewilderingly busy days at St. Gall, is the main impression to carry away from so much well-planned and intelligent activity? It seemed to be this: in other countries an undue proportion of the social work of the Church has to be devoted to the mere relief of distress, to almsgiving in a more or less organized fashion, in other words, to palliating abnormal and unhealthy conditions of national life. Some measure of such work is no doubt everywhere needful—disease and destitution can never be wholly

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wiped out—and in some lands at present it is necessary on so gigantic a scale that it tends to overshadow everything else, and to cripple other necessary activities. The Catholic Church becomes in the eyes of many a mere machinery for the relief of distress, a society with which individuals are apt to claim membership mainly for what they can get from it. What Christian workers often fail to realize is that they are trying to do quite inadequately and amateurishly what it is the plain business of the State to do thoroughly and systematically, and that instead of struggling individually with an impossible task, it would be more to the purpose, even from a strictly religious standpoint, to combine in an active crusade of industrial reform, in order to clear the ground for the spiritual action of the Church. Such a realization would be the first step towards the evolution of a Catholic policy of constructive reform, practical in its application and based on broad Christian principles. We are, alas, still far from having elaborated such a policy, but in Switzerland, after thirty years of active, if intermittent, agitation, based largely on the teaching of the Leonine encyclicals, much has been accomplished in labor legislation, in housing, in education, in the development of the civic sense. In Switzerland we find no extremes either of poverty or of wealth with their blighting evils—no destitution on the one hand, no enervating luxury on the other. Everywhere throughout the Republic there is to be found a widespread observance of Sunday rest, and almost complete religious toleration. Hence at St. Gall, although in point of fact the population is only three-fifths Catholic and two-fifths Protestant, the social student can watch the Church at work under normal and healthy conditions in an environment favorable to spiritual growth. And the conviction is forced upon him that in the world of to-day only democracy, wisely understood, furnishes such a basis.

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STOLEN FORTUNES.

BY MARIE MANNING.

ROXFORD could never quite forgive Mrs. Burrell Peters her "queer" marriage. It knew that surprises will occur in the best regulated townships and—priding itself on its cosmopolitanism—it was willing to condone them. But to be invited to a wedding, and then have it turn into a—Roxford believed such things were called "surprise parties"—was taking too much for granted. It was not a frivolous town, and a generation ago it was less frivolous than it is to-day, when many of the old families have succeeded in disposing advantageously of their fine old places to Northern capitalists, and these "new people" have different ideals.

But twenty years ago things were very different—then no one thought it necessary to leave town from June to October. Such a proceeding would have been construed to indicate physical weakness, and nothing could have been resented more anxiously than such an impression. An outing of a week or two to Saratoga, Niagara Falls, or Lake George—these very names, then, recalled perspectives of flowered parlor carpet, crystal chandeliers, and draped lambrequins—and the traveler returned and told the stay-at-homes about the extortions, his fellow-"boarders," and—the scenery. The ladies seldom traveled; for the most part they made preserves and pickles during the long summer days, and after supper they sat on their porches in wholly charming muslin frocks of their own devising.

These gentle arts of pickling, preserving, and needle-work filled the lives of the young gentlewomen to pleasant overflowing, for it was long before the days of girl-bachelors, or professional women, or careers. Then it was a woman's career to have as many "alternatives" as possible, one of which she finally chose, and her wedding was the great event of her life. If for any reason romance did not come about in this harmonious sequence, at the age of twenty-five, she regarded herself as "an old maid," and from henceforth she plied her needle in the romantic interests of her younger sister, and in time took her place in this sister's family as that now wholly extinct

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connection—the maiden aunt. On the whole, the number of marriages was greater then than now. Perhaps it was that girls did not sequester themselves at summer resorts, at which there were no men, and dance the precious, fleeting years away with other young ladies. They stayed at home where business kept the men, who would "drop around" and sit with the muslins on the porch, and later there would be sangaree and a little music—all the girls played then, it wasn't necessary to have studied with Letitichsky before they'd dare touch a piano—and the air was full of romance.

Therefore, when old Matthew Reverdy died very suddenly and his daughter, Sydney—named for her mother's family in good Southern fashion—became the ward of Judge Maitland, he was naturally aghast at her request that she "go out into the world"—that was the phrase, they didn't believe in softening the horrors of the undertaking—and earn her own living.

Sydney Reverdy was twenty and there was a something about the warm duskiness of her coloring that suggested a nasturtium. She was far from conventionally pretty. Roxford considered her nose too short and her mouth too scornful—or at least the ladies did, no man thought anything about her mouth but the marvel of its scarlet. The girl had been much with her father, who was among the last of the old *régime*. His days were spent in gentlemanly idleness and he was a connoisseur in the almost extinct art of julep-making. He was an old man when Sydney was born. The girl had had scant "raising" for a Southern girl, her mother dying before she was ten. Roxford invited her to its parties and the mothers thanked heaven that they had been spared to watch over the destinies of their own daughters. The verdict regarding Sydney stood that she was a good girl, but "read too much for a young lady."

This was what Judge Maitland thought when she advanced her preposterous plea of going North and earning her own living. Like Doctor Johnson, he thought a knowledge of Greek incompatible with female delicacy. Not that Sydney knew a word of the dread tongue, but dead languages and inclinations toward independence both came under the judge's ban of "unladylike."

"What would you have me do?" inquired Sydney. "I have an income of $300 a year. I dare say Cousin Abby Tucker would let me live with her—girls seem to be like kittens, you

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have to find homes for them. You can drown the kittens you fail of this, but the girls—"

"My dear Sydney," interposed the judge, "I beg you will not talk like that. Your Cousin Abby will be delighted to receive you."

"Granting that: out of my princely income I shall have to dress suitably to the station in which it has pleased Providence to call me, for, as Mrs. Allen Tucker's young relative, I shall require clothes. Can you conceive of the amount of juggling I shall have to do with that $300? Can't you see me always making over, always surreptitiously heating irons?"

"My dear child, since the Civil War very many estimable ladies have spent the major part of their time that way."

She threw back her head impatiently. The foreshortened view of her charmingly petulant face would have undoubtedly carried the day, had it not the more sharply emphasized the dangers of the day to be carried.

"And aren't women capable of better things?"

"It is inconceivable, my dear Sydney, that the destiny of a girl, young and lovely, should stop with these irksome details. They are, if I may say so without the touch of cynicism that my words imply, to the life of a young lady what the grind of a law-school is to the subsequent triumphs of the successful lawyer."

The judge was wholly unconscious that his portrayal of the probable destiny of a young and attractive girl filled Sydney with amusement tempered with antipathy.

"Cousin Abby will undoubtedly do her duty—you know how well it will be done. Why go into the harrowing details? Can't you see her on my wedding-day saying to the family: 'Heaven knows I have done my duty to Sydney, I have been a mother to her'? Is there no other profession open to a girl than that of marriage? Let me at least try. I am not a fool, and if I marry it will be because I want to marry, and not because I'm handed over to a man by my family."

Plainly this girl had been reading—a dangerous thing is a little specious argument in the hands of ladies. The judge was genuinely distressed. Were a girl beautiful as Venus she would be spoiled by this kind of nonsense. Who would want a wife with "views"? It was but one step to "woman's rights."

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In due course Roxford heard of Sydney's incendiary sentiments, and it asked itself, with the consciousness of duty done at home, what could be expected of a girl who had been allowed to grow up in her father's library, where Tom Paine, Shakespeare, and Byron were not even under lock and key? Mrs. Allen Tucker related to Judge Maitland that when she was a young girl her father pasted together certain pages of Shakespeare rather than run the risk of having the young people read them. The judge bowed before the ripe and perfect fruitage of such a system. And Mrs. Tucker continued that she was willing to offer Sydney "the sanctuary of her home"—she could never deny herself a mouth-filling phrase —"but that she'd stand no 'women's rights' foolishness." The young girls of Sydney's own age did not take her ambitions toward a profession very seriously; she was quite clever enough, they believed, to have a trick up her sleeve that would be offered in due season.

To the great inconvenience of Mrs. Allen Tucker—who was homesick for her own coffee, her beaten biscuit, and the orderly swing of housekeeping as it was maintained in her own home —Sydney continued to cling to the old house, though the sign announcing its sale was already affixed to the maple on the lawn; and Mrs. Tucker, scrupulous in fulfilling blood obligations, remained with her. The girl felt that if she went with her Cousin Abby, that step would be the last of her as an individual. She would then begin her novitiate in that repressed sisterhood—that silent order that was only too well known in the South a generation ago—of peripatetic guests and dependents. She had known many of them to grow old in this polite slavery, ladies who could never afford the luxury of an idea, for fear it might not be cordially received by their temporary hostess and task-mistress. They had not married, for all the manipulation of their own particular Cousin Abbys, and their relatives accepted their services at pickling season, or in times of illness, or when there were weddings or deaths, and there was need of some one to take charge. At such times the professional visitor would go from house to house, courteous and repressed—grateful for old clothes, grateful for advice, always grateful for everything, and with never a penny to call her own but what the caprice of her hostess might offer for her services—culinary or funereal.

Sydney was willing to pickle, or to preserve, or to nurse

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the sick, but she wanted to do these things away from the comments of her relatives, and she wanted to be paid for them in coin of the realm. There was another reason, too, at the bottom of the girl's desire to "go out into the world"—a postscript reason that told the motive that the long letter lacked—but Sydney showed her postscript to no one. Judge Maitland, who never suspected it, was at the end of his arguments—and his patience. He wrote a long letter to Burrell Peters—then in Naples—telling little in the way of detail regarding the passing of their late friend and kinsman, but lavish in diatribe as to the lack of repose in the modern young woman. Peters, who knew his correspondent, read skippingly till he came to the last paragraph: "Sydney Reverdy now insists on going to New York to earn her living; she is full of specious arguments. Matthew unfortunately allowed her to read too much for a young lady—"

Peters folded the letter, consulted a steamship company's leaflet that offered sailing dates for the next three months, and decided to go home immediately; and this despite the fact that he had come to Naples to make the Amalfi-Sorrento circuit, and he was reckoned a trifle set in his ways. He was a bachelor of graciously mellowing years, whose exact number would have come in the nature of a shock to a new acquaintance. He had "drifted" with time so suavely—birthdays were honored in the breach by him, they never came in a series of rude jolts—that he gave to youth, when youth was of his own sex and disadvantageously pitted against him, something of the acrid rasp of an unmellowed vintage. He was one of those men with whom women, even to the remotest eddy of cousindom, and sometimes even farther, delight to emphasize a connection real or fancied. He was "Cousin Burrell" to half the county. Beside the glamour of bachelorhood, which potentially confers a man on every woman, the glamour of travel, experience, cosmopolitanism was upon him. It was generally understood about Roxford that the only reason that kept "Cousin Burrell" from making his mark in literature was that he found life too brilliantly absorbing for him to tie himself to the tedium of a desk. He had been the star to which, alas! many ladies had hitched the wagon of their fondest trust, but he continued to shine brilliant and solitary—the exquisitely forlorn hope of successive generations. Daughters dreamed and fluttered where their mothers dreamed and flut-

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tered before them, but "Cousin Burrell" was always slipping away to Europe and the Orient, and the voyages which gave him such prestige in Roxford doubtless contributed, in no small degree, to the charmed life he seemed to bear, matrimonially speaking.

When *Jane Eyre* was a newer book in Roxford than it is to-day, and young ladies—often surreptitiously—followed the fortunes of the governess with full emotional accompaniment, the delicate aquilinity of "Cousin Burrell's" profile seldom failed to illustrate the countenance of Rochester. Who could tell?—at that very moment perhaps he was eating his heart out for—the reader. Some cruel entanglement of early youth, doubtless, kept him from "speaking." Be that as it may, "Cousin Burrell" had a heavy load of romance to carry on his broad shoulders. That he carried it and was on friendly terms with all the contributors argued eloquently for his talents in diplomacy.

Sydney Reverdy had no such illusions; she knew him too well to convert him into a vehicle for romance. He and her cynical old father had been great cronies. She remembered their amusing comment on Roxford's social conditions—the long patient shoeing, in secret, of that tyrannous "best foot," before it could be put forward for the inspection of kith and kin. Perhaps "Cousin Burrell" was implicated in Sydney's secret postscript, and she preferred that the makeshifts of her poverty should play out their little comedies elsewhere than for his good-natured amusement. Humor, that doubtful gift of the gods, more especially to the feminine recipient, invested her with a shuddering dread of the *rôle* her family seemed bent on her playing. After all, should she have to yield to them and "make her home with friends"? This was the euphemistic triumph, the funeral pomp as it were, that they employed to bury alive hapless gentlewomen—of no fortune.

Roxford felt rather sulkily that Sydney Reverdy was stirring it out of all proportion to the importance of the issue involved. While she had not spoken of her affairs to any one except those who constituted themselves her guardians—it felt that her attitude of revolt impugned their standards. And then they dropped her of their own volition in favor of a topic perennially new and absorbing. "Cousin Burrell" had returned from Italy—Sydney was among the first to hear the news.

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"Poor man," was all she said, "how many suppers he'll have to eat."

Supper was Roxford's ceremonious meal—it still dined at midday. Sydney already felt assured of Peters' sympathy; he was no narrow provincial who would rob a woman of her birthright of independence because she was of his kin. He would be her advocate, he would plead her cause with Judge Maitland and Mrs. Allen Tucker. And when she had made up her mind that he would smooth away her difficulties toward independence, she locked her door and spent the afternoon in tears.

Next morning's mail brought Miss Reverdy a note from Mr. Peters, briefly expressing his sympathy for her loss and the hope that she would find it convenient to receive him that afternoon. Sydney glanced up from the hastily written page with a look of blankness in her face. The sight of the handwriting had led her to expect a different sort of letter. He was her kinsman and oldest friend; the happiest recollections of her life were the evenings he had spent with them—their delightful triangular talks, he sometimes as ally, sometimes as opponent, and her keen old father leading the talk, now humorously, now whimsically, but always keeping it up to the standards of his day, when men boasted Clay and Webster as contemporaries—"and could answer them, too, sir, if they didn't agree with them."

Sydney had already begun to pack when Mr. Peters' card came up. Whatever she might do, go to New York or stay in Virginia with Mrs. Tucker, the ordeal of leaving her old home must be gone through with. She paid "Cousin Burrell" the tribute of a fresh coiffure, but whether from a species of perverse vanity or a deliberate avowal of indifference, only she could have told. The result was a quakerish demureness not at all unbecoming. She called it declining to make herself look pretty "like the rest of them."

Meanwhile "Cousin Burrell" was sitting on the claw-footed sofa in the meagrely furnished drawing-room. For the first time its aspect of brave poverty appealed to his sense of pity. Heretofore, there had been almost a swagger about the few bits of really good mahogany; they were like a company of Spanish grandees keeping up a fine tradition of self-sufficiency among themselves. But now it was as if they had lost the humor of the situation, with the deluge at hand. The old

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French clock on the mantel seemed to sigh away the moments, and the miniatures of Matthew Reverdy's grandmother and grandfather, looking down from either side of the clock, had already the pathos of dispossession.

"Cousin Burrell" could see in the mirror opposite that the hair about his temples was grayer than when he had last sat in that room. His slightly faded aspect of perfect distinction had seemed to him in Paris, in Monte Carlo, in London—and heretofore in Roxford—an adequate and desirable exponent of his personality. But now, regarding himself critically in that frankest of mirrors, he found the presentation a trifle disconcerting.

"It is presumptuous." And "Cousin Burrell" deliberately turned his back on the reflection in the mirror. Had the watchful eye of Roxford a glimpse of its universal cousin as he awaited the appearance of Sydney it would have had difficulty in recognizing in the submissively apprehensive man its nonchalant social connoisseur, its pride, its most ornamental citizen.

Sydney was in the room before he realized it, her black frock making her seem older and her manner suggesting defenses in reserve. If he attacked her plan of going to New York—and his letter led her to believe he would—he'd find she was not unprepared in the matter of argument.

The cousinly privilege that had always been taken for granted, after long absences, and that each regarded as "entirely perfunctory" on the part of the other, was more conspicuous on this occasion in its omission than it would have been in the observance. Conversation balked—they were like travelers that didn't start—or at least Mr. Peters was, sulkily declining any of Sydney's various leads.

"Haven't we made rather a bad beginning?" suggested "Cousin Burrell." "Forgotten something? I've always been a stickler for old forms and ceremonies."

"So I've understood," Sydney answered demurely. "But I believe I've grown to be a—dissenter." She was all sparkling mischief, the teasing Sydney he had known from babyhood; but in a moment she was sitting erect in her straight-backed chair, relentless as an armored cruiser awaiting attack. Her defenses wanted but the word; she was ready, shot and shell, to open up fire against any possible assault on the economic independence of her sex.

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But astute "Cousin Burrell" was too old a campaigner to waste his ammunition against such Fourth of July cannon; hadn't he taught her to load and fire them himself for the pure mischief of seeing her frighten the old ladies of Roxford?

"You've had a hard time, my dear; shouldn't you like to travel for a little while and try to forget—"

The toy cannon made ready for business. "Then you haven't heard of my plans?"

"Cousin Burrell's" wise, kind eyes intimated that he was perfectly familiar with her plans. Very soothingly he answered: "When a great sorrow uproots and strands us, Sydney dear, we are apt to make plans that leave out of consideration any possible return to happiness."

"You speak as if I had the power to choose."

"And so you have, dear, unless you are going to try to make yourself over into one of those sad, gray women who go about looking for wheels on which to break themselves in the name of duty."

And these were the words of the one-time ally! "But you always said, you and father, that when a woman is left as I am, it is so much better to take whatever little ability she has and turn it to practical account, instead of being harbored by relatives like a bit of out-grown bric-a-brac that is allowed to knock about the house for sentiment's sake."

"But if the bric-a-brac is exquisite, a joy to look at, a privilege to have, we prize it for its intrinsic worth."

Her eyes were half saucy, half sad, as she answered him: "Doubtless a great deal of well-meaning bric-a-brac has started on its career to the attic with that false premise, failing to take into account that much basking on the mantel-piece will turn it yellow and that new styles will supersede."

"But age will only increase its value if it's Sèvres, or Chelsea, or Dresden, and—"

"But what a destiny—that of a perpetually smiling shepherdess, forever at the mercy of the house-maid's duster."

There was a full measure of pity in his glance, but of that he was unconscious. The poor child, who spoke so contemptuously of smiling destinies, what sort of destiny would await her in the world? But he answered lightly: "I fear this young shepherdess, whose destiny we are considering, will not evade the duster in whatever walk of life she elects to tread. If she refuses to smile beautifully as a shepherdess, she has her choice

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of growing old and unbeautiful as a marionette; and they, too, are subject to the peril of the duster—doing little futile things that any one can do as well—"

"But you never talked like this before. You said—"

"Yes, yes; but now let us look at the reverse of the medal."

"Let's not; I'm bored to death with the reverse of the medal. See, I know all the little stencils by heart. A woman loses her privileges in proportion as she gains her rights. Let her not expect a salary and a seat in the street-car, for both of these things do indicate an exceeding covetousness. Man is no longer her natural protector, but her rival, ready not only to wrest from her her job, but likewise the sandwich she has thriftily brought from home for her lunch. She must be prepared to face all seasons—the rain which causes her hair to uncurl and herself to look exceedingly unlovely; the wintry blast which will redden her nose; the summer heat which will cause the same to shine. Furthermore, let her beware that she does not lose her heart to one of these rivals—"

"Don't, dear, don't; there is so much bitter truth in all that you say so lightly. How can you know, in the beautiful morning of your youth, that there is nothing sadder in the world than a girl beating herself to pieces on the inevitable—"

"You've said it—the inevitable. Then why discuss it?"

"Dear child, because ninety-nine sheep go over a cliff, why must you be the hundredth? Why won't you stay with Abby Tucker till your father's affairs can be more thoroughly sifted? Surely some means can be devised to make the estate yield an income."

"My dear Burrell, as my most distinguished relative, you would be giving me away within the year to any one—'rich-man, poor-man, beggar-man, thief.' Cousin Abby has but one method with girls: they are made to walk the plank into the matrimonial sea, the band, meantime, playing Lohengrin, the relatives smiling inanely and throwing rice."

"Is that her method? Then that settles it, Sydney. It is but another case of trust betrayed—of the dishonest steward. Granting me the right to give you away, I merely abscond. Sydney, you belong to me, I've stolen you. You are mine—mine."

The color broke on her cheek and brow, wave after wave, then receded. "I don't understand—"

"That I have come to claim you instead of the fairy prince?

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Dear Sydney, that is one of those pieces of black injustice of which the world is full. The fairy prince ought to have come driving up in his golden chariot with the crystal slipper to fit your foot; but the world has grown old and gray, and the fairy princes that I used to read to you about when you were a little girl are all dead. Realism in art killed them, and a dreadful thing that they call Pure Reason. But if this dreadful ogre had not killed your fairy prince, believe me, Sydney, I would never have spoken. As your nearest of kin I should have given you to him with the best grace in the world, and like Punchinello: 'Then sat him down and wept.'"

She put her hand to her forehead. "I don't understand—I think it's because you're sorry for me."

"Sorry for you—because you have youth, loveliness, and brains, and all the world before you? Accept my most sincere condolence for these things."

She smiled at him with eyes that were wet with tears.

"Dear Sydney, please say yes; not because I deserve it, but because I'm so tired of traveling about waiting for you to grow up. In the absence of the fairy prince, please say yes."

"You have always been my fairy prince," she said.

Roxford abandoned itself to astonishment, not of the polite, eyebrow-raising kind, but of the dour species that sudden death and calamity generate. Its idol had feet of clay. How could a man who had been twice around the world marry a girl who had never been away even to boarding school? Mothers who had sedulously done their duty in this respect, and "spared no expense" in the matter of "extras," had the blank look of asking what the world was coming to? Then, because the habit of making a hero of him had been going on so long that it was difficult to drop immediately, they fitted up a working hypothesis that rescued him at the eleventh hour. He was marrying her from motives of chivalry. How could he let a relative "go out into the world and make her own way"? As for her—every one knew how clever she was.

With mid-October came the wedding-day. The maples had clothed themselves in wedding garments of scarlet and gold for the occasion, and the sky was blue as the heart of a turquoise. It was like a "before the war" wedding, with kith and kin coming from every side, and Mrs. Allen Tucker's old "man-

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sion" disposing of them all with real Southern strategy. The darkies who lived on the borders of her land, and who still regarded themselves as belonging to the family, were wild with festal joy and clustered round the outer gate to participate in the excitement of arriving packages. The florist's men had driven away, the crimson carpet was spread down the broad white steps—everything was in readiness.

The ceremony was to be at eight. Already it was six, and Sydney, in a marvel of a petticoat, was stepping about in her white, high-heeled slippers.

Two of the bridesmaids, dressed in picture gowns of rose and white, watched the performance critically.

"Do I walk as if they were new?"

"'The bride limped to the altar on the arm of her uncle.' No, they can't say that about you; but when I get married I'm going to wear old slippers that I've danced and had a good time in."

"That's an idea." Ada Beverly tried her picture hat at another angle. "It's always so hard to find the something 'old.'"

"'Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue,'" Belle Peters quoted. "Chalk the soles, Sydney. It isn't that wedding-shoes are tight, it's because the soles are slippery that makes brides walk so awkwardly. I know, I've been bridesmaid six times."

"Have you a 'going, going, gone,' feeling, Syd?" Molly Bainbridge addressed herself to the company in the manner of one thinking aloud. "Do you know, no matter how desperately in love I was, I think at the last minute I'd run away, change my mind."

"Sydney, my dear," and Mrs. Allen Tucker stood in the door, "you've only left yourself an hour and forty-five minutes to put on your wedding-gown and veil!"

"Heaven help me, I shall surely die an old maid!" And Sydney, who was rubbing the soles of her slippers with a lump of magnesia, stopped.

"Girls, I really think Sydney will make better progress if you go to your own rooms." Mrs. Tucker's smile cleared the room of all but Aunt Annibel, who as "mammy" claimed the privilege of dressing her nursling for the great event.

"Shall you put on yo' weddin'-dress now, Honey?"

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"O Mammy, get me my wedding-bouquet—Uncle Joshua put it in the spring-house to keep it cool."

The wedding-gown lay on the bed, a mass of shimmering, pearly white. Sydney looked at it, a little in awe of its significance. How wonderful it all was—she who had been so friendless, so alone. And she had loved him ever since she could remember. That was why she had wanted to go away, that he might not see her first blundering steps in this hateful venture. Yes; she could call it a hateful venture, now that it was never going to happen.

From the room on the other side of the hall where the bridesmaids were dressing, she heard a peal of laughter—then another—then a perfect chorus of it. Sydney wondered what it was about. She had a sudden sense of loneliness. Why had Cousin Abby turned them out? It had been so jolly, being there all together. She started toward the door, then heard—

"No, I shouldn't think it was necessary for her to chalk the soles of her slippers to walk to 'Cousin Burrell!'"

"She could have managed it on glass—or a tight-rope."

"My dears, I always admired brains, and Burrell Peters would have gone on philandering to the end of the chapter, if Sydney Reverdy hadn't been clever enough to land him with her little trick."

"Don't you think she ever intended to go to New York?"

"No, indeed; she knew what she was about. Burrell Peters would never let a woman relative of his go to New York to earn her living. She was clever—she always was clever."

"He did it for pure chivalry."

Sydney put her hands to her ears. Was it true, was he marrying her because it was repugnant to him to see a young gentlewoman earn her bread among strangers?

The wheels of reason whirled wildly, then stopped with a sudden jerk. He had argued against her going North. Yes; he had begged that she content herself at Cousin Abby's. Yes; all this was true. He had never married before; and he was forty-three years of age. They had laughed at the difference in their ages only the night before. She hid her face in the folds of her wedding-dress and cringed. But he shouldn't marry her—no; even at the eleventh hour. She'd hide like

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the bride whose skeleton they found years afterward in a chest—Genevra. Yes; she could remember sentimental little girls reciting "Genevra" on Friday afternoons at school.

She laughed wildly. Cousin Abby's home furnished no carved chests for recalcitrant brides. She must go away. She went to the clothes-press and slipped a black gown over the white silk petticoat. It was but the work of a moment to button it. She ran to the door and listened—already she could hear the labored breathing of Mammy Annibel as she climbed the back stairs bearing the bridal bouquet. Sydney rushed down the hall and hid in a darkened room. The old negress passed on. She could smell the delicate fragrance of mignonette as her old nurse carried the bouquet past the door. Mignonette was her favorite flower, she had asked her fiancé to have some sprays of it put into the wedding-bouquet, Uncle Joshua made way for her at the foot of the back stairs. he had not recognized her with a black lace scarf thrown over her head. She gained the back porch—the one on which the kitchen pantries opened. In her frantic desire to escape she forgot, for the moment, the pain of her awakening—her only desire was to release this man who was marrying her because he was sorry for her.

She ran nimbly down the steps into the darkness, giving one backward glance at the house ablaze with lights in every window. At the outer gate of the plantation there was a laughing, chattering group of darkies awaiting the arrival of the wedding-guests. They made way for her, thinking it was some returning hair-dresser or dressmaker. She passed on swiftly, and soon the darkness of the open road swallowed her. She had just time to step into the hedge as a carriage-load of guests drove past. "I wouldn't miss it for worlds," some one within the carriage said. "The most elusive bachelor in Christendom captured by a little minx—" She put her hands to her ears and ran—then glanced down at the flash of something white—ah, yes, she had forgotten to change her wedding-slippers.

She hurried as fast as the useless, high-heeled things would carry her, with no definite plans, only to escape, that the man she loved might not marry her out of charity. Another carriage passed and another—full of laughing wedding-guests. Unconsciously she put her hand into her pocket and found her purse. She had worn the gown to do the last of her

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shopping. There was over twenty dollars in her pocket. Thank heaven! It would be enough to take her away. The down train to Richmond would come through at five minutes to nine. She would take it—then to Washington, then New York.

The girl cut across the fields to avoid the road to Roxford. About a half mile from the town there was a little station with a watering tank near by, and here trains stopped sometimes to water their engines. And presently, worn, panting, she arrived at the little open shed and sank exhausted on the bench.

What were they doing at the house? They must have discovered her absence almost immediately, but they would never think of this little station. They would search the grounds to-night, and to-morrow, perhaps, the pond. And they would inquire at the Roxford station, and if they did find where she had been—she would have a day ahead of them. The moments crept on slowly. Surely the train must be due. Would it stop, would she be able to signal it?

She heard something in the distance that sounded like the train. Down the tracks a great smoking light began to flash, streaming and formless, like a blazing lantern. It kept close to the tracks. If the 8:55 were on time there would be a collision. The streaming comet slowed down as it approached the shed and she made out that it was a hand-car with some one carrying a torch. A man sang out to its occupants from beyond the tank: "Nothing but a freight," he said, "no one hurt."

"Will the 8:55 be late?" she inquired breathlessly.

"Not more than five or ten minutes."

A frantic apprehension seized her. Would the delayed train defeat her purpose? Would they find her and bring her back for Burrell Peters to marry for charity? She wouldn't. No; she wouldn't make the responses. The splendor of the autumn night gradually began to lay soothing hands on her distracted consciousness. She looked up at the dark sky sown with stars, million on millions, as if perchance the little blind love god had scattered them to the undoing of mortals. The first hills of the blue ridge huddled softly as lambs laid down to sleep. The floor of the shed began to vibrate, then tremble with the rush of the oncoming train. Its great unwinking eye rounded

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the curve and with a succession of heaving shocks it began to slow down. It was at hand, the train that was to take her away from love—and all that made life worth while.

The brakeman was holding his lantern to help some one alight. She stepped aside to make room. The lantern revealed two pale, eager faces—Sydney's and her lover's. She swayed unsteadily, he slipped his arm about her and motioned to the brakeman. The train moved on, leaving them alone on the trembling platform.

"Dearest, how like you it was to come! My telegram must have frightened you. You thought I was hurt, didn't you?—and you came all alone to see. But they ought not to have let you come."

"They didn't know, I ran away—"

"You would always find me, dearest, even as you found the real me years and years ago. But when we crashed into the freight—I ran over to Peterboro' at the last moment to have another look at the old place; I wanted it to be at its very best for my little lady. I thought when we crashed into that train—that perhaps I wouldn't be able to speak to you when you came."

Then she knew that her running away had been all but futile—a turn more of the wheel, perhaps, and she might have been running away from him—dead!

"You shan't make a heroine of me. You mustn't think I came to find you." And then she told him all, finishing with true feminine logic: "I don't want to run away now—because —you might have been killed."

"And have I made such a sorry lover that you didn't understand how much I've loved you? Dearest Sydney, all other women are platitudes compared to you. Even this running away is but another page. Dearest child, you are an ever fascinating romance."

"But I hate them all and shall never be married before them."

"Nothing easier. We'll walk to Roxford and be married by the curate. Then we'll go back and tell them."

Roxford never quite understood the mystery, nor did it quite forgive—but the Burrell Peters are the happiest people in the country.

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PROBLEMS IN CHARITY.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

I.

THE approaching National Conference of Catholic Charities serves to direct renewed attention to the complicated problem of relieving and upbuilding the socially helpless classes. All conventions of those actively engaged in charity are efforts to learn more about social conditions, to examine and improve methods of dealing with the poor, and to test the practical aims which inspire these efforts.

An accurate knowledge of poverty is very valuable. Thorough study of its causes leads one to question the moral validity of institutions under which it exists. Some who make the study are led into radical theories of total social reconstruction. Others are led to reaffirm the fundamental institutions on which the social order rests, but to demand very important modifications of them and far-reaching changes in the ways of meeting the problems. Others again see in modern poverty rather a sign of social and spiritual failure than of bankruptcy of social organization. Some there are who look without thinking and see without feeling, and become conscious of no problem, agreeing with Podsnap in *Our Mutual Friend*, who first denied that any poor starved to death; then claimed that, if they did, it was their own fault; then claimed that proud England nobly provided for its poor; and then asserted that it is by decree of Providence that there are poor; and wound up by declaring that the subject is disagreeable and should not be mentioned in polite society.

Numberless charity organizations have sprung up because the condition of the poor does challenge our institutions, our wisdom, and our methods in dealing with them. The wholesale criticism of traditional methods in charity is further proof of the deep hold which the problem has taken on society, and the reckless eagerness with which "new" views are embraced is as much a sign of hope as it is a proof of thoughtless love

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of untried innovation. All fundamentals in charity work are questioned nowadays. The relation of the Church to poverty and its causes; the relation of state or city to relief and prevention; the relations of Church and State in charity; relations of voluntary organizations to political authority in serving the poor; relations of these organizations among themselves; the natural rights of the poor when in seeming conflict with the rights of society; the validity of traditional views against new views; the ultimate standards from which the higher laws of relief must be drawn; in a word, everything is in question. And thus arise philosophies, policies, antagonisms, with their undercurrents, all of which worry the peace lover and jeopardize progress in the real solution of the problem.

The questions involved are vital. The mass of poverty which confronts modern society is simply appalling. The amount of money that would be required to capitalize charity in the United States challenges belief. The difficulties in the way of concerted and sympathetic action of all agencies, because largely inherent and natural, offer no promise of being mastered, and yet we must be optimists. We must believe in the successful outcome of things. In this field really lies the most serious challenge to our civilization, to our Christianity. We have learning enough, literature enough, churches enough, political institutions and schools enough, to do us credit; but the great failure of our time is our failure to treat, wisely and effectively, our failures.

Every institution, every civilization, fails at some spot. Its real wisdom is shown in its provision for its failures. Competitive institutions are good for the strong, but fatal to the weak. Elective studies in universities help one class of students and harm another. Trust ennobles the honorable and encourages the crafty. Modern liberties curse as many as they bless. Since all institutions include persons of conflicting interests, of antagonistic temperaments, of different grades of moral insight and intellectual skill, there will always be a harvest of failures to be charged up, and in reality the finest wisdom in any institution should be devoted to the problem of providing for its failures.

The poor are our most conspicuous failures. In number, in paralysis of energy, in the failure of our ideals, of opportunity to reach and stimulate them, in their lack of response to the spur of necessity, to the touch of hope, to the sense of re-

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sponsibility, they are failures. They are not our only failures, but they are the most conspicuous. It is only from the height that one can see the depths. It is the prevalence of exalted ideals that makes poverty seem so pitiful. It is the mighty energy in modern life that causes the poor to appear so helpless. It is oftentimes the very perfection of institutions, as such, that emphasizes their failure to uplift effectively the poor. Christianity gave us the deep doctrine of brotherhood which social facts so baldly contradict. Christ taught us the infinite value of the individual soul and the inherent sacredness of personal rights, but the facts in modern distress scorn us. The roots of charity are in these doctrines. They were destined to take the agony of nameless fear out of the heart of poverty and to replace it by the solace of trust. Christianity has furnished the social philosophy out of which charity sprung. Christianity gave us the doctrine and example on which charity was formed, and the motive and inspiration by which its energy was supplied. Charity comes down the centuries, first-born in the family of Christian virtues. Its spirit, sprung of the heart of Christ, whispered to strength the secret whereby strength might be sanctified. And, obediently, hopefully, health served disease, virtue served sin, learning served ignorance, freedom served captivity, wisdom served the fool, and wealth served poverty. Thus arose the communities in the Church which loved and served the helpless because they believed that these were loved of God.

Charity has not escaped the world movement that is changing everything. Everything is nowadays to be separated from everything else. Science must separate from faith; education from religion; morals from dogma; State from Church; and, say our modern thinkers, charity must separate from the supernatural. Thus we face the new philanthropy. Thinkers do more of this separating than life does. As we think these forces apart, life seems to drive them back into association. And thus the Church stands out more impressed by the facts of life than by the innovations of the thinkers. She is quite as much impressed by the failures of science as she is by its successes. She realizes that the history of error requires more volumes than the history of truth. She remembers many false prophets and false prophecies among scientists as well as among believers. The new philanthropy is not the first "new" force that she has faced. Nor will it be surprising if at some not

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distant day the new philanthropy will turn back to the old and ask it for some of its time-tried secrets.

And thus, in the midst of disconcerting changes, we are going to be slow. We shall hold to our philosophy, to our doctrine, to our motive and inspiration in charity work. It will continue to be an organic part of our faith and we shall continue to look to the life beyond—toward which the Savior pointed—for stimulation and recompense. We shall continue to see the benediction of Jesus Christ awaiting us beyond the prostrate figure to which we minister. But this is only one-half of our attitude.

We have made mistakes and we shall continue to make them. We have our failures, as all institutions have their failures. We do not love our mistakes; we are not wedded to them; but we know of no infallibility in human reason, and no finality in earthly wisdom. The philosophy, doctrine, and motive of our charity must be supplemented by our own efforts. Our understanding of social laws and causes, our common sense in dealing with human nature, and our personal consecration, affect the efficiency and adequacy of our charity at all times. Relations change, methods wear out, hence we must observe, reflect, experiment, and learn. We will learn eagerly and gratefully from every source: from the new philanthropy as well as from our own; from our critics just as hopefully as from our leaders. The poor are too sacred in the mind of Christ to permit us to be swayed by feeling if those who do not like us or admire our ways may still teach us well.

If our critics ask us whether we have finally settled on the one wise way to deal with orphans, we answer: No; nor do we think that they have. If they ask us if we have discovered how to give relief without at all enervating the recipient, we answer: No; nor do we think that they have. If they ask us if we can prevent wife-desertion and drunkenness among the poor, we answer: No; nor do we think they can. If they ask us if all of our workers among the poor are wise, farsighted, tender, and patient, we answer: No; nor do we think that theirs are. And hence we are willing to learn. But we sometimes formulate our thoughts badly. We have within our circles the secret of finding tens of thousands who consecrate themselves entirely to the service of the poor, and are satisfied to leave the account with God. But often this consciousness takes on a form of opposition to paid workers who are found in such large numbers in the new philanthropy. Those among us

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who reflect, avoid the mistake. If those who serve the Gospel should live by it, why not apply the law to those who serve charity. The mind accustomed to unpaid work in charity needs time and widening of horizon to understand that it may be necessary to change that order.

The same is true with regard to much of the opposition to scientific charity. The new philanthropy sometimes expresses badly what it means by "scientific," and we sometimes make mistakes in opposing it. When errors are cleared away, friend and enemy are not so far apart. St. Vincent de Paul was scientific in a true sense. We are not afraid to follow him.

Should we Catholics ever drift into the shallow conviction that we cannot learn anything new, should we ever deceive ourselves into the belief that we have settled problems in charity, we would, indeed, need critics whose sharpness would sting us and startle us out of such a paralyzing illusion. Only by understanding that everything fails at some point, will we be docile. Only by believing that we are failing here or there, and can do better, will we be progressive. Only by recalling the guesses and mistakes that flock around everything new in history, can we be conservative; only by recalling that Christ gives the poor to us in charge, can we be patient in the face of criticism and firm in face of trial.

It is well for us to be reminded constantly that in our charity work we but share the common lot. Respectable testimony is at hand which, it is claimed, shows that democracy is a failure; that our city government is a failure; that our public school system is a failure; that our prison administration is a failure; that our criminal law practices and institutions are a disgrace to civilization. Every day we hear of "new" methods in teaching and of failure of the "old," in art, in music, in raising children, in medicine, in everything. Shall we Catholics alone claim exemption, and say that we do not fail? Shall we refuse to study, observe, experiment, simply because sharp critics assail us and a too eager spirit of innovation about us leads us to fear all innovation too much?

We must be open-minded toward every problem in charity. Let us hold to our philosophy, to our doctrine, to our supernatural motive and inspiration. Then let us seek progress in method and practical aim from friend and from critic, from conservative and radical, from new and from old. In doing

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this there is no need to surrender the cherished and venerable traditions of the spirit of charity; no need to part company with the saints, whose halo of sanctity would seem to be their visible reward of their service of the poor; no need to forget the unnumbered thousands of men and women who found a noble destiny for talent and thought in consecrated personal ministrations to the lowly; no need to surrender the symbols of the power of the supernatural motive and heavenly inspiration which was, in old days, a nursery of heroes and heroines and nowadays meets so often but scant courtesy.

The situation is not simple. We need a more widely developed sense of responsibility toward the poor and more accurate knowledge of social relations and processes. Means in greater abundance, secured by more refined methods, are necessary. We are sometimes in danger of surrendering too much of our traditions because the chorus of fault-finding is impressively loud. We may love an old method because it is easy and dislike a new one just because it is difficult.

The widely shared feeling of unrest in our charity circles has given rise to the concerted movement expressed in the formation of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. We need the guidance of our collective thought. We need the inspiration of collective presence. We need collective wisdom in dealing with the new philanthropy and with the old. The formation of this conference is a step toward such results. Its aim will be largely to find out the condition of our charities and the validity of the methods in them. It will endeavor gradually to understand the current in modern charity and to estimate rightly its value. It, therefore, becomes a work of primary importance to the American Church and one of direct appeal to Catholics in general. In order to place its efforts in their relation to problems a review in outline of general charity conditions is herewith suggested.

II.

There are four classes of persons who must be looked to by the associations which perform works of charity, each presenting distinct problems, a distinct spirit, and each requiring entirely different treatment. First, there are those who do not know the facts in modern poverty. This class needs information, instruction. Second, there is a class which knows the co-

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ditions well enough, but feels no responsibility for them. They are cold individualists. This class needs not information, but inspiration, formation of a social conscience. Third, there is a class which feels the impulse to social service, but seems not to know what to do. Such have need of leadership, of direction, or organization, and there are those who are actively at work, some working wisely and some foolishly, some producing noble results and others holding back progress. Many of these have need of improvement in methods and widening of social outlook or deepening of knowledge of social conditions. Organized charities are thus confronted by four distinct, complex problems: that of instruction; that of spiritual information and inspiration; that of organization itself; and that of finding effective methods among changing and complex conditions.

The first class referred to is fairly large. There is no one who does not know that poverty is to be found. But the knowledge is remote, speculative. The mass of distress is so great that many are repelled. Lack of evident relation between any given poor and any given well-to-do helps to keep one's sympathies suppressed. Life as most of us live it is busy; it is filled with complex relations, with struggle for existence or for maintenance of standard, or for social advance. Means and energy are so absorbed that one is conscious of no superfluous resources, available for any good purpose. The well-to-do are everywhere separated from the poor: at church, in the theatre, in society, in residence districts. We never see the poor at work or at home. It is true that modern books, magazines, lecturers, and official investigations are forcing much knowledge into higher circles. It is true that there is to-day less excuse than ever before for ignorance of the details of poverty. But with all allowances made, an ignorance is still to be found among the well-to-do that hinders many from any action and even any impulse toward personal interest in the conditions of the poor.

Decent interest in one's city; patriotic regard for city institutions and administration as these affect the poor; intelligent understanding of modern industrial conditons in one's city; some grasp on the duty of society as a whole toward its failures; zeal for the vigorous assertion of social and spiritual ideals; conscientious desire to follow the literal, emphatic teaching of Jesus Christ—all of this should be found in the Christian American citizen. Any one of such motives should

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lead him directly to take interest in the poor. But many, unfortunately, are never aroused by all of them taken together—never aroused even to a rudimentary interest. We may grant that it is out of the question for one to know all. Yet one may know something; one may work in some line; one may lend a hand toward alleviation somewhere. But the number who fail to do even this is too large to be overlooked.

Progress in charity, in civic life, in religion, demands, then, that systematic effort be made to instruct this class; to spread information in such form as to stir sluggish sympathies into eager service. Organized charity, then, must give attention to this problem. Only some such body as a national conference can make the thorough survey required, and, on the whole, adopt methods fitted to bring about the desired awakening. Not that organized charity itself can accomplish all of this: but it can do much. And it can enlist in the work schools, press, and pulpit. A difficult task awaits him who would show that a knowledge of the classics, or of history, or of geology is of greater cultural, spiritual, and social value to our young than is a knowledge of the ebb of civilization among the poor. A revision of valuations on all sides might awaken us to a realization that accurate knowledge of this literal "underworld," with stirred sympathies leading to thoughtful service, might be worth as much in the development of the young as courses in ethics and possibly higher catechism. The work of effective instruction in the facts of poverty remains to be done. It is one of the chief concerns of organized charity; one that a national conference can in the long run undertake to handle.

There is a second problem awaiting organized charity, an offshoot possibly of that just referred to: namely, that of awakening the social conscience where it is inactive in presence of sufficient information. There are hard, cold individualists who will maintain that poverty is the concern of the poor; that the poor are to blame usually for their plight. Such persons adopt a rigid standard of justice which is narrow and unsocial. They are encouraged in their attitude by the harsh struggle for material gain which they witness on every side, and by their lack of personal knowledge of the poor. They comfort themselves with the vague assumption that there are many good-natured people who will give whatever relief is necessary to the deserving poor.

This problem confronts organized charity, but cannot b

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happily solved by it. The social and spiritual teachers of the race must undertake to help. In as far as the social conscience enters the religious life, the formation of it becomes in large part the duty of the religious teacher. Inasmuch as the social conscience is an integral part of the good citizen, the formation of it becomes the duty of the school which professes to form good citizens. Inasmuch as the social conscience of society, as such, must come to expression in and through laws, it becomes the particular duty of the law-maker to be possessed of social conscience, to foster it, to enact it. Inasmuch as the social conscience is necessary to the man of wealth who believes that he is a steward, under God, of his wealth for society, he must develop it if he would be a falthful man. Inasmuch as the social conscience is a necessary element in the formation of the Christian-minded employer, he, too, must respect and obey it if he would be a good man, good citizen, good employer, good Christian. And thus the work of developing the social conscience in modern life becomes the joint duty of Church, school, legislator, property owner, and employer.

It is only through some such contrivance as conferences that these can be brought together to do this duty in the name of God, of humanity, of civilization, and of progress. And, therefore, by duty and by right, all of these must enter the charities conference. They must work together, must learn from one another, bear with one another, and seek in patient trust and tolerant discussion ways and means to organize, strengthen, and adapt social conscience to life. The charity worker, with possibly too much sympathy; the employer, with too little; the legislator, with indifference or even aversion; the teacher, not touching the problem at all; the minister of the gospel, at times maybe with strong speculative convictions and limited practical knowledge—must be brought together in sympathy, trust, and zeal to work out the problem for civilization and Christian faith.

The National Conference of Catholic Charities will find this a complicated problem. But it must be met fairly, honestly, patiently, slowly. At any rate, it must be met. And it would seem that the projected Conference can meet it best.

The third class referred to is made up of those who have the social conscience and do not know what to do. Their sympathies are active and their will is good. They are confused by the endless claims on them, by a sense of helplessness, and a

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subtle thought that, since not all can be done, it is not worth while to try to do anything. Such need leadership and organization. Division of labor is as necessary in charity as in shoemaking. The organization can place individuals where their aptitudes and circumstances will be taken into account. One allied with a hundred feels power, feels that what one does is worth while. One thinks of one's achievement in the totals that organization accomplishes. There are some who cannot do friendly visiting. They are awkward, self-conscious, and stupid in a poor home; but they can organize, sew, manage, or pray. The negro minister who told the men in his congregation to rush out and save a neighbor's house from fire, and ordered the women to remain in the church and pray, had a sense of situation that is not to be despised. Through organization in charity one finds his proper place, sees that his efforts count, that his wisdom and sympathy influence a much larger circle, and that he is protected against his own impulses and mistakes.

Organized charity must, therefore, organize charity. It must find out all who will serve and it must guide them in serving. Organized charity must know the problems in charity; it must see them as a whole, and measure resources with which to meet them.

The National Conference of Catholic Charities can, therefore, render good service to a great cause. It has already undertaken a survey of the conditions of Catholic charities in the United States. Its endeavor to learn problems, organization, limitations, successes, and failures; to find out what is needed and to take steps toward meeting the needs, stamps it at the outset as a practical, definite agency seriously bent on earnest work.

It is hardly necessary to undertake a defense of organization in charity, or to state again and again, with all possible emphasis, that no one wishes to crush individuality or formalize service of the poor, or take the heart out of charity. When organization is spoken of, one who believes in it takes it with its shortcomings, its dangers; but one hopes to minimize these and to accomplish much for the poor in the spirit of God.

The fourth problem confronting organized Catholic charities is that of method in work. We must hold sternly to the philosophy, the doctrine, the motive, and inspiration of Catholic

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charity, while modifying methods and immediate aims to meet new conditions. The new conditions are, indeed, complex. We must work out wisely and carefully our understanding of our relations to state and city in relief work. We must contribute our share to the discussion of the *rôle* of the Church in modern conditions. We have, then, to determine fairly and broadly our relations to the new philanthropy, with other organized charities which work in the same field, but often with different standards and principles. We have to seek out everything that is helpful, wise, approved, even among our critics, and incorporate it into our own works. We must hold ourselves in readiness to tell others some of the secrets of power and consecration which we have had for centuries.

We have, too, to work out new views of conditions. We must learn quickly to distinguish between what law must do in relief and prevention; what public opinion may do and what organization may do. And we must acquire the mental habit of referring facts to general situations. We are discovering that city administration means much to the poor. We must, therefore, take an interest in it for the sake of the poor. We see that laws alone can hinder a hundred processes in industry, in living conditions that are causing death and disease among the poor. In order to magnify preventive work to the utmost, we must work to secure legislation that will awaken public opinion.

Such changes in method of charity work will be made as modern conditions, together with ancient ideals, demand. Organization may never be too rigid to change as problems change. Safe guidance in this situation will be found when we come together in conference.

One may not close one's eyes to these great problems. Instruction, stimulation of social conscience, organization, suitable methods, are collective needs demanding collective wisdom and action. The National Conference which begins this great work will invade no field now occupied; it will displace no organization; and will in no way enter the field of actual relief. It can, however, explore conditions, renew the inspiration of old ideals, guide wisely in the larger relations of the work, and thus serve in no mean way to make our methods equal to our problems, our aims worthy of our ideals, and our achievements worthy of our Faith and its noble traditions of charity.

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SPAIN OF TO-DAY.

BY ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.

I.—THE COUNTRY AT LARGE.

THE newspapers have been teeming with news from Spain regarding the present crisis; but very few facts have been given their readers upon which to base any adequate view of events that are taking place. Even as I write, there are rumors of civil war and vague statements, without names, dates, or places, that the clergy are fomenting it. The Catholic committees have abstained from their projected protest against the present policy of the government, and that alone, irrespective of whether troops were massed or Radical counter-demonstrations were planned, shows that they have no desire to involve their country in insurrection or war. We have been regaled *ad libitum* through the press with extracts from the speeches of Liberal and Republican, nay, even Socialistic, leaders, but not a word has been said of the speeches, in reply, of La Cierva, Dalmacio Iglesias, Urguijo, and others, quite as notable in their way from the Conservative standpoint. This is not an entirely fair attitude for the American press; it ought to tell both sides of the story.

Spain is an intensely Catholic country, with Catholic traditions and Catholic prejudices running back to the earliest ages. Perhaps the Spaniards still have too much of the Goth in them, too much of the old inflexible spirit which drove out the Moor and protected all Europe from the Moslem. Spain has been the greatest country in the world, an empire vaster than that of ancient Rome. People are apt to forget this. And the old, proud spirit, that brooked no contradiction and knew no compromise, still dominates the people, although they are fallen from their high estate as rulers of the world. Perhaps Kings like Charles V. and Philip II., with their strong centralizing tendencies, laid the foundation; while lesser men, with all their faults and none of their capacity, completed the inflexibility which seems a part of the Spanish character as a whole. We who judge Spain as a whole must take into consideration this

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inheritance of history and tradition, as it is one of the things which make up nationality and keep alive the pulsing blood of the race.

Then, too, Spain is a poor country. It has been devastated by the English and the French, and has had besides civil wars of its own. All these things tend to make the Spaniard, somewhat like our proud Southern families after the Civil War, purely introspective and averse to dealing with things that come from the great powers which did so much harm to his native country. And these habits of mind frequently dominate those who wish to alter things—they desire to impose them autocratically, not by way of amendment or in the manner of compromise upon non-essentials.

Spain is a constitutional monarchy with a written Constitution, adopted in 1876, very similar, aside from the Monarchy and Established Church, to our own Constitution in its general provisions, and quite the equal of any of the constitutions of modern states. It embodies all the best principles of the previous Spanish Constitutions, together with the matters considered fundamental in a modern state, such as a bill of rights. To us Americans, viewed side by side with our own Constitution, it seems to be defective chiefly in its protection of individual and property rights, as we understand them, by not having sufficient checks to prevent their invasion. Unfortunately the Constitution is interpreted by the habits, usages, and predilections of old Spain, and its shortcomings must be attributed to those ingrained ideas rather than to the instrument itself. But it is a strong, liberal, and far-sighted document, equal to rank with the fundamental law of any modern state.

The executive power under the Constitution rests in the King, while the law-making power is vested in the Cortes, or Parliament, and the King. The Cortes is composed of two houses, the Senate and the Congress, equal in authority and law-making initiative. The ministry or cabinet may be chosen from either house, and the ministers may speak in debate in either house, but may vote only in the house to which they belong. The Constitution provides that the King is inviolable, but his ministers are responsible, and all his decrees must be countersigned by one of them. The Senate is composed of 360 Senators, divided into three classes: Senators in their *own right*, that is, sons of the King, other than the Prince of Asturias, sons of the successor to the throne, certain grandees

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of Spain, Captains-General, Presidents of the Supreme Councils, and all the Archbishops; Senators for life *(vitalicios)*, nominated by the Crown, who, together with the preceding class, cannot exceed 180 in number; the remainder are Senators elected for ten years by the corporations of the State, that is, the Universities, Communal and Provincial Assemblies, various corporate churches, and certain commercial bodies. To be either a *vitalicio*, or elected Senator, the candidate must have already been a President of Congress (Speaker), or a deputy who has sat for three consecutive parliaments or eight independent ones, former ministers of the Crown, bishops, grandees of Spain, lieutenant-generals of the army or vice-admirals of the navy who have served more than two years, ambassadors or ministers who have served five years, directors of the various Spanish National Academies, and certain others who have served in various capacities. The lower house or Congress of deputies is elected by universal suffrage, upon the basis of one deputy for every 50,000 of population throughout the kingdom. The qualification is that they must be Spanish and twenty-five years of age, and they are elected for a term of five years. The Cortes may be dissolved by the King at any time upon resignation of the ministry, as in the English Parliament. According to the law of 1890 every male Spaniard, twenty-five years of age, who has been a citizen of a municipality for two years, has the right to vote. Neither deputies nor senators are paid for their services, and cannot hold other office, except the cabinet ministry. There are at present 406 deputies in Congress.

Besides this central government, Spain has also local self-government. Very often many of the Spanish troubles are caused by the clash between the central government and the local government. Spain has forty-nine provinces, or, as we may call them, states; and each one of these provinces has its own individual parliament and local government. The provincial parliament or legislature is called the *Diputacion Provincial*, the members of which are elected by constituencies. These *Diputaciones Provinciales* meet in annual session, and the local government is carried on by the *Comision Provincial*, a committee elected by the legislature. Thus we see that government by commission is quite usual in Spain, although it is being heralded as a novelty in the government of cities in the United States. Neither the national executive nor the Cortes has the right to interfere in the established provincial or

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municipal administration, except to annul such acts as lie outside the sphere of such administration, very much like our State and Federal jurisdiction. The municipal government is provided for by a duly elected *Ayuntamiento*, corresponding to our aldermen or board of supervisors, which consists of from five to thirty-nine *regidores* (supervisors) or *concejales* (aldermen), according to the size of the municipality, and by an *Alcalde* (mayor) who in large places has one or two *Tenientes Alcaldes* (vice-mayors). The entire municipal government, with power of taxation, is vested in the *Ayuntamientos*. Half of their members are elected every two years, and they in turn elect the *Alcalde* from their own body. Thus it may be seen that Spain has a pretty fair local self-government, one which would be completely effective, were it not that pressure is frequently brought to bear upon the local elections by the central government. Such things are not wholly unknown in the United States.

Spain is chiefly an agricultural country and has no largely populated cities and industrial centres. The total population in 1900 was 9,087,821 males and 9,530,265 females, making a total of 18,618,086. The estimated population on January 1, 1909, was 19,712,285. The largest cities in Spain are Madrid and Barcelona; the former with 539,835, and the latter with 533,100 inhabitants. Valencia follows with 213,530, and Seville with 168,315. Two other cities, Malaga and Murcia, have over 100,000 inhabitants; but all the other cities in Spain were, in 1900, under that figure. It is in the cities of Spain that the modern radical, socialistic, and revolutionary elements are to be found, and not among the great mass of people in the country.

The politics of Spain are hard to explain to the outsider. One may live long in Spain before they are fully grasped. They are somewhat on the group system; one or two ideas in common for a particular purpose, rather than broad platforms of action such as our great parties use. Still a few general ideas may be given about them. First of all there is the Conservative party, now out of power and filling the place of the opposition in the Spanish Parliament. It stands for the old order of things in general; the "make haste slowly" principle. Its adherents are of various shades of opinions. The majority of them are heart and soul for the present monarchy and for a Constitutional Spain. Others are Carlists and

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hark back to the older *régime;* others still want to see no change whatever—they are the "stand-patters" of the party. Others are strong clericals, and see in any change an attack upon the vested rights of the Church. This party was in power for eight years and accomplished much—much more proportionately than its successor seems to be capable of doing. It passed the laws of Electoral Reform, giving Spain manhood suffrage; and it passed the laws for Local Government, providing a larger measure of autonomy for the cities and provinces of Spain than ever before. The next is the Liberal party, which believes in bringing Spain up to the top measure of constitutional monarchies in short order, no matter what interests may suffer. The majority of its adherents are constitutional and devoted to the monarchy. They are too fond, however, of adopting foreign ideas and foreign experiments in government, no matter whether they are suited to the genius and temperament of the Spanish people or not. They want the broadest measure of modern political invention, whether Spain is ready for it or not. Then comes the Republican party, which may be described as being in the same relation (in the inverse order) to the Liberals as the Carlists are to the Conservatives. They are anti-constitutional and anti-monarchical. They want a republic in Spain as soon as possible, and unfortunately they have fixed on France as their model, instead of taking, say, the United States or Switzerland. Then follow the Radicals, who are the apostles of discontent, and whose members are of all shades of opinion, theorists, socialists, and some even of the white glove, or philosophical school of anarchy. They are the preachers of political discontent; and are such energetic reformers that they are prepared to tear down everything and build entirely anew. They are divided into various groups such as, Regionalists, Independents, and the like.

The Church in Spain is the oldest institution which the country has. Its charter and inherited rights go back beyond the present Constitution, the present reigning house, or its predecessor, clear back even before Spain became a united kingdom under the Catholic kings, when the Moslem was driven from Spanish soil. Its history is the history of Spain, and it is the one enduring monument which Spain has to tell of its struggles and progress. In the mind of the Spaniard it is almost impossible to disassociate the Church from Spain it-

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self; they are one and indissoluble. It is this viewpoint that makes much of the present situation in Spain incomprehensible to the outsider. One might as well try to separate his family identity from his personal identity; to the average Spanish mind it is unthinkable. At present the Church is composed of nine archbishoprics or provinces, with forty-seven suffragan bishoprics or dioceses. The Archbishop of Toledo is the Primate of all Spain, and Patriarch of the Indies. There are in all Spain some 17,369 organized parishes, having 22,558 churches and 7,568 chapels, which are served by 33,303 priests. A detailed statement for each diocese has been given by me in *America* (July 23, 1910). As a whole the figures do not show that Spain is abnormally overcrowded with priests, although in some of the dioceses the dwindling of population within the last century has left them supplied with more churches and clergy than possibly they need at the present day. On the other hand, many places in Spain show that the Church is under-equipped with clergy. Nearly the entire population is Catholic. There were in 1900 some 213,000 foreigners in Spain, whose religious affiliations were not counted, some 7,500 Protestants, 4,500 Jews, and from 18,000 to 20,000 Rationalists, Indifferentists, and others. This is as near as the census can inform us.

The Constitution requires the nation to support the clergy and maintain the buildings and equipment of the Church for public worship. This is especially regulated by the Concordat, which will be mentioned later. This, it must be understood, is no liberality on the part of the State, although the present generation is trying to give it that aspect, but is merely a return of part of the fruits from the estates and property of the Church which were siezed by the State under various pretexts during the past. It is an indemnity rather than a grace. The estimate of expenditure in this regard for the year 1910 is 41,337,013 pesetas, or about $8,267,000, which is about the same as for the year 1909. This sum looks magnificent when it is viewed as a whole, and no account is taken of its actual application. Some persons reading hastily the figures as given in the daily newspapers get an idea that the clergy receive the whole of it. But that is far from being the case. In the first place the appropriation is used to run the Ministry of Worship: to pay the salaries of the minister, his assistants, and clerks, employees, and statistical and administrative work.

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In the second place the fabric of the cathedrals and churches must be kept up out of this sum. Most of the cathedrals in Spain are national monuments and are more or less in need of repair. Those who have seen the Cathedral of Barcelona, with the scaffolding around its towers, or the Cathedral of Seville, with the extensive works in the courtyard extending along the northern side, will understand this. When one considers the number of beautiful cathedrals, churches, abbeys, and church buildings in Spain, which are models of Gothic architecture, and which are to be kept in good condition or restored, one realizes the amount of expenditure required. Then come the actual salaries of the clergy. They are certainly not extravagant. The primate, the Archbishop of Toledo, receives $7,500 annually; the archbishops of Seville and Valencia, $7,000 each; the other archbishops $6,500 each; two bishops, Barcelona and Madrid, $5,400 each; four bishops, Cadiz, Cartagena, Cordoba, and Malaga, $5,000 each; twenty-two bishops, $4,300 each; and the remaining bishops not quite $4,000 each. Deans and archdeacons receive from $900 to $1,000 each; regular canons, $800, and beneficed canons from $350 to $700; while parish priests in the cities receive from $300 to $500, and those in the country from $150 up. Assistant priests receive from $100 to $200 annually. Truly it cannot be said to be a wildly extravagant rate of pay; and it needs the usual stole fees, such as weddings, ceremonial baptisms, and the like, to eke out their income. The specific appropriations for the maintenance of worship and ordinary care and cleanliness of the churches are as follows: each metropolitan cathedral, $4,500; each suffragan cathedral, $3,500; and each collegiate church, from $1,000 to $1,500; while parish churches get an allowance proportioned to their importance from a minimum of $50 up. Besides this, diocesan seminaries receive an allowance of from $4,500 to $6,000 each for the instruction and maintenance of candidates for the priesthood. From these figures one can get a very fair idea of how the Church expenditure in Spain is apportioned.

Besides the parochial, secular clergy just mentioned there are several religious orders in Spain. The ordinary newspapers, in reporting this fact, run them up into high figures, which is the veriest nonsense. What they mean, when they speak of religious orders, are religious houses or separate communities, and even these numbers they exaggerate. In 1909

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there were 597 religious houses or communities of men, containing 12,142 members, which were devoted as follows: 294 to education; 92 to training of missionaries; 97 to education of priests; 62 to manual training for the young and the sale of their products; and 52 to monastic and contemplative life. There were 2,656 communities of women, having 42,596 members, divided as follows: 910 for education; 1,029 for hospital work and charity; 717 for a contemplative life. Some of these religious communities have taken up some sections of the most desolate and wild lands in Catalonia and the north, lands which had never been profitable or even cultivated, and erected monasteries there after the manner of the Middle Ages or of our energetic missionaries in the far West.

Education in Spain is not, of course, as far advanced as it is in the United States, or in Germany, or France. In a great measure this may be explained by the fact that the great majority of the Spanish population is rural. All sorts of misleading information about education and illiteracy in Spain has been given in our daily and weekly press, as well as in some leading magazines. Some of them have said that there was 75 per cent of illiteracy in Spain; but those figures were taken from the census of 1860. Others have said that 68 per cent of the people were illiterate; but that was taken from the census of 1880. The trouble with these writers was that they utilized the handiest encyclopedia they could find, no matter what its date was, instead of obtaining the latest available figures. The census of 1910 is not yet computed, but the figures for 1900 gave 25,340 public schools with 1,617,314 pupils, and 6,181 private schools with 344,380 pupils, making a total of 31,521 schools with 1,961,694 pupils. One-ninth of a population of 18,500,000 is certainly not a bad showing. In 1900 the central government at Madrid spent $9,500,000 on education, and the local governments about three to four times as much more. In 1910 the governmental budget for education is 53,522,408 pesetas, or about $10,710,000. In 1900 the illiterates of Spain amounted to less than 30 per cent, or to be exact 2,603,753 males and 2,686,615 females, making a total of 5,290,368 persons. I am informed that the Spanish age at which illiterates are counted is nine years, and these illiterates were for the most part persons from maturity to old age.

The pay of a school teacher is never magnificent in any country. The close-fisted, hard-headed Spanish peasant has old-

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fashioned notions about the necessity of reading and writing, and will not tax himself to maintain schools, and still less to pay large salaries to teachers, especially in the primary grades. For this reason teaching in Spain is not an attractive profession, and arouses no enthusiasm outside the large cities. The subjects usually taught in the primary schools are: Christian Doctrine, Spanish language, reading, writing, and grammar, arithmetic, geography and history, drawing, singing, manual training, and bodily exercises. In city schools the elementary notions of geometry, physical science, chemistry, and physiology are taught.

The teacher of the lowest primary grade in a country school begins with the magnificent salary of 500 pesetas, or $100 a year. He can be advanced by gradation of 200 pesetas, until he receives 1,500 pesetas; after that the places are all subject to competitive examination *(oposicion)*. The highest places are in Madrid and Barcelona, where the best paid teachers get 2,500 pesetas, or $500. Secondary education is provided by what are called *Institutos*, analogous to our high schools. Children must be at least eleven years of age and pass an entrance examination. These *institutos* have a five to six years' course, and are expected to prepare for an elementary, professional, or a university course. Then come the normal schools, the professional schools, and the nine universities. The number of university students in 1907 was 16,500. Besides, the education of women is also progressing. In 1907 twenty-two women students passed through the universities; in the same year 1,076 women passed through the school of arts and industries; and in 1908 this number rose to 1,315. In the normal schools in 1907 some 2,241 schoolmistresses graduated; in 1908 there were 3,584 women on the list. These refer wholly to the governmental public schools. Besides these, there are the private schools, managed in part by religious congregations, and in part by laymen (both Catholic and otherwise) concerning which I have no adequate figures as to salaries and service.

Spain is also a nation of small holders of real property, and has but comparatively few holders of large estates. Perhaps to this is due in a measure its poverty, for it is the small landowner rather than the manufacturer or trader who predominates. Of the 3,426,083 recorded assessments to the real property tax, there were 624,920 properties which paid a tax of from 1 to 10 reales (5 to 50 cents), 511,666 from 10 to 20 reales, 642,377

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from 20 to 40 reales, 788,184 from 40 to 100 reales, 416,546 from 100 to 200 reales, 165,202 from 200 to 500 reales ($10 to $25); while the rest, to the number of 279,188, are larger estates which pay from 500 to 10,000 reales, and a few upwards. About 80 per cent of the soil is classed as productive. In minerals Spain is very rich, being the largest producer of copper in the world after the United States, while mercury, iron, and zinc are largely produced, but the mines are said to be inadequately worked. The railway communication comprises 9,025 miles of rail, nearly all single track, except near Madrid and Barcelona.

II.—THE PRESENT SITUATION.

The present moment is agitated by reports of a threatened break between Spain and the Holy See, and all sorts of rumors, and even the veriest nonsense, have been printed about it. It all arises from an attempt at a revision of the Concordat at present existing between Spain and the Holy See, which is complicated by the repeal of an existing law and the introduction of two new ones into the Cortes whilst negotiations are pending. The present Congress, or lower house of the Cortes, is composed of 229 Liberals, 106 Conservatives, 40 Republicans, 9 Carlists and 20 other members of the Integrist, Regionalist, Independent, and Socialist groups, so that it can be seen that the Liberals have a clear majority of 54 votes over all the other parties combined. The Senate, however, leans more towards the Conservative party. After all the seats had been filled in the late election and by appointment, it stood 178 Ministerialists, 117 Conservatives, 6 Carlists, 5 Republicans, 29 Indefinites, and 17 Prelates, with nine others, Regionalists and Palatines. The present Prime Minister of Spain, or *Presidente del Consejo*, is Don José Canalejas y Mendez, probably the strongest Liberal in Spain. He certainly is the strongest and most effective public speaker and knows how to turn his sentences in a way that even his enemies must admire. In Spain they use the bull-rings on off-days in which to hold their political meetings, and they serve the purpose excellently. At one of his latest addresses to his followers Canalejas addressed them so forcibly and stirred them up so thoroughly that at the conclusion of his speech they tore up the seats and threw them into the ring.

While undertaking to enter into negotiations with the Holy See for a revision of the Concordat, Señor Canalejas during

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the pendency of negotiations at Rome promulgated a Royal Order, which completely changed the interpretation of the Constitution in regard to non-Catholic bodies, and introduced into the Cortes two measures, which are nick-named the "lock-out" *(candado)* in the Spanish papers, looking towards the diminution or suppression of religious orders and houses in Spain. The Holy See replied that that was not the way in which negotiations should be carried on, for one party to do whatever he wanted, and then to say we will talk revision as to the rest. A few words upon the Constitution and the Concordat may be necessary to explain the situation.

There have been several Concordats between Spain and the Holy See, the later ones superseding the others. The present Concordat was entered into on March 16, 1851, and a supplement thereto was added on August 25, 1859. There have also been a number of Constitutions adopted in Spain. The present Constitution was adopted June 30, 1876, and its general provisions have already been described. The portion of the Constitution principally bearing on the present situation reads as follows:

> Article XI. The Apostolic Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the State. The nation binds itself to maintain this religion and its ministers.
>
> No one shall be molested in Spanish territory on account of his religious opinions, or for the exercise of his particular form of worship, provided he show the respect due to Christian morality.
>
> Ceremonies and public manifestations other than those of the State religion, however, shall not be permitted.

The first and the last clauses of this article are the ones which are creating such a stir just now. Spain is almost entirely Catholic, and, as I have said, there are only about 7,500 Protestants (including many foreigners) and some 4,500 Jews in Spain. They were an insignificant minority, and, in so far as they were foreigners, Spaniards have never deemed that they should enjoy privileges to which the Spanish native-born were entitled. And so they did not give them the privilege of using the outward and visible signs of a church upon their houses of worship, construing that to be a "public manifestation" prohibited by the Constitution. Unfortunately, the doubtful portions of the Spanish Constitution are not construed, as with us, by a judgment of the Supreme Court. They are interpreted

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by a decree framed by the Council of Ministers and signed by the King, which has all the force of a law. On October 23, 1876, a Royal Order—for such a decree is so called—was promulgated, which undertook to construe Article XI. of the Constitution, as follows:

> 1. From this date every public manifestation of worship or sects differing from the Catholic religion is prohibited outside of the house of worship or cemetery belonging to them.
>
> 2. The foregoing regulation comprises, under the meaning of public manifestation, every act performed in the public street, or on the exterior walls of the house of worship or cemetery, which advertises or announces the ceremonies, rites, usages, and customs of the dissenting sect, whether by means of processions, placards, banners, emblems, advertisements, or posters.

This law has been on the books for thirty-four years, and Spaniards have never, in any number, petitioned for its removal or change. On the contrary, they have always wanted it. There is no need here to go into the propriety or justice of such a law. In the Southern States we have a "Jim Crow" law, which represents the local wishes of the inhabitants, even if it is indefensible. The United States has a Chinese exclusion law, which no one claims to be a miracle of justice. And thus it is that this law exactly fitted the wishes of the great majority of Spaniards, as against an infinitesimal minority who represented alien religions. We could no more expect the Spaniards to change their views on this, than we can get our Southern fellow-citizens to abolish their "Jim Crow" and voting statutes. It is human nature, that is all; and it must be recognized.

But as this interpretation was made originally by Royal Order, so, too, it could be revoked by Royal Order. This is exactly what Canalejas has done; he has simply repealed and annulled the former decree which has stood for so many years, without putting anything in its place. One does not know to-day whether a non-Catholic church may put up merely an announcement of its name, or even a cross and statues of the saints, or may commence a campaign like the Methodist institution in Rome. That is what exasperates the Catholic Spaniard; for the present Liberal Government has done this *proprio motu*, without request from any large body of citizens or any debate on the subject.

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The other measures are bills submitted to the two houses of the Cortes—the so-called "lock-out" legislation, using the simile of the factory. One is said to propose the suppression of the convents and monasteries which have entered Spain illegally; the other is said to be a measure to enable the bishops to suppress unnecessary religious houses within their dioceses. A great deal of pure nonsense has been written or telegraphed to the American press upon this phase of the matter. For instance, it is said that the Concordat limits the number of male religious orders to three, and there are now six hundred male religious orders in Spain. This statement has been repeated in numbers of papers here. I have already given the statistics of the religious orders in Spain, and need only say that the six hundred can only refer to religious houses or communities. If the correspondent's fertile imagination holds out, he will soon reckon each individual monk as a "religious order."

There is no law in Spain, nor does the Concordat itself use any terms, restricting the male religious orders to three. I quote from the Concordat of 1851, which was ratified and put into execution in Spain by the law of October 17, 1851:

> Article XXIX. In order that the whole Peninsula may have a sufficient number of ministers and evangelical laborers for the prelates to avail themselves by giving missions in the localities of their dioceses, helping the parish clergy, assisting the sick, and for other works of charity and public utility, the Government of her Majesty, which proposes to assist Colleges for Missions beyond the seas, will henceforth take suitable steps to establish wherever necessary, after previous consultation with the diocesans, religious houses and congregations of St. Vincent de Paul, St. Philip Neri, and another order among those approved by the Holy See, which also will serve at the proper times as places of retreat for ecclesiastics, in which to make their spiritual exercises, or for other pious uses.

There is no restriction in this language, but on the contrary these three orders are made a part of the State Church. This will be seen from a later article in the Concordat where the State is bound to maintain them:

> Article XXXV. The government of her Majesty will pro-

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vide the necessary means for the maintenance of the religious houses and congregations mentioned in Article XXIX.

This was really a short method of getting charitable and eleemosynary work done at the least expense to the State.

There is no restriction upon religious orders in Spain, any more than there is in the United States, and in both places they have occupied somewhat the same status. Under the Spanish Constitution it is provided that:

> Article XIII. Every Spaniard has the right . . . to form associations for any of the ends of human life.

This has been uniformly interpreted as the right to form religious organizations of any kind. This right is expressly recognized in the Associations (or, as we should say, Membership Corporations) Law of June 30, 1887:

> Article I. The right of association which is recognized by Article XIII. of the Constitution may be exercised freely, conformable to the provisions of this act. Under it associations may be formed for religious, political, scientific, artistic, and benevolent purposes, or for recreation or other lawful ends, which do not have profit or gain as their sole or principal object.
>
> Article II. From the provisions of this law are excepted: (1) Those associations of the Catholic religion authorized in Spain by the Concordat. The other religious associations shall be regulated by this law, but the non-Catholic ones must be subject to the limitations prescribed by Article II. of the Constitution. (2) Societies which are formed for mercantile purposes. (3) The institutes or corporations which exist or act under special laws.

What the Liberal ministers mean, when they say "illegal" orders, is that many orders have not inscribed themselves, as to their respective houses or communities, in the books of registry of the province where they are situated. But the statistics which I have show that out of a total of 3,253 communities, 2,831 have been duly registered. The Premier Canalejas also desires to shut out all foreign members of religious orders or congregations from their rights of association, upon the ground that the Constitution only provides that *Spaniards* shall have such rights. It is very much analogous to our laws

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providing that Asiatics shall not become naturalized citizens, or that aliens cannot hold land in certain states.

The debates in both houses of the Cortes upon these last proposals have been very warm. The one of which so much is made in America—the so-called permission for non-Catholic organizations to display the insignia of public worship—has not caused so very much comment in Spain. In fact, Catholic newspapers refer to it only to a very slight degree. It is regarded more as an affront to the Pope, as a desire to avoid a real revision of the Concordat, and is treated as a cheap bid for popularity. But in regard to the Spaniard's constitutional right to form associations as he pleases, feelings run deep and strong. The provision of the bill that orders may be suppressed, their very interior affairs regulated by officious state meddlers, has roused general indignation. Protests have been pouring in by mail, telegraph, and special messenger from every part of Spain. Sometimes four to five columns of the bare outline of the protests and the thousands of signatures appear in the papers. Catholic sentiment throughout the entire country is aroused, for this is recognized as the opening gun of an assault upon the Church. Canalejas is a Catholic, but his successor may not be, and so the Catholic world is rousing itself.

And Catholic Spain is fairly well organized. At present there are 255 Catholic associations or clubs, 47 Catholic labor unions, 556 agricultural associations, 297 Raffeisen Mutual Banks, 95 artisans' unions, 33 consumers' leagues, 92 indemnity associations, 33 diocesan councils of the different societies, eight popular libraries, and three credit banks. The Catholic press publishes 60 papers of all kinds. The units of the organizations are the various parishes, which they try to make a focus of religious and social life.

It has been asserted on the floor of the Cortes, and repeated over and over again in our press, that Spain is overrun with religious orders, and that they pay no taxes. Of course those that are authorized by the Concordat pay no taxes, for they are part and parcel of the State Church. I have not the statistics at hand to show what taxes are paid or what exemptions are claimed, but if one will look at the matter a moment from an American standpoint it will be seen that ordinary civilized nations exact no taxes in similar cases.

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For instance, here in our own country schools, hospitals, libraries, asylums, and the like, pay no taxes. Why, then, should the religious orders in Spain, who conduct such institutions of education, charity, or mercy, be required to submit to taxation? I have already given the statistics of the religious orders in Spain, but the surprising part of the situation is that Spain has *many less members* of religious communities per population, than many other Catholic countries or Catholic populations. Here are some of the figures for the year 1909:

Country.	*Catholic Population.*	*Individuals in Religious Orders.*	*Number per ten thousand.*
Belgium,	7,276,461	37,905	52
United States,	14,235,451	65,702	46
England & Wales,	2,130,000	6,458	30
Germany,	22,109,644	64,174	29
Ireland,	3,308,661	9,190	27
Spain,	19,712,285	54,738	27

In addition to this it was also pointed out that in 28 dioceses the number of individuals belonging to religious communities in each does not reach 100. In Minorca there are only three; in Guadix 6, in Astorga 15, and in Siguenza 19. Hence it cannot be said that Spain is overrun with religious orders, or that its condition in that regard, as compared with other countries, is remarkable.

The outcome of the parliamentary discussion of the bills in relation to the orders and religious houses cannot be foreseen clearly. It may be said that they will pass Congress, but in the Senate many of the ministerialists are not strong Liberals, while the Conservatives have a large following and can also make combinations with other groups.

The unfortunate affront to the Holy See will, of course, not be allowed to stand in the way of the proper adjustment of things. That was shown when the massing of the protesting Catholic organizations was abandoned, rather than allow it to be used as the entering wedge of Carlism. But the elements of the situation which I have given will enable the reader to judge in some intelligent fashion the fragmentary and often incoherent news that comes from Spain.

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EDUCATION, DEVELOPMENT, AND SOUL

BY EDWARD A. PACE, PH.D.

ONE of the encouraging features in modern education is the endeavor to get back from details and devices to underlying principles and laws. While the attempt is not made by every teacher, it is generally recognized that the best work can be done only by those who understand the value of method, not merely through its successful application, but also through its relation to the deeper truths of psychology and even of philosophy. Common sense, indeed, requires that any one who undertakes to deal with the mind, as the teacher does, should know something about the nature of mental life and its processes. But the sense of responsibility is even more imperative. Whoever realizes to what an extent the intellectual and moral welfare of the pupil depends upon the sort of education he receives, will surely not be satisfied with just those odds and ends of method which suffice to make the teacher a pedagogue in the literal, etymological sense of that term. We expect more from the physician than a knowledge of prescriptions, and more from our spiritual guides than what the catechism, in its present form, can supply. It is not then unreasonable to insist that the teacher shall acquire a knowledge of those principles at least which determine the ends of education and the means.

The immediate benefit, and perhaps the greatest, resulting from such knowledge, is the preservation of the teacher's individuality against the ceaseless encroachments of machinery. School systems, like organic systems, are sometimes "regulated" to death. The tendency to render education mechanical eventually produces rust. And it is certainly anomalous to demand that the teacher shall cultivate the pupil's individuality when the teacher's own range of initiative is no wider than the path of a monorail car. This narrowing often results, not from neglect of method, but rather from a helpless attachment to what method is supposed to require. The best of methods may become a hard master; and this is what usually

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happens to those who follow it in the letter with no insight into its spirit. On such it takes a hold like that which the hypnotizer gets upon his subject; and the more docile the subject so much deeper is the hypnosis. The awakening comes when the method, or rather the one who applies it, fails of the desired result. The "first aid" remedy consists in marking the pupil as slow or defective or in some other way unqualified. But it is worth considering whether the method itself might not be rendered more flexible if the teacher had it thoroughly under control. There is quite a difference between the traveler whose acquaintance with a foreign language is limited to the phrases set down in the first pages of his guide-book, and the student who is familiar with the grammar as well as with the ordinary forms of speech. In the same way, a teacher who has found out, not only that a given method is good, but also why it is good, has an advantage over one who is content with knowing that it "works beautifully"—so long as it works.

It must be admitted, of course that the search for principles has its difficulties. To begin with, educational work opens up problems that come within the province of psychology; and psychology has not an answer ready-made for each and every question that the teacher may ask. Or it may be that there are too many answers, each of the various psychologies offering a solution that bears its own particular stamp. But a more serious difficulty often arises. However cautiously it moves, psychology can hardly avoid contact with philosophy; in fact, its anxiety to keep clear of philosophical problems sometimes lets out its real, though clandestine, relations with this or that philosophical system. And even when it proceeds quite confidently, being well within its own lines, it frequently suggests questions which it does not care to follow up. It discourses readily enough about apperception, for instance, but it is apt to fall silent when requested to explain what it is that apperceives; and while it deals continually with states and processes and activities—self-activity included—it may not be prepared to say in what sort of being all these come to pass.

If under such circumstances the student is somewhat perplexed, the situation becomes clearer when he sees in the background a doctrine which he cannot harmonize with his beliefs or with certain philosophical truths which he regards as fundamental, though he may not have scrutinized them with

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the critical eye of an expert. When he sees, let us say, that materialism is the root from which a given kind of psychology springs, he is apt to look with suspicion on everything that ramifies, in the shape of theory or law, from such a philosophical stem. Now in some cases this suspicion is a safeguard; and the sooner it leads to a downright rejection of what is erroneous, the better it is for the student himself and for his work as an educator. But in other cases suspicion of this sort may be harmful—especially if it hinder the acceptance of theories which are true in themselves, though they are presented as the outgrowth of principles that are false. Every philosophical system that is alive to its own interests, quickly claims as its rightful possession whatever is established by scientific research. Materialism is usually beforehand in asserting that its interpretation is the only rational one for each new fact that is discovered and for each new theory that is verified. And it is particularly keen in this respect when it foresees that what is theoretical at the start will have far-reaching practical applications. Thus it may happen that the student is frightened into rejecting what might be useful, or at any rate is confronted with an unpleasant alternative.

As a case in point, one may take the important principle of mental development, which enters so largely into educational theory, and promises so much on the practical side. No teacher, of course, can be indifferent to the fact that the mind develops, or to the obvious inference that education must be adapted to each of the stages through which the development passes. The question, indeed, is not whether development takes place, but how it shall be more thoroughly understood—what are the factors, the processes in detail, the relations with organic growth. On the other hand, one is naturally interested to know what it is that develops. When reference is made to bodily growth, the thing that grows is plainly to be seen: it is a plant, or an animal, or a human organism. To say that vegetal growth proceeds by such and such laws is an abstract statement that does not debar us from saying it is a tree that grows. And so, after admitting that mental development takes place, one is inclined to think it is a mind that develops—the more so because every explanation of mental development is based on analogies suggested by bodily growth. The question, then, concerning the "what" of mental development is not irrelevant. It is not even purely specu-

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lative, since the answer it calls forth must affect profoundly one's entire view of life, of its purpose and value, and consequently also the meaning of education.

Here again the materialist is prompt with his answer. What develops is simply the brain. Under repeated stimulation, through the organs of sense, the afferent nerves become smoother pathways. The central structures increase in complexity as new cells and fibres are brought into function, new connections established, and a larger store of latent vestiges accumulated. Association of ideas means the linking of cerebral elements or centres; memory, the aftermath of sensory stimulation; emotion, the discharge over efferent paths. Deliberate volition implies a momentary conflict between tendencies to action; and this ceases as soon as the "hitch" is removed. Development, then, as a whole goes on by organizing the several nerve processes in such a way that they are reduced, more or less rapidly, to the level of mechanical performance, of which reflex functions are the type. Naturally, too, consciousness, as a by-product, becomes more complex, like the effect of an orchestra to which new instruments are added, giving a larger variety of tone combinations.

This view has its merits; it at least recognizes the common-sense notion that whenever development takes place there must be a real something that develops. Furthermore, it is consistent. As materialism holds that the brain secretes thought and all other forms of consciousness, it cannot logically point to anything else than the brain when it attempts to solve the problem of development. On the other hand, its answer does not meet the question as to what lies back of *mental* development. Once it assumes that there is no such real being as mind distinct from the organism, it may abound as it will in describing cerebral development, but it has no right to use the word "mental." At most it may say that different psychical processes occur as the brain activity passes into different phases. By gradually pouring water into a glass we can get various tones as we strike the glass; but this does not mean that there is a development in tonal quality; what changes is the level of the water; the highest tone does not "grow" out of those that are lower in pitch. Likewise, on the materialistic hypothesis, the intellectual power of the adult is not a development out of earlier mental activity, but the direct result of the present condition of the brain; so that if the brain could reach

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its maturity without producing any conscious effects at all, it would, in its very first production, as a fully developed organ, bring forth the ripened fruits of intelligence. This, of course, would greatly simplify the work of education, and it would reduce the teacher's labors to the task of seeing that the child was not wakened too soon.

It is not, however, on this score that materialism is usually discredited. The argument against it strikes at its main contention, *i. e.*, its assertion that consciousness is a product of cerebral activity. Since this production is inconceivable, we are obliged to admit that there is a mind. And when we further inquire into the nature of this mind, we are informed by many who reject materialism that the mind is the aggregate of conscious states, not a permanent substantial being, but a series composed of sensations, thoughts, volitions, etc., which do not issue from the brain or from anything else, though, happily, they run on parallel to the cerebral functions. When a given change occurs in the brain, a particular conscious state appears; and, conversely, when a given conscious state appears, a particular change occurs in the brain; but there is no interaction; the two series simply move along side by side. Thus, it is claimed, we keep clear of materialism without being obliged to postulate a soul or mental substance.

With the intrinsic merits of this parallelism we are not now concerned. What we desire to know is how it accounts for mental development. Evidently, it cannot, after abjuring materialism, fall back on increasing complexity of cerebral structure and function as the sole explanation; if the brain does not produce the mind, neither can growth of the brain be alleged as the cause of mental growth. Closely as it may parallel the organic development, the mind must have a development of its own; and the point is—in what does that development consist? or, rather, is any such development possible within the limits which this theory prescribes for itself?

The plainest implication in the concept of development is that there must be a latent condition of some kind out of which something emerges. Having learned by experience that an oak grows up from an acorn, we are prepared to say of any particular acorn that it has in itself a capacity of germination which will pass into processes of growth as soon as the requisites of soil and the rest are supplied. And we are equally

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certain that no external influence will avail to initiate growth if the acorn's vital capacity has been destroyed. On the same principle, mental development presupposes a latency or potentiality in the mind. However weak or imperfect, the germ must be there at the outset; otherwise, there can be no germination. But if the mind is only a series of states, it is rather difficult to understand in what the germinal capacity resides before the series begins. The brain, let us suppose, has reached a certain point in its own development, and as yet there is no glimmer of consciousness. How, then, does the very first mental process arise? We are not allowed by the theory to say that it arises out of the brain, nor is it legitimate, according to the same theory, to suppose that there is a soul which might hold its capacities in latent form until the organism is fitted to co-operate with it. We are thus at a loss to see how the series, to which the name of mind is given, ever get started. And yet, start it must—unless we accept the one alternative left us and say that it is eternal, in which case the parallelism disappears, since it will not be claimed that the brain also is eternal. It would seem, therefore, that while the theory in question is plausible if applied to the mind at any period during development, it will not account for the initial stage; and this failure is the more disastrous for the reason that if the beginning of a series cannot be explained, the fact of its continuation does not throw much light on the problem of development.

The initial difficulty, however, is not the only one. Development requires more than a succession of activities or processes. Each of these must modify something that already exists, and this modification must be so preserved that it may in turn undergo change through subsequent function. In other words, the effect of each process must be registered, and this implies a permanent something to carry the record. I can make in the air exactly the same movements that I make in writing these words; but no trace will be left out of which another person may read a connected sentence. And again, if such movements, or the larger ones involved in physical culture, were executed without leaving a trace in the muscles, bodily strength would be rather slow to develop. There would be a series of muscular actions and these might become highly complex; but the muscles themselves would gain nothing.

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The application to mental development is obvious. Impressions without number may arouse sensations, and these may be followed by the most brilliant ideas or the most energetic volitions; but if these are not retained in any form, it is hard to see how the mind can develop.

The materialist would make short work of this difficulto; the brain, of course, holds in its modified structure the after-effects of each process, and thus provides for the reception of new stimulation. Just because there is a permanent structure, each impression helps to determine in advance the reception that will be given to the next impression. Though the parallelists cannot endorse this explanation as final, they profit by what it suggests, and maintain that conscious states, in addition to the cerebral traces, leave after them psychical traces or dispositions. These remain latent, below the threshold of consciousness, until they get the signal, from some later idea or sensation, to reappear. So the necessary element of permanence is supplied by these dispositions, which are all the more important as factors in mental development because they alone persist while the several processes vanish.

It is hardly needful to say that the theory is correct in teaching that psychical dispositions remain and that they influence all subsequent activity. But in what do they remain? Where do they come in contact with dispositions previously acquired? If the mind is nothing more than a series of states, then, at any moment, it is nothing more than the state, or group of states, which is actually in consciousness. The series as such is no abiding reality, any more than the hours whose sequence we call a day. Hence the dispositions, in order to survive, must cling to the state that presently occurs and be adroit enough, when it passes out, to take hold of its successor —a remarkable amount of activity in dispositions that inhere in no subject and at best are only potential.

From the purely psychological viewpoint, a good many other weaknesses might be detected in this theory, such as its failure to account for memory, recognition, comparison, and the sense of personal identity. All these no doubt are involved in mental development; but there is something which is more essential and on which educational theory very properly lays great stress. Education, we are told, must not treat the mind as though it were passive, and still less must

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it aim at securing passivity or establishing a merely receptive condition. On the contrary, its whole endeavor should be to arouse, sustain, and by all means strengthen self-activity, so that power and efficiency may be the result. And this certainly is correct—provided there is a "self" whose activity can be developed. Since, moreover, it must be a mental self, we may rule out at once any pretensions that materialism puts forward on this score, and call up parallelism for examination. The problem it has to solve is this: given a series of mental states that belong to no substantial mind, *plus* a collection of psychical dispositions that do not "dispose" any permanent subject, find a self, endow it with activity, and provide for an increase of said activity. The first step is to explain how a transient process takes on the character of selfhood, to show, for instance, how in the child a sensation, resulting from an external impression, comes to have an inner subjective side, and, in particular, how, amid the flux of sensations and other processes, a centre of unity is established. Until this is made clear, it is useless to ask how the consciousness of self arises; we must have the self before we can be aware of it. It is also forbidden, by the terms of the problem, to say that the *idea* of self is elaborated in the course of development: this is true, but to what does that idea refer? And finally, if it be said that self-activity is merely an abbreviation which sums up the innumerable transient processes, then, since these, in the normal mind, are constantly changing in quality, the self would not be itself for two minutes at a time. The pupil would be several thousand "selves" in the course of a day, and the teacher would have opportunity for a large and varied experience.

The plain truth of the matter is that there can be no mental activity without a mental agent, and therefore no mental development without a permanent substance of mind. Whoever condemns materialism and yet seeks an ultimate explanation of mental facts, must logically accept the soul as a substantial reality and not merely as a procession of states. On this basis it is intelligible that there should be an unfolding of latent capacities, because there is something in which the capacities inhere. It is further evident that with a permanent soul as the source of mental activity, provision is made for the retention of the dispositions or effects which the tran-

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sient processes leave. And self-activity becomes a term full of meaning when, and only when, a soul is acknowledged as the unifying principle in which all processes centre and to which any of them may be consciously referred.

There is, consequently, no reason why one who appreciates the value for education of genetic psychology, should be deterred from a study of the facts with which it deals or of the laws which it formulates. To the materialist one may answer: you describe a development but you cast out the mind; and to the parallelist: you postulate so many minds that none has a chance to develop. Now the fact is—the mind develops. The interpretation of this fact cannot be given by any philosophy that rejects the substantial soul.

One discouraging feature of modern education is the tendency to invest certain words with a quasi-authoritative character, as though the simple utterance of them were sufficient to dispose of the most serious problems. Of those who employ such terms, comparatively few take the trouble to examine into their real meaning. "Development" is a good illustration. Pronounce this with due solemnity and you are forthwith absolved from the obligation of finding answers for a whole lot of bothersome questions. This or that characteristic of mind is the product of development; the mind requires such and such education because it develops, and so on. But what is development, and what does it logically imply? Only analysis can furnish the requisite information; and analysis is not always a pleasant pursuit. It may, however, be profitable, especially where it leads to the habit of challenging theories that flourish by manipulating "values" made up chiefly of words.

In the actual work of education reflection on its remoter principles is not a daily necessity. The teacher is not called on to philosophize at every step, or to have a dictionary of philosophical terms constantly open on his desk. None the less, education is the working out in practice of some one's ideals, and therefore of some one's philosophy. It lies with the teacher to decide whether he shall serve as an instrument for the application of principles which, perhaps, he could not accept—or, by sifting the true from the false, become the master of his method and the owner of himself.

The Catholic University of America.

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New Books.

DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Pfleiderer's book, *Die Entwickelung des Christenthums*, first published in Munich, March, 1907, has lately been translated into English.* It was the third of a series of lecture courses given in Berlin in 1905, 1906, 1907, professing, as the author says, "to give a connected and condensed review of the whole of the religious life of humanity, from its primitive beginnings to its present stage of development" (p. 3). The lecturer admits that he was "painfully conscious" of the great difficulty of compressing the immense mass of material into the narrow frame of a few lectures without making the latter too superficial or unintelligible. The intelligent reader will grant that his fears were perfectly justified. If this book were presented as a scientific treatise on the development of Christianity to the faculty of any Catholic university in Europe or America, the candidate for a degree would without question be rejected with the command to rewrite every lecture.

In his introductory chapter Dr. Pfleiderer speaks like a disappointed old man who sees the moderns deserting his camp for the newer views of Ritschl and Harnack. He is still pathetically faithful to the antiquated views of Baur, to whom he continually refers his readers (pp. 4, 13, etc.), and from whom he adopts his vague definition of Christianity: "the religion of divine humanity—the elevation of man to a consciousness of his spiritual unity with God, and freedom in God" (p. 13).

Of course his is a Christianity without the divinity of Christ. He styles the view of Christ held by the early Christians, "conceived in the mythical form of a one-time and unique supernatural miraculous figure," as a defect, a "veiling of the actual truth" (p. 25), and assures us that "nothing was further from Jesus' purpose than the founding of a new religion" (p. 20). The Christianity of Jesus was a narrow, earthly, Jewish Kingdom of God, freed from the fetters of Mosaism by the Apostle Paul (p. 24). The personality and gospel of Jesus is an open question, because each gospel writer gives "his own spirit, his own

* *The Development of Christianity*. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D. Translated by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph.D. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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gospel, and his own ideal of Jesus, which he reads into the gospels with pardonable self-deception" (p. 17).

He defines development as "that *becoming* which moves according to law and strives towards an end, in which everything is fruit and seed at the same time, in which every phenomenon is conditioned by what has preceded, and conditions what is to follow" (p. 16). This formula, which is vague enough to satisfy many a different viewpoint, precludes for Dr. Pfleiderer the possibility of "any perfect thing at the beginning of a development-series"; therefore, the original justice of Adam becomes an absurdity, and the idea of a divine revelation ending with Christ and the Apostles an unthinkable hypothesis.

It is rather strange to learn that the idea of development was first introduced into the science of history by Herder, Hegel, and Baur (p. 13); it is rather peculiar to find no mention of Vincent of Lerins or of Cardinal Newman, when Dr. Pfleiderer declares categorically that Catholicism does not even discuss the problem (p. 10).

The first five lectures deal with the period from St. Paul to St. Augustine. Without any attempt at proof, without the slightest reference to the work of Catholic scholars on these centuries, Professor Pfleiderer makes false and arbitrary statements without number: *v. g.*, "the sacraments do not go back as far as Jesus" (p. 86); "the idea of baptism came from John the Baptist and was made a sacrament by St. Paul" (p. 87); "the last supper was originally a love-meal of the brotherhood, developed by St. Paul into a sacrificial memorial in imitation of the pagan customs of his day" (p. 89); "the office of the bishops originated in the second century, and they were in no sense successors of the Apostles" (p. 91); "the primitive church was purely democratic" (p. 92); "the papacy developed out of the episcopacy, and was modeled on the political and military organization of the Roman Empire" (p. 95); "St. Peter was never Bishop of Rome" (p. 96); "Leo the Great is the author of auricular confession" (p. 97); etc.

In his lecture on the Germanic-Roman Church, he stigmatizes the conversion of Clovis as insincere, and the Christianity of the Franks as "masked heathenism" (p. 120); he points out Pope Zachary's scriptural sanction of Pepin's illegal succession to the throne (p. 121); he repeats the old calumny that the false decretals were the principal weapon of the papacy in

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its struggle for rulership in Church and State (p. 125); he calls St. Gregory VII. "a hard, proud, inconsiderate man, who in his fight for celibacy "ruthlessly trod upon the holiest feelings of men," and merits the hatred of every loyal German, because "he lit the torch of civil war in our fatherland" (p. 130).

His treatment of the religious orders reads more like the ravings of an A. P. A. lecturer in the early nineties than the supposedly careful utterances of a university professor. While praising St. Francis of Assisi as the most attractive saint in the Catholic Church, he denies the fact of the stigmata, and speaks of St. Francis being "worshipped after death as a wonder-working savior." He sneers at the Franciscan vow of poverty, "which did not hinder their building the most marvelous monasteries, and hoarding the greatest treasures, which they called the Pope's by a formal fiction"; he declares their order "the main representative of all Church evils, of superstition, of hierarchical greed, and of moral corruption" (pp. 166-167). The Dominicans were simply crafty inquisitors who sold indulgences and forgiveness for gold, and won the people over to the Pope's side (p. 168). Even those devout mystics, the Brothers of the Common Life, are condescendingly dismissed as "not inimical but indifferent to the Church" (p. 170).

But the Jesuits merit his greatest scorn for their valiant work in combating the Reformation. He speaks of them after the manner of Eugene Sue. Like an English Protestant of the Evangelical Alliance he sees a Jesuit behind every tree, and divides them into Professed, Scholastics, and—"the third or widest circle, the affiliated of minor observance, who remain in the world, and merely obligate themselves to obey their superiors" (p. 126).

Jesuit philosophy forbids one to talk about "principles," and Jesuit ethics is controlled by what is called nominally the glorification of God, but which is really the glorification of their own general (p. 218). Their chief fault is that they have been great defenders of the Roman Papal Church, "which has been rather a hindrance than an aid to the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth." They have carried over into the Church "the conscienceless ness (*sic.*) of Machiavelian policy, by calling the most immoral and most criminal acts good, if they but seem useful for churchly domination." We are rather

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bored to meet the old-time calumny about "the end justifies the means," and the oft-refuted charges of lax morality, sophistical dialectics, the immorality of probabilism, and the like (pp. 219-220). We naturally expect to hear that the Thirty Years' War in Germany was due to Jesuit intrigue, but it was news to us that Henry IV.'s assassination resulted from his refusal to exile the Jesuits (pp. 223–224). We would advise Professor Pfleiderer to read Father Duhr's *Geschichte der Jesuiten in den Ländern deutscher Zunge im XVI. Jahrhundert*, Father Astrain's *Historia de la Compañia de Jesus en España*, Father Venturi's *Storia della Compagnia di Gesù in Italia*, and Father Fouqueray's *Les Origines*. He might then understand something of the painstaking thoroughness of the men whom he stigmatizes as merely thorough "mediocrities" (p. 217).

The translation is very faulty throughout, both in the use of words and in the construction of sentences. It bears the earmarks of a foreign language on nearly every page. The translator speaks of "disharmonies (p. 107), of "the conscience-lessness of Machiavelian policy" (p. 219), of "the apocalyptic expectation of the catastrophic coming of the rulership of God" (p. 25). He confuses his tenses (p. 301), uses "one another" for "each other," and "one which" for "which," omits frequently the definite article (pp. 113, 302, 176, 188), etc.

Instead of being a serious contribution to the history of dogma, Dr. Pfleiderer's book is merely an inaccurate, superficial history of the past nineteen centuries crowded within the narrow compass of a rather dull series of lectures. They are vitiated throughout by his rationalistic denial of the supernatural, and his ill-concealed prejudice against all things Catholic. We do not wonder that even modern unbelieving thinkers have passed him by to follow the more scholarly opponents of the Christian positions.

FATHER DAMIEN.
By May Quinlan.

A notable edition to the St. Nicholas Series—which, by the way, is one of the most capable series of Catholic books that has ever been published—is *Damien of Molokai*,* by May Quinlan.

These volumes, although intended primarily for the younger folks, will please and instruct older readers as well. Miss Quinlan has in Father Damien a fascinating subject. His

**Damien of Molokai.* By May Quinlan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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name is the modern synonym for heroism and self-sacrifice. Though the task was the more difficult because the subject has been treated so often, Miss Quinlan has given us a remarkably fresh, attractive, and full portrait of the martyr of Molokai. The book opens with a short dissertation on the scourge of leprosy, from earliest times to the present day. An account follows of the early days of Joseph Damien de Veuster. At the age of eighteen he put on the religious habit at Louvain, gave up his family name, as if he would show his entire consecration to the welfare of all human kind, and took that of his patron, St. Damien. Thinking himself too ignorant to be a priest, he worked at menial tasks as a lay brother. But the lay brother took such interest in the Latin grammar read to him by his own brother, Pamphile, that the question of his ordination was reconsidered. During the novitiate, while Damien "sat outside the gate whence all wisdom flows, straining his ears to catch a whisper from within," it seemed as if he heard a voice in the listening silence. It was a voice of marvelous sweetness, so soft, so low, yet of such power that he thought it filled all space, making the heavens to thrill again.

"I came to cast fire on the earth," said the voice, "and what will I, but that it be enkindled."

His brother, Pamphile, was about to be sent on missionary labors to the Sandwich Islands. But the brother suddenly became seriously ill. "What if I went instead?" was the immediate and generous suggestion of Damien. His offer was accepted. He was ordained priest at the age of twenty-three, and immediately joined "the ranks of those whose life-work it is to seek and save that which was lost." Damien began his labors on the island of Hawaii. But the scourge of leprosy struck every island in the Archipelago.

There was no escape, "the victims of disease were swept along like straws in the eddying stream. Homes were broken up and families scattered; husbands were torn from wives; children were wrested from their mothers' arms; young men and maidens were struck down and forced to part. Neither old nor young were spared; neither age, nor sex, nor condition. The blow fell alike on the innocent and the guilty. Like a hurricane the scourge came down upon the islands, and in its wake rose a sound of wailing. It was a cry which struck terror into the heart, for it told of the loved ones who

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had been driven out, to meet a fate that was worse than death."

Every leper was transported to Molokai, and one only needs to read Miss Quinlan's chapters to realize that life there was worse than death. The lazaretto became a by-word in the ways of iniquity. The crying need of these suffering bodies and souls moved Damien's heart. He begged to be sent to Molokai and the Bishop acceded to his request. And that little wedge-shaped island of the Pacific, known before only as a barren rock by the travelers that ply between Sydney and San Francisco, was to become fertile and bring to full blossom a flower that has added glory and the sweet odor of unselfish devotion to the annals of human kind. Yet in Damien's time, according to Stevenson, "it was a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in."

Damien arrived on a cattle boat. His religious zeal was unbounded; and, like every thoroughly religious man, his zeal was directed by common sense. He spoke the word of supernatural life to the soul dead in sin; he comforted the way-worn spirit; he anointed the despairing heart with the oil of gladness. Yet he realized that much in the way of man's spiritual betterment depends upon his social, physical conditions, and for the improvement of these Damien labored unceasingly and successfully. "In his intercourse with souls he put into practice those words which surely ought to be writ large over a desponding world: 'To have faith is to create; to have hope is to call down blessing; to have love is to work miracles.'"

After eleven years of service Damien, too, was stricken with leprosy. In 1884 he wrote: "I am glad there is now no doubt about my sickness. I am a leper." But his work was done. The welfare of Molokai was assured. There were now five churches and two resident priests on the island, and his last prayer: "If we only had the Sisters," had been answered by the arrival of the Franciscan nuns. On April 15, 1889, Father Damien died. And Father Tabb wrote that the angels sang:

O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to Thy feet we bring—
"A leper white as snow!"

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Miss Quinlan reprints R. L. Stevenson's "An Open Letter" —that classic given to us by reason of the bigotry of Dr. Hyde.

The volume is intensely interesting. The author never departs from her theme, yet her reflections, enriched by literary quotation, often touch and touch wisely the deepest currents of human life.

We have told the story at great length, because we fear that there are many of the rising generation who know it not. We would like to see this volume one of the familiar, well-loved books of Catholics, young and old.

LESSONS OF ETERNAL WISDOM.

This worthy companion volume* to the autobiography of Blessed Henry Suso is published in small, portable form. The lessons of divine wisdom, of which the holy author was the self-named but divinely chosen servitor, are herein interpreted in simple but exceedingly penetrating language. We know not how to describe the charm of this saint's style, to use a word too low for so high a spiritual gift as his mode of expression. The little volume is a poem in loftiness of idealism, and yet a catechism of the every-day spiritual life of all really generous-hearted Christians. Meantime its tone is plaintive, though anything but gloomy. It is the song of a poetical nature under the entrancement of Calvary. For the whole effect of it is to make one love to suffer in union with Jesus Crucified. The strange witchery of the love of Christ is to make men fond of sorrow and of pain, for His sake and out of love for the race He died to save. Hardly any saint knew better than Henry Suso how to fix this fascination in human speech.

The familiar form of colloquy is chosen so that Wisdom Incarnate and His devoted servitor are found trading thoughts. On the one side are inquiries and doubts and protestations, and on the other the choicest treasures of love and of truth. Nor should the reader fancy that he will be lifted into the unreal. No; but rather the invisible things of God will be largely and grandly shaped into perceptible truth, nay into tremendously

* *Little Book of Eternal Wisdom.* By Blessed Henry Suso. To which is added the celebrated *Parable of the Pilgrim.* By Walter Hilton: London; The Angelus Publishing Company; New York: Benziger Brothers.

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influential realism. And this will be found mainly, indeed, in the inner region of his motives, but without failing to specify pointedly the practical details of a life of love of God and of man.

It is a book from which to choose the unforgettable maxims of a devout life.

ELIZABETH DE FRANCE.
By Mrs. Maxwell Scott.

It is the habit of the historian, and somewhat naturally, to focus interest upon Austria's fated child, Marie Antoinette, in retelling the tragic story of the household of the French Court during the Revolution. Did the historian not possess a certain quality of hero worship, combined with individual taste, the fairest types that have figured on the great stage of human events would continue to the end of time to fill minor parts in the drama and the essentials of the drama—those elemental forces which subtly form the cosmic whole in history, would be lost.

In her recent book, *Madame Elizabeth de France*,* the Honorable Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, has reawakened interest in and love for the revered daughter of Maria Theresa, but she has also animated the enthusiasm of her readers for Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., who forswore all else in life that she might, with loyal Catholic fortitude and womanly steadfastness, remain close to the royal person of her brother and share in the vicissitudes of his complex reign.

So wise, so sane, so nobly poised was Madame Elizabeth in the many crises through which she was forced to pass, that Mrs. Scott's deductions lead the reader to feel the Revolution might have been averted had she held the reins of government. She was gentle yet strong; a diplomatist, yet guileless; a statesman in her reasoning and a Carmelite in her interior sanctity. From her utterances alone the reader might find a rule of life to fit the exigencies of the time. A more prominent place than it now occupies in history should be given Madame Elizabeth's conversation with Barnave, on the memorable return from Varennes. One sentence alone furnishes a text for the day: "You forget that progress must go slowly

* *Madame Elizabeth de France—1764-1794.* By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford. With handsome colored illustrations. London: Edward Arnold.

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and that in striving to arrive quickly, one runs the risk of losing one's way."

Should the women of the present seek from the not-too-far distant past a type for emulation, Mrs. Scott's tenderly intimate history of Elizabeth de France furnishes all the lessons worthy of imitation in this very modern, intellectually and morally upturned, but not hopeless, twentieth century.

There is a sense of values not possessed by all writers of biographies or memoirs, and the absence of delicacy that ruthlessly turns one's pen into an entering wedge to lay bare the more sacred places in the private life of the individual, often places the reader in the embarrassing attitude of seeming to peer through his neighbor's key-hole. Mrs. Scott has the rare gift of telling with reverential accuracy the most intimate happenings in the life of her saintly heroine, without in any sense shocking the reader's appreciation of eternal fitness; and while she does not minimize the greatness of others in seeking to emphasize the purity, fortitude, faith, and rare intellect of the "St. Genevieve of the Tuileries," as Elizabeth was affectionately called, the reader knows with revivified faith that saintliness is attainable, since the Reign of Terror carried this daughter of the Church, this off-spring of the ill-fated Capets, to the guillotine itself, with never an apparent temptation to turn aside for the world or self.

The book is timely, and France of to-day should take to heart those words of Elizabeth de France uttered on Christmas night, 1792, when Chaumette forbade midnight Mass and "the Mass was sung as usual." "It is good for the people to know," said Madame Elizabeth, "that those who pretend to make them free, desire liberty neither for conscience nor for prayer."

JOAN OF ARC. It must be very difficult to write the life of a saint: the words and actions of the saints are so simple, direct, and plain that modern biographers have been under no little temptation to embroider, to sentimentalize, and to exaggerate their lives unduly. It must, indeed, be candidly acknowledged that many of the lives of the saints which have been re-written during the nineteenth century, especially with a view to edification, have been marked by defects on the side of littleness, thinness, far-offness, and unreality. There was

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too much painting of the lilies, too much bedraping of the pillars of the church, too much suppression of that true and tremendous humanity of the saints through which alone their sanctity could shine forth in the dark places of the earth. The saints were real men and women from the very beginning, and just in proportion as they became more saintly so in that same proportion did they become more really men and women, more actually, strongly, perfectly, and tenderly human. Who can think of St. Peter, St. John, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa, or the Blessed Thomas More, without thinking at the same time of all that is most strong and gracious, most gentle and heroic in the records of holiness?

The little book, in which Father Bernard Vaughan has sketched for us the life story of the Blessed Joan of Arc,* aptly confirms this truth. Her story, as here given, does most eloquently teach "our Catholic maidens and women of every degree, how to do whatever God puts into their hands to do, and yet keep untouched and bright all the glory of their womanhood." Her own simple words, uttered in times of difficulty, trial, misunderstanding, and more especially those spoken at her final trial, are the most convincing of all. When warned by her captors not to make any attempt to escape, she replied: "I do not accept the warning, so that if I do escape, let no one accuse me of having broken my word." When asked with flippant irreverence whether it was right to have made an attack on Paris on a saint's day, she answered: "Pass on to something else!" Or again, take her warning to her accuser: "You call yourself my judge; beware what you do, for truly I am sent by God, and you are putting yourself in great danger." And when questioned as to whether she was in a state of grace or not, she replied: "If I am not, may God put me in it. If I am, may God keep me there." Or lastly, how magnificent was her retort on those who asked her whether St. Catherine and St. Margaret hated the English: "They love what God loves, and hate what He hates."

The book is illustrated by reproductions from the Bromsgrove Guild of Artists, which are excellent, and with colored plates by M. Bussiere, which are crudely sentimental.

* *Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc.* By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. London: George Allen & Sons.

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THE BALL AND THE CROSS.
By G. K. Chesterton.

Is it reading something into the story, or does the "pugnacious" "G. K. C." combat Father Hugh Benson's theory in *The Lord of the World*, when he writes *The Ball and the Cross*?* In both these books—the former having appeared possibly two years before the latter—the authors leave their readers much to extract from a wealth of symbolism that typifies Truth and its antipodes.

In *The Lord of the World* Father Benson was taken to task by some of his critics for suggesting the ultimate annihilation of the Church through the workings of humanitarianism, as typified by the great and all-pervading hero, "Felsenburgh," who hovered above the homes and sentiments of men in his far-sailing air-ship. But Father Benson never forgets the thing that the gates of hell cannot do to the Church, and his seer-like warning, if seemingly hopeless, was a legible hand-writing on the wall to those who would combat insinuating modern influences against faith and morals.

In *The Ball and the Cross*, however, Mr. Chesterton leaves no doubt, if the critic follows his symbolism to the end. He too uses a flying machine as his material locomotion for the initial conveyance of an idea, and at its helm he places the scientific Professor Lucifer, with an antiquated monk from the Balkans as his guest. Throughout the fantastic maze of Mr. Chesterton's kaleidoscopic reasoning one ever distinguishes the unchanging color of orthodoxy, illumined by a sense of humor, and Mr. Chesterton never forgets that true humor is fundamentally, essentially reverent. Who but a genius can make his reader reverently chuckle with risible delight while pouring over arguments concerning Eternal Truth; and who but Mr. Chesterton has done this with such success in his day? The delicious irony with which he makes Professor Lucifer run into the ball and the cross on St. Paul's in London, when he proudly thinks he is discovering a new planet, significantly illustrates the invariable barrier to the intellectual wings of the angel of pride, and Mr. Chesterton artistically allows the antiquated monk to point the moral.

The Ball and the Cross finally becomes the romance of two men—an honest Highland Catholic and an honest London athe-

* *The Ball and the Cross.* By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

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ist—who, as the extremes of affirmation and negation, battle to the end of the story with triumphant conclusions. The initial provocation for battle between the two men is a paragraph against the Mother of God, found in the atheists' paper by the simple Catholic Highlander, "who could not, if he would, conceive a doubt."

When a book is very well worth the reading, it is salutary for the reviewer to tempt occasionally the reading public with a sample of the writer's wares, and though it is harder to discriminate with "G. K. C." than any other of his kind (is there any other?) those who may, or may not, read *The Ball and the Cross* must not overlook the defense before an English Court of Justice, of an unlettered Catholic Highlander, who challenged an atheist to combat because of irreverent language against the Virgin Mother.

> If he had said of my mother what he said of the Mother of God, there is not a club of clean men in Europe that would deny my right to call him out. If he had said it of my wife, you English would yourselves have pardoned me for beating him like a dog in the market place. Your worship, I have no mother; I have no wife. I have only that which the poor have equally with the rich; which the lonely have equally with the man of many friends. To me this whole strange world is homely, because in the heart of it there is home; to me this cruel world is kindly, because higher than the heavens there is something more human than humanity. If a man must not fight for this, may he fight for anything? I would fight for my friend, but if I lost my friend, I should still be there. I would fight for my country, but if I lost my country, I should still exist. But if what that devil dreams were true, I should not be—I should burst like a bubble and be gone. I could not live in that imbecile universe. Shall I not fight for my own existence?

The climax of the book is splendidly reached toward its close, when the Catholic hero and the atheist are imprisoned in cells B and C of a lunatic asylum, by the opinionated servants of modern thought. By remaining "a mortal month alone with God" the hero finds a means of escape by discovering the inmate of cell A (oh, thou great Alpha!) an ancient man white with eld, "whose face seemed like a scripture older than the gods, and whose eyes, bright, blue, were startled like

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those of a baby. They looked as if they had only been fitted an instant before in his head." Oh, thou eternal freshness of Truth!

THE BARRIER.
By Rene Bazin.

We can still remember the indignation of a Catholic woman who administered a stern rebuke to a priest for daring to recommend such a novel as *L'Isolée* (*The Nun*), of René Bazin. And yet, while the dramatic finale of that story might be rather strong food for a convent girl of fourteen, no French bishop's pastoral, no series of lectures, no American meeting of protest, brought before the world so clearly and so eloquently the tyranny of the French pseudo-democracy in its cruel, unrelenting persecution of the helpless nuns of France.

Bazin's latest novel *La Barrière*, is also a novel with a purpose. It is in reality an apology of the Catholic Church, not so much detailing the reasons of belief, as setting forth the effects of Catholicism on the mind and heart of an intelligent outsider, and the absolute moral disaster that follows the apostasy of the Catholic born. It might be styled a moral tragedy in three acts:

Act I.—England. Scene: The home of a stern, old-school Anglican nobleman, with a bitter hatred of Romanism, and a strong political attachment to the National Church.

Act II.—France. Scene: The home of a modern *nouveau riche* indifferentist, with its cynical unbelief, its hopeless worldliness, and its inevitable immorality.

Act III.—Italy. Scene: Rome, with its living voice of primitive antiquity, and its compelling dogma of the Real Presence, effecting the conversion of the hero, and witnessing his perfect self-surrender for conscience sake.

Reginald Breynolds, an Indian army officer, is first attracted toward the Church by a strange meeting in the Indian jungle with an ascetic Catholic missionary, living a life of absolute self-denial to atone for a life of wickedness in Europe.

On his return to his father's house in England the claims of Catholicism seem ever to haunt him, especially the Eucharistic Christ, abiding with His people. Most dramatic is the scene at table when the father asks all assembled to drink a toast to England's National Church. Reginald, although not a Catholic, has utterly rejected the State Church his father so

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reveres, and, true to conscience, refuses the toast, only to be disinherited and driven forth after a very stormy interview.

The second part gives us a striking picture of the homes of two cousins, the Limerels: the one Catholic to the core, devout, self-recollected, believing; the other of the modern French anti-clerical type, worldly, external, and irreligious. Felicien Limerel proposes to his cousin Marie, but is rejected on account of his unbelief, his sweetheart telling him in characteristic fashion: "I wish to be the mother of a holy race." Like Pierre Loti kneeling in the Garden of Gethsemani, and disappointed because such an environment left him unmoved, Felicien goes to the sanctuary of Montmartre to spend a night before the Blessed Sacrament, in the vain hope of winning back the faith of his fathers. He then goes straightway to Marie to inform her of the failure of his demand for a miracle. Afterwards he bitterly upbraids his parents for their neglect of his religious training. This is one of the strongest passages in the whole novel, which brings out clearly the paramount importance of the home in the upbuilding of character, and in the safeguarding of that most precious of treasures, the Catholic faith.

Reginald, giving up home, kindred, worldly prospects, and finally his love for the "pearl of great price," is a character that wins one by its quiet dignity, strength, and unswerving loyalty to conscience. Marie Limerel, giving up her lover from conviction despite all the promptings of affection, sets an example that may prove more effective to girls in like position than a strong sermon on the evils of mixed marriages.

Interspersed throughout the book are many beautiful descriptions in Bazin's best style of an English summer resort, a French drawing-room, a parish church on the outskirts of Paris, the sanctuary of Montmartre, the cancer hospital of the women of Calvary, the hills and churches of Rome.

Some one has criticized the writer's portraits of Reginald and Marie as devoid of human interest, because they are so hopelessly perfect, and so uniformly actuated by the most ideal motives. Perhaps the critic never in his experience came across such souls, but every Catholic pastor has many Maries in his flock, and converts like Reginald have come over to us by the hundreds from alien folds. We hope soon to welcome *The Barrier* in its English dress, but we feel cer-

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tain that only a writer of Bazin's literary finish can give us the full charm of the original.

WHEN LOVE CALLS MEN TO ARMS.
By Chalmers.

*When Love Calls Men to Arms,** the new story by Stephen Chalmers, is supposedly "an autobiography of love and adventure, truthfully set down by Rorie Maclean, Laird of Kilellan, in the seventeenth century, and here rewritten from the original MS. into clearer English." Love and adventure there surely are in good plenty, bloodshed and hairbreadth escapes, romantic flights and quick quarrels between hot-blooded Highland clans. Rorie tells his story well; he describes his love-troubles and his "braw-fights" with a confiding honesty and a quite unconscious humor worthy, at times, of Blackmore's John Ridd. The book is interesting reading, and deserves a better title. The character of Bordeaux, the gentlemanly, poet-quoting vagabond, is well drawn.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

"The notion that eight or ten aldermen, whose energies are sorely taxed by their own business, can administer the affairs and expenditures of a city, involving vast amounts of money, by holding stated meetings in the evenings once in two weeks, and the like special evening meetings spasmodically and without system, is absurd and puerile in itself. We have outgrown this method, and it ought to be cast aside like a wornout garment."

Those who wish to know the experience of certain cities of moderate size which have cast this old system aside for the commission plan, should read Mr. Hamilton's *Dethronement of the City Boss.*† To many persons the word commission connotes an appointive office and they have been suspicious of the idea as undermining republican principles. Such persons need only read Mr. Hamilton's book to have such fears dissipated.

In reality we see, from this interesting and popular exposition of the Des Moines plan, that the commissioners are much more directly subject to the voters than in any old-fashioned

* *When Love Calls Men to Arms.* By Stephen Chalmers. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

† *The Dethronement of the City Boss.* By John J. Hamilton. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

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municipality. A mayor and four commissioners form a legislative and executive council transacting all the business of the community and making all appointments. But, upon a protest of twenty-five per cent of the electors, this administrative board must either repeal an objectionable ordinance or submit it to the people. Likewise upon a similar petition an ordinance must be passed or referred to the voters. Also upon a twenty-five per cent petition any one of the council may be called upon to face a special election at any time during his term. These provisions are known respectively as the referendum, initiative, and recall.

Mr. Hamilton does not confine himself to a bare outline of the Des Moines plan. He shows very carefully how and why this should eliminate corruption, and proves his point by the actual experience of several typical cities.

THE GOSSAMER THREAD. By Seibert.

For the first time the German-American child is introduced and makes her literary début in the story of *The Gossamer Thread*,* by Venita Seibert. The heroine is little Velleda, gray-eyed, wistful, and imaginative, who understands about the Different World. "One is very proud to know the Real World, . . . but in secret one stretches forth longing arms toward that other World, which is, where?" The two worlds, truth and illusion, conflict pathetically for Velleda, beginning with the sad Weinnacht's Abend, when she discovers that the St. Nicholas who brings the Christmas toys is only Onkel dressed up in a long white beard and a cotton-sprinkled overcoat. Realities are very puzzling to Velleda, and not least puzzling is the thing called fashion. After a bitter experience in purchasing heelless shoes, long her heart's desire, only to find that heels have "come in again," Velleda arrives at a decision. "Fashion," she says firmly, "is something that you want very bad, but when you get it, it's something else." In the last chapter of the story Velleda has already left the Fairy Ring of Childhood, and sets forth bravely, but with wistful eyes, for the City of Grownup, clasping under her arm the volume of *The English Poets*, which is to be the key to unlock the Different World. The book is an exceptional piece of child-portraiture, suggesting both *Emmy Lou* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*.

* *The Gossamer Thread*. By Venita Seibert. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

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LITTLE BROTHER O'DREAMS. By Eastman.

*Little Brother O'Dreams** is not really a story at all, but a little prose-poem, a mountain idyl. It tells of a lonely, dreamy child, living on the mountain-side with a tired, sad mother, who took good care of him, but "didn't understand." He had called himself "Little Brother." "'I like that name,' he said, 'because it makes me feel as if there were more of us. It isn't a lonesome name; it's a nice all-together sort of name!'" But he soon found book friends and out-of-door friends. "The trees loved him, and the flowers, and the sky; and the little people of the woods, the birds and squirrels, didn't mind his poor pale face and his queerly cobbled clothes." And, best of all, he could make his poems. Strange, quaint fancies formed into little poems in his head, and sang themselves to him. Little Brother's great longing was for a Little Sister; the story of how he found her, and of the wonder she brought into his life, is told with a pretty simplicity that cannot fall to charm. The style is graceful, almost poetic.

In a booklet entitled *Three Historic Pageants*, by Dudley Baxter, we find articles of much interest. The first is entitled: "The Last 'Sacre' at Rheims"—that which terminated with Charles the Tenth in 1825. In "A Canonization at St. Peter's" we have a description of the canonization, by Pope Leo XIII., of St. Pierre Fourier, and St. Antonio Maria Zaccaria. "The Last Coronation at Westminster" describes the ceremony attending the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

We desire to call particular attention to a valuable booklet, written especially for Catholics, and having for its subject *The Catholic Paper*. The articles are particularly timely, and we hope with the author, the Rev. J. T. Roche, LL.D., that they will be instrumental in arousing Catholics, as a whole, to a deeper interest in those things which concern the Catholic press. The booklet should be widely distributed throughout the land. It may be obtained from the Catholic Register, Toronto, Canada.

* *Little Brother O'Dreams*. By Elaine Goodale Eastman. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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An interesting record of the ways and means by which the Holy Spirit leads the author, a Protestant lawyer, to an acceptance of the Faith, is given to us in a pamphlet of about 80 pages entitled *My Road to the True Church*, by Frank Johnston. It is published by the International Catholic Truth Society, at 10 cents per copy.

The papers that make up the booklet entitled *Towards the Altar*, by the Rev. J. M. Lehen (B. Herder: St. Louis), were written and published with a view to fostering vocations for the priesthood. They are gathered from many sources, and we hope that they may be instrumental in effecting their very worthy purpose. The publication sells at 15 cents per copy; $1.35 per dozen.

A book of practical commercial value, arranged especially for all Spanish-speaking countries, has recently been published by the Underwood Typewriter Company, New York. It is entitled *Método Pràctico para Aprender à Escribir por el Taco*, compiled by J. Martinez, E.M. Briefly explained, it is a practical method for learning typewriting in the easiest and shortest way, that is by the sense of touch.

Another book has been added to the already numerous assortment claiming to describe the religion of the future. To Charles F. Dole, *The Coming Religion** is not a religion at all, but a sort of universal sense of duty to humanity. His ideas are somewhat vague, but one gathers that "reasonableness" is to be gained in the new cult by rejecting authority, miracles, etc.

In a very small and handy volume (price 35 cents net) Benziger Brothers have published a translation of *Prayers to the Sacred Heart*, composed by Blessed Margaret Mary, and selected from the authorized *Vie et Oeuvres*, published by the Sisters of her own monastery of the Visitation at Paray-le-Monial.

We have lately received the Franciscan Almanac for the year 1911, the annual publication of the Franciscan Fathers, *The Monastery*, Paterson, N. J.

* *The Coming Religion.* By Charles F. Dole. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

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Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (9 July): "The Catholic Church and Divorce," a verbatim report of Mgr. Moyes' exposition of Catholic doctrine on divorce given before the Royal Commission on Divorce.——An explanation of the "Branch Theory" and wherein it is defective.——"Church and State in Spain," how the anti-clerical outbreak in Spain came about, and how the Concordat was interpreted.

(16 July): "The Depopulation of France." The number of births in France is rapidly gowing smaller. In 1909 the number of births did not exceed the number of deaths by more than 13,000.——The *Osservatore Romano* publishes an official note defining the attitude of the Holy See in relation to the questions now at issue with the Spanish Government.

(23 July): A Bill will be introduced to provide for the giving of instruction in public elementary schools on hygiene. "At the present time 120,000 children die every year before reaching the age of twelve months." ——The date of the next Consistory may be in November next.——Father Cortie, S.J., writes on "The Passing of the Comet."

(30 July): The Bill providing for an amendment of the Royal Accession Declaration passed the second reading by a majority of 326.——Little has developed during the week relative to the "Spanish Question."——A supplement gives an account of the Leeds Catholic Congress.

The Month (July): "The Life of Cardinal Vaughan," by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith is a review of Mr. Snead-Cox's biography of the late Cardinal. Father Smith's numerous quotations give a vivid picture of the great prelate. His opinion of the book, despite certain adverse criticisms which he makes, is very favorable.——C. M. Antony describes "The Last National Embassy to Rome." This article is based upon some very ancient manuscripts and includes numerous passages from the same describing incidents of the journey.——Rev. Joseph Keating writes

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on "Some Obstacles to Peace." While favoring universal peace, he thinks the reasons of many of its advocates unsound.

The Expository Times (Aug.): Synopsis of the latest information regarding the importance of the Hittites. The seat of their greatest power is thought to have been Cappadocia.——Dr. Sanday's *Life of Christ*, for the "International Theological Library," is reviewed.——Review of Principal Skinner's *Genesis* and Prof. Curtis' *Chronicles* for "the International Critical Commentary."——Professor Barton writes on Hilprecht's "Deluge-Tablet"

The Church Quarterly Review (July): "Education in Australia," by A. G. B. West, tells what a new country has accomplished in this field in a few years. Considerable information is given concerning methods and courses in the grammar, secondary, and university systems. There is no religious instruction in the State schools of Australia.——Very Rev. T. B. Strong, Rev. W. H. Frere, Rev. A. S. Tait, and Rev. Herbert Kelly write on "The Training and Examination of Candidates for Orders." Hitherto the Anglican Church has required practically no specific training for its ministers. Ways and means of thoroughly and uniformly preparing the clergy for their work are suggested.——"Pope Gregory VII. and the Hildebrandine Ideal," by Rev. J. P. Whitney, D.C.L. "Hildebrand reveals himself to us not as one who would force a given system upon us to-day, but as one who wrought into living fact a needed, although surely a passing, phase in the growth of Christian society." The struggle against lay investiture did not begin with Gregory, and he was not an ambitious ecclesiastic devoted to a subjugation of the imperial power.

Dublin Review (July): Wilfrid Ward in reviewing the biography of Cardinal Vaughan by Mr. Snead-Cox draws a graphic picture of the great prelate, who was dogmatic, energetic, uncompromising, yet withal open-minded.——"Pascal and Port Royal," by Mrs. Reginald Balfour, briefly sketches Pascal's life and the history of Port Royal, and the political and religious elements contributing to the controversy.——Francis Thompson's *Life of St. Ignatius Loyola* is reviewed by Canon Barry.——

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Rev. Hugh Pope writes on the "Origin of the Douay Bible."——In "John Stuart Mill and the Mandate of the People," by Wilfrid Ward, are expressed the views of James and John Stuart Mill on democracy. Despite its development since 1865, the younger Mill's hope for independence and increased individualism has not yet been realized.——"Unemployment and Education," by Mrs. Crawford, shows that the evils of our inadequate educational equipment are accentuated by various features of our national life—a lack of organized apprenticeship and parental control, and a spirit of independence that is often abused. The present prosperous conditions in Switzerland are due to a clear recognition that individualism must be limited.

Irish Theological Quarterly (July): Rev. W. T. Sheppard, O.S.B., contributes an article on the "Kenosis According to St. Mark"; it is a refutation of the theories of Dr. Weston and Rev. J. M. Thompson. The Gospel of St. Mark being an incomplete document, it cannot be argued that because it records no manifestation of Messiahship before the Baptism, therefore none occurred. It is impossible from the Gospels to fix any point in the life of our Lord at which the Messianic consciousness began to dawn.——"The Seed Growing Secretly," by Rev. H. Pope, is an interpretation, after St. Augustine, of Mark iv. 26-29.——Rev. J. Henagan details the unjust and baneful effects of the Penal Laws during the reign of Queen Anne. Never before had the Irish been so doggedly persecuted.——The Rev. H. Keane, S.J., gives an exhaustive review of T. R. Glover's book, *The Conflict of Religions in the Roman Empire*, and draws attention to its lack of originality and scientific method.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (July): Mr. Dawson's article, "St. Gregory the Great, Pope and Confessor," is a short biography of St. Gregory.——"A Great Reformer—Fra Girolamo Savonarola," by Rev. S. M. Hogan, O.P. The article presents Savonarola's work of religious, ethical, and social reform.

Le Correspondant (10 July): H. de Boissieu writes of the "Universal Exposition of Brussels," describing many of the foreign exhibits. "One is impressed by its gaiety

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and by the manifest confidence for the future of the country."——"French Art in the Middle Ages and Religious Iconography," by Louis Brehier, gives us a *résumé* of an appreciation written upon the awarding of the Gobert prize to Emile Male for his works on Religious Art. The article treats the subject historically. ——"The Military Elite," by H. de Matharel, deals with the education of military officers, comparing the systems of the Continental countries. He believes the officers to be the elite of a nation and would have them free of all vice and pedantry.

Revue du Clerge Français (1 July): Under the title "The Teaching Church" H. Ligeard gives a sketch of "the Doctrines of the Theologians from the Eighth Century to the Vatican Council."——P. Godet begins a biographical account of Rosmini. In this part he describes the philosopher as a model priest and at the same time a sincere patriot, inviolably devoted to the Holy See and likewise to the cause of Italian independence.——Reviewing the "Social Movement," Ch. Calippe discusses "The Ecclesiasticai Circles of Social Study and Cardinal Mercier"; "The Lessons in Social Study by P. Schwalm"; "In Austria; the work of Dr. Lueger."
(15 July): Under the title "The Discipline of the Sacraments," A. Villien gives a brief sketch of some usages relative to Baptism.——A. de Poulpiquet, O.P., discusses "Dogma, the Principle of Unity in the Church and of Individual Religious Life." His thesis is that dogma, so far from being the source of disunion and disagreement among men, fulfills all the conditions of unity.——J. Hurabielle gives an historical sketch of "The Church in Chili." According to the author the Church and morality have flourished there almost from the beginning.——E. Lenoble reviews a life of *St. Thomas Aquinas*, by A. D. Sertillanges.——Mgr. Bouquet contributes an article on "Servants and Laborers on the Farm."

Revue Bénédictine (July): D. De Druyne catalogues various African documents bearing on the Latin versions of the Bible. These should form a basis for the systematic study of the Vulgate, and will greatly aid the textual

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critic in classifying the various manuscripts of that version.——"A Roman Commentary of the Fifth Century" is the title of an article by D. G. Morin. This commentary on St. Mark has been attributed to St. Jerome, but evidently is the work of a Roman monk.——J. de Ghellinck, S.J., tells of the wide diffusion of the works of Gandulphe de Bologne during the Middle Ages, and points out their influence on scholars, especially Peter Lombard.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (July): "Descartes and His Method," by Ch. Dunan, is a chapter from a book about to appear under the title, *The Two Idealisms.* Aristotelian philosophy, according to the author, was based upon the fundamental principle that one cannot think without phantasms (*sans images*), while it was the object of Descartes to think without phantasms by what he called "clear and distinct" ideas. Descartes' mathematical ideas, his explanation of sensation, and his famous "Cogito, ergo sum" are considered.——A. Boissard, in "The Contract to Work and Social Ethics, considers how the necessity under which laborers are to work in order to live influences the wages they get. The author holds that employers should not take advantage of this position of the workmen to contract with them in opposition to the legitimate demands of life.

La Revue Apologétique (July): "A Recasting of Values," by L. De Ridder, C.SS.R. The author discusses whether or not our dogmatic formulas express only a religious experience, as formulas of physics express laboratory experience.——"Scientific Apologetics and Certitude in Geology," by R. de Sinety, S.J.——"St. Clement Maria Hoffbauer," by Dr. Martin Spahn, is a sketch of the times and character of the saint and his influence upon the development of the Catholic Church in Germany.——"Social Truths and Democratic Errors," by A. Favière, states that complete equality and sovereignty of the multitude cannot be sustained in the face of the dogma of original sin. Charity belongs properly to Catholicism and needs the rock of the Church to make it stable and efficient.

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Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 July): "The Origin of the Dogma of the Trinity," by Adhemar d'Ale's, is a *résumé* of a book of that title by J. Lebreton Beauchesne.——"Mystical Acts in Apologetics," by Aug. Poulain. Are ecstasies, raptures, and the like sound basis for apologetical arguments? Yes; even though these phenomena are common to all religions, and especially prominent in the fakirs of India.

(15 July): "The Apologetical Use of Miracles," by André Dubois, gives a critical exposition concerning the validity of miracles.——"The Formation of the Theological Notion of Person," by L. Labauche, is an historical sketch of the development of the present meaning of the word. The author gives briefly the views of the councils and individual Fathers.——"The Biblical Commission on Implicit Quotations," by H. Lesétre.

Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques (July): "The Will in Faith," by A. de Poulpiquet, O.P. The necessity for the intervention of the will in faith is based upon the intrinsic lack of evidence in the object. Hence the will recognizing the authority of the person speaking, and the inherent goodness of faith, directs the intellect to that phase of the object which appears true.——J. Zeiller shows the connection between the political theories of Aristotle and St. Thomas. The greatest weakness in both is the excessive power given to the "tyrant," who is just as likely to turn out bad as good.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (July): "The Diversity in Modern Philosophy," by K. Kempf, S.J. With Emmanuel Kant as a basis, our modern philosophical writers are doing their utmost to do away with Scholasticism as an obstruction to modern advancement. The author gives briefly some of the more noted views held by anti Scholastic writers. He admits that there are some diversities in Scholastic Philosophy, still none that undermine the principles of Christianity.——"The Crusade against the Duel," by M. Reichman, S.J., is a summary of statements made by various Protestant theologians and pastors against this "Honorable Murder." All, whether Christian, Jew, or Turk, are of one mind in condemning the duel.——"Authority and Freedom," by P. Lippert, S.J.,

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gives briefly the contents of a book of that title by Fr. W. Foerster, who solves the great problem of harmonizing authority and freedom. Authority is the great "Mystery" of Catholicity. The author treats his subject from a concrete psychological point of view.——"Religious Education in Colleges," by St. von Dunin-Borchowski, S.J., is an exhortation on all trainers of our youth to consider the necessity of religion in the education of the youth. The author shows how impossible it is to follow the natural law without the knowledge of God.

Biblische Zeitschrift (III.): Professor J. Hehn comments upon Hilprecht's "New Babylonian Deluge-Tablets." The biblical conclusions of Hilprecht seem to be going too far, but the suggested age and the proposed restoration of the lacunæ may be safely accepted.——To "II. Macc. i. 19," Dr. L. Shade remarks that between a concept and its expression exists not only an intrinsic but a conventional relationship, and only the conventional use of a word decides whether or not it is justifiable in any given case. When II. Macc. i. 19 speaks of a captivity in "Persia," it may be taken for granted that the Jews of that time used this term also for "Babylonia," which was then a part of Persia. There need be no historical error in the account.——Dr. Joseph Slaby writes on "Sin, Its Punishment and Remission in Old Assyro-Babylonia." The vocabulary and the inscriptions of Babylon show the existence of an elaborate concept of sin against God, not only of sins of deed and word, but also of thought, which proves that those nations confessed a positive religion.——Dr. A. Steinmann advances a new reason why Northern-Galatia was the home of those Christians to whom the epistle to the Galatians was addressed.

La Civiltà Cattolica (16 July): Under the title "Controverted Points Concerning the Question of Pope Liberius," F. Savio, S.J., treats of the metrical inscription engraved near his tomb in the catacombs of Priscilla, which some attribute to him.——"The Roman Forum According to the Latest Excavations," by P. Sinthern, S.J. Two diagrams accompany this article.——Two recent works, *The Historicity of the First Three Chapters of Genesis*, by P.

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Méchineau, S.J., and Bishop Bonomelli's *The Lay School, Suicide, the Family, and Divorce*, are reviewed at length in this number.

Razón y Fe (July): L. Murillo, in the first of a series of articles on "The Synoptic Problem," states the conclusion of some modern critics that the Gospel of St. Mark depends upon those of St. Luke and St. Matthew, and that none of them represents the first history of Christ. The positive and negative adverse testimony of the Fathers to this position is examined.——P. Villada, gives the provisions of "The Royal Order Against Religious Associations." This is thought to be an attempt by Sr. Canalejas to distract public astention from questions of taxes, etc., with which he cannot successfully cope.

España y América (1 July): "Lombrosian Philosophy," by P. A. Gago, outlines the famous theory of Lombroso that criminals are born such and show by certain physical characteristics the fact that they are or will become criminal. ——P. B. Ibeas considers "Charity in Spain" according to a governmental report of December 30, 1909. Ninety-five per cent of the charitable institutions had a religious origin, and yet "clericalism" is the enemy of the State! ——In "Bonds of Union between Spain and Latin America," P. Fabo points to the common language, history, and ideals of Spain and her former colonies. But the strongest reason for some sort of union is "the insatiable piracy of the White House": witness "the annexation of California and Texas; the infamous blow to Porto Rico; the humiliating tutorship over Cuba; the stealing of the Philippines; . . . the barefaced trampling under foot of the rights of Colombia in the Panama Canal affair."

(15 July): P. M. Coco maintains, in "Pro Patria," that since religion is the foundatian of the State it is the duty of a good government to preserve the deposit of faith intact by all means, "even coercion." Therefore Sr. Canalejas, in fostering heretical sects and opposing the Catholic Church, is an enemy of his country.

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Recent Events.

France.

Several events that have recently taken place throw light upon the state of things, and indicate that all is not well in the France of to-day. The Prefect of Police a few months ago said that "Paris is a place of refuge for too many bandits, and for those the laws are too tender." For a long time the administration of the law has been even more tender, for the sentence of death even in the rare cases in which it was inflicted by the Courts has been, until quite recently, invariably commuted by the President. In January last a man named Liabeuf, in circumstances which manifested open contempt for the law, murdered one policeman and wounded three others. The case was so clear that the death sentence was passed by the Court, and the President refused to intervene, notwithstanding an active campaign conducted by Socialists and humanitarians in favor of a reprieve. So great, however, is the power of the sympathizers with crime, that not merely the police, but a force of cavalry were required to keep order when the execution took place, and the crowd which had gathered together (for executions still take place in public in France) greeted the ministers of law with cries of: "Assassins, assassins!" There is no doubt that a rescue would have been attempted, had not the force been overwhelmingly strong. The General Confederation of Labor issued a manifesto calling upon the working classes to retort by blows to all the blows which they themselves receive. "In the midst of the bandits of a republic of hypocrites, spies, and murderers let us use every means at our disposal for our own defense." Whatever may be said about liberty and equality, it cannot be said that brotherly love is a marked characteristic of the working classes of France, so far as the General Confederation of Labor can be looked upon as their representative.

This moral disfigurement of Paris finds a counterpart in its physical disfigurement. For many years the Place de l'Opéra, the Place de Havre, the Rue Royale, and other thoroughfares, have been so obstructed by works carried on by the contractors for underground railways and by street repairers that it is said that in no other city in Europe, outside of Russia or Turkey, would such proceedings have been tolerated.

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The streets are not kept even clean, pedestrians are splashed with dirty water from the puddles that are left. So great is the change effected in the Paris which was a few years ago the most beautiful of cities. Strikes are partly responsible for this state of things, and these in their turn are attributed to the change that has come over the spirit both of the workingmen and of the municipal authorities. The former are more anxious to secure what they look upon as their rights than to do their duty. Two of the present scavengers do not do as much work as one of the old kind did. The Municipal Council, in order to humor the men, changed the old system some time ago, and, according to its President, made a mistake in so doing. "There is nothing for it," he said, "but to go back to the old methods." The Municipality has passed a resolution to expedite the works and for the revision of plans. How effectual this will be depends upon the good-will of those who have hitherto stood in the way of progress.

In even higher circles there are signs that forces are at work which, unless controlled, will throw obstacles in the way of orderly progress. In the Rochette affair the Chamber of Deputies gave to M. Briand's government the vote of confidence which it demanded by a majority of 395 to 85, but proceeded immediately afterwards, notwithstanding the Premier's opposition, to appoint a Commission to investigate the whole affair. M. Jaurès, the most bitter opponent in the Chamber of M. Briand, is the Chairman of this Commission, which proceeded, according to the worst tradition of the Revolution, to arrogate to itself the right of a judicial tribunal, and this for the sake of discrediting political opponents. Leading magistrates and officials have been summoned before it and vigorously cross-examined. An even worse feature of the case is that the whole of the procedure seems to indicate that the distinction between the executive and the judicial power is not yet fully recognized in France, and that consequently the country may be at any moment imperilled by the confusion of powers. Political passion may, on account of this confusion, destroy the confidence in the law and its administration, upon which all stability depends, by importing into the courts the passions of the politician.

M. Rochette, whose wrong-doing has been the occasion of these proceedings, is an enterprising individual, who for some

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years has been engaged in making a fortune for himself by promoting fraudulent companies. Upon the government in France falls the duty of prosecuting malefactors of this kind. For some time it had had a well-grounded suspicion, and more than a suspicion, that M. Rochette was guilty. It had not been able, however, to bring him into court for want of a person willing to bring a definite plaint, in legal form, for having been himself defrauded. At length the government was moved to action by hearing that M. Rochette was on the point of leaving the country. Accordingly through M. Lépine, the Chief of the Police, measures were taken to find some one willing to take the necessary first step. The fact that the individual who was induced to bring the complaint was not himself worthy of great respect, and that police officials seem to have speculated in stocks on account of their knowledge of the action that was being taken, led the Collective Socialists, with M. Jaurès at their head, to take action in the hope of scoring a point against the government. It does not seem likely that they will succeed, for M. Rochette has been condemned in the Court of First Instance, and the Commission has adjourned, much to the delight of the best disposed of the citizens of the Republic. The whole goes to show how willing politicians in France are to quarrel, and how little they have at heart the good of the country—that it is personal advancement and personal interests, and not principles, that are the dominating motives.

This, in fact, has been the characteristic evil of the Third Republic, and of its Parliament, and it is in order to find a remedy that M. Briand is striving for Electoral Reform. To find a remedy—that is the object that inspires and directs the whole spirit of his policy. He has declared it to be his intention to work, not for the good of any particular party, but for the best interests of the country as a whole. He will no longer let the government be a tool for the use of any group, or *bloc* of groups, for their own exclusive advantage. In this he is more or less openly opposed by the strongest group both in the Senate and in the House of Deputies, as well as by Extremists like M. Combes in the Senate, and M. Jaurès in the Chamber. Strange to say the Senate is the more Radical of the two Houses, especially since the recent election of the Lower House; nor are the departmental elections, that have just taken

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place, likely to alter the character of the Upper House. It is upon these that the composition of the Senate, to a large extent, depends. These elections have resulted in a gain of 13 seats for the Radicals and the Socialist-Radicals, and of 18 seats for the Collectivists. Those commonly called Reactionaries, and the Conservative Republicans, lost heavily in the elections, thereby indicating, if it stood in any need of indication, that the Republic is becoming ever more deeply rooted in France. The only question now is what kind of a Republic it is going to be—extremely Socialistic and anti-Catholic, such as M. Combes and M. Jaurès would make it, or, such as is M. Briand's avowed aim, one which will give a full measure of justice and fairness to all French citizens, even though they are Catholics or Royalists. The success of the Collective Socialists at the recent elections is said to be due to the fact that the peasants in many districts are being encouraged to hope that the soil of France is to be divided among them. Their action is in striking contrast with that of the electors of Paris who, at a recent by-election, rejected so well-known a man as M. de Pressensé because he was a Collectivist.

Before the adjournment of Parliament the government took steps to redeem its promises by introducing the Electoral Reform Bill and the Bill for regulating the duties and securing the rights of Civil Servants. By the former it is proposed to make the change from *scrutin d'arrondissement* to *scrutin de liste*, of which so much has already been said, and to make arrangements for the partial renewal of the Chamber every two years, the term of each member being extended to six years. By the latter, measures are proposed to protect Civil Servants from arbitrary action and favoritism, but this is to be secured to them on the condition that they renounce the right to strike, an express prohibition being included in the Bill. The right of association within their own respective branches of the service is accorded to all except to the Police, on the condition that certain formalities are complied with.

No change has taken place, so far as is visible, in the relations of France to her neighbors. The escape of a political prisoner from a British ship in the territorial waters of France has given rise to a discussion between France and Great Britain, as to whether or not he ought to have been handed over to the French authorities, rather than to the

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British. M. Jaurès and the Socialists are the promotors of the claims of France and of the agitation, such as it is, that has arisen. But, in whatever way it may be settled, it is not likely to diminish the warmth of the *entente cordiale* between the two countries. Nothing seems to have been done with reference to Morocco, and nothing seems likely to be done. It is still one of the darkest places on the face of the earth—an abode of cruelty and misery. The Sultan has been charged, upon good authority, with having inflicted upon a woman brutal tortures of an indescribable nature, for the purpose of forcing her to reveal her husband's treasures; and, even if in this particular case there has been some exaggeration, it is only one of many instances in which most cruel treatment has been accorded to his subjects. That this method of government should be still possible, even under absolutist rule, is not, however, the fault of France. If she had been permitted to have her way a few years ago, such things would no longer be possible. This is the era of the domination of merely materialistic ideas.

Germany.

The political world in Germany has been taking a holiday. The Emperor has been cruising and preaching. The new Ministers have been learning to fulfill the tasks that have been imposed upon them. The new Foreign Minister has paid a visit to Count Aehrenthal; whether to learn or to teach has not been disclosed. The eighth Dreadnought battleship has been launched, the fourth of the second batch. A Vice-President of the Reichstag has resigned, in order to show his conviction that it is no longer possible for the Conservatives to co-operate with the Liberals, and that so great a gulf exists between the Right and the Left that no one can bridge it. The Ministerial changes seem to indicate that the new Chancellor, nothwithstanding his failure to settle the Prussian Franchise question, is going to be allowed to have a further trial with colleagues more of his own way of thinking. It is, we believe, a generally recognized fact. that there is a dearth of suitable candidates for the office of Chancellor, and that the Empire and its Emperor must be satisfied with what they can get.

The attempt to govern without close association with any party—that is, no longer to try, like Prince Bülow, to form or

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make use of a *bloc*—is to be continued. Prince Bülow, when he left office, predicted that a Socialist flood was at hand. Their success at the by-elections which have recently been held seems to fulfill his prophecy. A General Election is to be held next year, and there are those who say that there is a good prospect that the Socialists will then win twice as many seats as they lost in 1907. Hopes are entertained that thereby parliamentary government may show itself to be a failure. At the present time it is the Catholic Centre that holds the balance of power.

Certain utterances of Mr. Asquith in his speech on the British Naval Programme have led to the revival of the discussion about the possibility of an understanding between Germany and Great Britain. It is even said that it, in a certain sense, already exists. It may be safely said that a better feeling is in the air. It is time for something to be done; for the long-continued tension, and the burdens which it involves, cannot be long borne. It costs every man, woman, and child in Great Britain five dollars a year to maintain the navy at its present strength. The only thing that renders this expense necessary is the fear of Germany.

With reference to the conclusion of the agreement between Russia and Japan the German Press expresses indifference, although there are some writers who look upon it as involving danger both to Germany and the United States. The talk about the admission of Turkey into the Triple Alliance serves only to show the selfishness which dominates in politics; for if any influence was exerted to keep Turkey under the rule of Abdul Hamid, that influence was exerted by Germany and Austria.

How little, even in those days of the wide diffusion of information, one nation knows about the condition of life in other nations, is shown by the assertions repeatedly made during the course of the elections which took place last January in Great Britain. It was then publicly asserted over and over again that the German people were as a rule reduced to such a state of extreme wretchedness as to be forced to live upon black bread and offal or carrion. The scientific spirit of the day, combined with political animosity, led to expeditions of investigation being sent to explore Germany in order to learn the truth. These expeditions found that the German

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people had, in many respects, a better way of living than the English themselves enjoyed; that, so far as they could see, there was practically no drunkenness. They were greatly impressed by the beneficial activity of the State and of the local authorities in many directions; by the system of insurance against sickness, accident, and old age; by the provisions for relieving and preventing distress; by the welfare schemes provided by employers; by the absence of squalid misery; by the domestic efficiency of the women and the cleanliness and good order of the children. They found, in fact, that they had more to learn than to teach, and are now living in the hope that their own government may introduce legislation similar to that of Germany.

Austria-Hungary.

The sudden prorogation of the Austrian Reichsrath was due to obstruction in the Budget Commission carried on by the Slavs. The whole circumstances are an illustration of the distracted state produced by the conflicts between the various nationalities. In this case we have combinations and permutations of Germans, Slavs, Poles, and Italians. The government is mainly German, and would have been in a minority if all the Slavs had been united in opposition, but the Poles have hitherto, for somewhat sordid reasons, supported the government. The Italians have been promised a university; the Poles, however, would not continue to give the government the support necessary to enable it to keep its promise on account of the discontent which they felt for not having obtained certain pecuniary advantages for which they had hoped. The Slovenes thereupon claimed an equal right to a University with the Italians, and, when this right was not recognized, were supported by the other Slavs and took obstructive measures. Abandoned by the Poles, and attacked by the Slavs, the government could not proceed, and, without warning, adjourned Parliament.

In Hungary, on the other hand, wonderful to relate, there is a prospect of peace, and of an acceptance on the part of Hungarians of an arrangement more agreeable to Austrian ideals than for many years past could have been hoped for. The greatest victory that has ever been won in support of the existing Compromise is as surprising as it is complete. A Common Army and a Common Bank seem assured, thus indicating

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he will of the people for close union, and the discomfiture, if not the disappearance, of the movement for independence that seemed, only a short time ago, assured of victory. The new Prime Minister, Count Khuen Hedervary, is declared, even by opponents, to be a statesman with wonderful gifts of moderation and foresight. M. Kossuth's organ cannot, indeed, bring itself to give such unstinted praise, but yet it is filled with astonishment at his clever strokes of policy. Difficult problems, however, await solution—the suffrage question and an increase of taxation in payment of the Bosnia-Herzegovina annexation. As to the former, the Premier says that he holds very liberal views, and hopes to find a compromise which will settle the matter, giving universal suffrage, and at the same time preserving the rightful influence of the more intelligent elements of society, and of the predominance of the Magyars. This is, indeed, a hard thing to do. Hungary, the Count affirms, is the strongest support of the Triple Alliance—an affirmation which has caused great displeasure in some Austrian quarters.

Russia.

For a long time rumors were current that it was only a matter of time when war would break out again between Russia and Japan, that the two countries were preparing for the renewal of the conflict, and that its immediate cause would be a collision of interests as to their respective railways in Manchuria. All these apprehensions have been set at rest by the conclusion of an agreement by which the contracting parties extend to one another their friendly co-operation, with a view to the improvement of their respective railway lines in Manchuria, and promise to abstain from all competition prejudicial to the realization of this object. Each of the contracting parties undertakes to respect and maintain the *status quo* now existent in Manchuria, and in the event of its being threatened in any way, they will enter into communication with one another, with a view to coming to an understanding for its maintenance. This agreement is to be welcomed, since it strengthens the prospect of peace in the Far East, and, on the condition that the two Powers are loyal to their engagements with other nations for the preservation of the open door.

It is, however, almost a direct rebuff to this country, for

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it is the most distinct refusal to assent to Mr. Knox's proposal for the internationalization of these railways that could be given. China, also, must look upon it as a blow to the attempts which she has been making to regain complete supremacy in her own province. Whether Russia, now that anxiety has been removed as to a conflict with Japan, will be more active in the Near East, or more ready to repay Germany for the treatment she received in the recent complications with Austria, is a matter about which no conclusion can be formed. There are those who say that the army of Russia is in such a condition as to render it necessary at all costs to avoid everything leading to war, and that, consequently, no fear of mischievous activity in European politics need be felt. And if there is to be an internal contest with Finland, as seems likely, there is still smaller likelihood of external conflict. The Persian situation must be taken into account. Confidence in Russia's loyalty to her agreement with England is felt or expressed by official circles in that country. But there are not wanting those who maintain that Northern Persia is being quietly absorbed by Russia. This might be done without it being necessary to impute anything directly to the discredit of the Russian government; for it is a well-known habit of her agents in the distance to act on their own authority and trust to the recognition of the *fait accompli*. The fact that no troops at all, or only a few, have been withdrawn from the place occupied in Persia, lends support to this view.

Turkey.

In the Ottoman dominions not a few events of some importance have to be mentioned. The Cretan question has, in one respect, been settled and in another left unsettled. The Powers presented an ultimatum to the Cretan Executive requiring it to allow the Mohammedan deputies and officials to enjoy their rights without taking the oath to the King of the Hellenes, and threatening in the event of refusal to land forces and to seize the customs. The Cretan government had to yield to *force majeure*, but the hearts of the Cretans have not been changed, and they are only looking forward to a suitable opportunity to bring about that union with Greece to which they aspire. On the other hand, Turkey seeks a definite solution for good and all, so that the question may never again be raised; but this the protecting Powers

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cannot, from the nature of the case, grant. What Turkey really wants is a war with Greece, but she dares not venture upon such an enterprise, for the whole of Europe would combine against her.

As was surmised at the time, the rising in Albania was not completely suppressed, and there has been a renewal of the fighting. It is asserted, whether on good grounds or not we cannot say, that the complete submission of the Albanians has at length been secured. Complaints have been made by Bulgaria of the treatment of the Bulgarian subjects of Turkey dwelling in Macedonia. The determination of the government to disarm the Albanians, which caused their uprising, is one which extends equally to the Bulgarians, and in fact to all Turkish subjects, and seems to be a wise one. If no arms could have been borne by any of the races in the Balkans, the district would not have been the scene of the innumerable murderous outrages that have taken place for so long; and if the Turks can succeed in their disarmament proposal for all alike, it is a long step towards the improvement which is so much needed; provided always that it is only the first step, and that all the other promises which have been made are fulfilled.

The second celebration of the Revolution, which deprived the Sultan of absolute power, has been celebrated with great rejoicing, and with good reason for joy. Yet much remains to be done. This is recognized by the Turks themselves. While the constitutional *régime* has acquired a certain power and solidarity, there is still a want of union of the various elements of the population. In fact a plot has been discovered to overthrow the existing government and a deputy has been arrested for complicity in it. A year ago a Committee of Fundamental Reforms was formed in Paris and branches were established in various places in the Turkish dominion. Its object was to stir up public opinion in favor of a return to the old state of things. There does not seem to be any great probability of its success, for discontent is, on good authority, said to be non-existent except among those who have suffered by the change and the few who have been disappointed in personal hopes. The strengthening of the army and even of the navy is perhaps at the moment the chief preoccupation of the government, as is shown by the large sums voted by Parliament for the former and the endeavors made to purchase two battleships from Germany.

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With Our Readers

A NOTEWORTHY article by Father Benson appears in the August *Atlantic Monthly*. Its title, "Catholicism and the Future," attracts at once the notice of every thinking man, and arouses the enthusiasm of every Catholic. Father Benson is hopeful and optimistic, and states in clear, thoughtful language the reasons for his hope. The tide is surely turning towards Catholicism; and the arm-chair philosophers, who, for the most part, have dealt with *a priori* assumptions rather than with facts, have but hastened its turning.

Father Benson points out the significant portents foretelling another victory for Catholicism. His paper is a trumpet-call to Catholics. No one can read it unmoved. Beholding the possibilities of the near future, one is straitened to put forth every energy when energy will bear such fruit; to go forth, in as far as he can, into the halls of learning, the schools, the congresses, into the highways and byways of everyday life, and show forth the truth of the Catholic faith, by preaching, by example, by conversation, by the distribution of the printed word. Our harvest is world-wide and the fields are white for the gathering. As Father Benson shows, the world, almost in spite of itself, is preparing to welcome Catholicism. The Catholic Church holds the truth and the blessings that the human soul craves. It is eternally important that all of us should be up and doing—we upon whom this inheritance rests—in order that nothing of the glory of future Catholicism be lost because of our ignorance or our indifference.

* * *

WE earnestly hope that the coming National Conference of Catholic charities will receive the active support of every charitable organization and every charity worker throughout the United States. The work contemplated by the Conference will not interfere with or cross in any way the work and aims of any existing charity organization—but will unite all, aid all, by the interchange of the knowledge which experience brings, and raise to a still higher point of efficiency the Catholic charity work of the United States. The Conference will open at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., on September 25, and close on the 28th. As officially published the aims of the Conference are:

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(1) To bring about exchange of views among experienced Catholic men and women who are active in the work of charity.

(2) To collect and publish information concerning organization, problems, and results in Catholic charity.

(3) To bring to expression a general policy toward distinctive modern questions in relief and prevention and towards methods and tendencies in them.

(4) To encourage further development of a literature in which the religious and social ideals of charity shall find dignified expression.

* * *

THE series of papers on "The Holy Land," which Robert Hichens is contributing to the *Century*, and which will end in the September issue, are unusually brilliant pieces of descriptive work. The *Century* presents them with many photographs and with paintings in color by Jules Guérin. In the August *Century* Hichens writes of the holy places in Jerusalem. We select the following extract:

"I heard, when I was about to penetrate into the low and dark grotto in which our Lord is said to have been imprisoned and kept for a time by the order of Pilate, a soft and strangely, innocently sweet voice singing. I stood for some minutes listening, wondering whether the singer was a child. Then I went on softly. In a small and low cavern, containing a tiny wooden altar, I found an old Russian peasant woman. She had set a votive candle upon the altar. This was her only light. Dressed in a sort of tunic of some coarse and dark stuff, with a short skirt and thick woolen leggins, she was kneeling on the hard ground, holding a small book in her wrinkled hands and singing. Now and then the tears rolled down her cheeks. When I came in she did not look at me. I stayed for some time with her in the cavern. I do not think she knew I was there. Her soul was with Christ, imprisoned, maltreated, for the sake of all the poor peasants of Russia, of all the poor peasants of all lands. And the innocent tenderness of her heart, the gratitude, the sorrow, the faith of her soul, sent such an indescribable sweetness, almost as of virginal youth, into her voice, that I shall not forget it. The votive candle on the tiny wooden altar burned low. I left her singing alone, yet surely with one hearer."

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THE ALICE HARRIMAN COMPANY, New York:
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BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Prayers to the Sacred Heart. By Blessed Margaret Mary. Price 35 cents net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
Letters of John Mason Neale, D.D. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

STATE CHARITIES AID ASSOCIATION, New York:
An Illustrated Hand-Book for Tuberculosis Committees. Price 50 cents.

R. F. FENNO & CO., New York:
The Passover. By Clifford Howard. Price $1 net.

JOHN P. SMITH PRINTING COMPANY, Rochester:
Religion in New Netherland. By Frederick J. Zwierlein, L.D.

APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE, Washington, D.C.:
The Sermons and Conferences of John Tauler of the Order of Preachers. By Walter Elliott, C.S.P.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:
Comrades of the Trails. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. Price $1.50.

FRANCISCAN MONASTERY, Paterson:
The Franciscan Almanac. Price 25 cents.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Techny, Ill.:
St. Michael's Almanac for 1911. Price 25 cents postpaid.

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Michael Servetus, His Life and Teachings. By C. T. Odhner. Price 50 cents.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
The Life of Cardinal Vaughan. By J. G. Snead-Cox. Vols. I. and II. Price, 2 vols., $7 net. *Meditations.* By De Ponte. Vol. VI. *Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica.* Price $1.30 net.

ART & BOOK COMPANY, London:
The Liturgical Year Historically Explained and a Key to the Missal for the Use of the Laity. By Father Thaddeus, O.F.M. Price 6*d.* net.

GEORGE ALLEN & SONS, London:
Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. Price 3*s.* 6*d* net.

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La Philosophie Minerale. Par Albert de Lapparent. Price 3 *frs.* 50.

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